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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

TOLD BY THE SCHOOLMASTER

JOHN GALSWORTHY

WE all remember still, I suppose, the singular beauty of the summer when the war broke out. I was then schoolmaster in a village on the Thames. Nearly fifty, with a game shoulder and extremely deficient sight, there was no question of my fitness for military service, and this, as with many other sensitive people, induced in me, I suppose, a mood abnormally receptive. The perfect weather, that glowing countryside, with corn harvest just beginning, and the apples already ripening, the quiet nights trembling with moonlight and shadow, and, in it all, this great horror launched and growing, the weazening of Europe deliberately undertaken, the death-warrant of millions of young men signed. Such summer loveliness walking hand in hand with murder thus magnified beyond conception was too piercingly ironical!

One of those evenings toward the end of August, when the news of Mons was coming through, I left my house at the end of the village street, and walked up towards the Downs. I have never known anything more entrancing than the beauty of that night. All was still, and colored like the bloom of dark grapes, so

warm, so tremulous. A rush of stars was yielding to the moon fast riding up, and from the corn-stooks of that early harvest the shadows were stealing out. We had no day-light-saving then, and it was perhaps half-past nine when I passed two of my former scholars, a boy and a girl, standing silently at the edge of an old gravel pit, opposite a beech clump. They looked up and gave me good evening. Passing on over the crest, I could see the unhedged fields to either hand; the corn stooked and the corn standing, just gilded under the moon; the swelling Downs of a blue-gray; and the beech clump I had passed, dark-cut against the brightening sky. The moon itself was almost golden, as if it would be warm to the touch, and from it came a rain of glamour over sky and fields, woods, downs, farmhouses, and the river down below. All seemed in a conspiracy of unreality to one obsessed, like me, by visions of the stark and trampling carnage going on out there. Refuging from that grim comparison I remember thinking that Joe Beckett and Betty Roofe were absurdly young to be sweethearting, if indeed they were, for they hadn't altogether looked like it. They could hardly be sixteen yet, for they had only left school last year. Betty Roofe had been head of the girls, — an interesting child, alert, self-contained, with a well-shaped, dark-eyed little face, and a head set on very straight. She was the daughter of the village laundress, and I used to think too good for washing clothes, but she was already at it and as things went in that village, would probably go on doing it till she married. Joe Beckett was working on Carver's farm down there below me, and the gravel pit was about half way between their homes. A good boy, Joe, freckled, reddish in the hair, and rather too small in the head; with blue eyes that looked at you very straight and a short nose; a well-grown boy, very big for his age, and impulsive in spite of the careful stodginess of all young rustics; a curious vein of the sensitive in him, but a great deal of obstinacy too, — altogether an interesting blend!

I was still standing there when up he came on his way to Carver's and I look back to that next moment with as much regret as to any in my life.

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, sir, in case I don't see you again."

"Why, where are you off to, Joe?"

"Joinin' up."

"Joining up? But, my dear boy, you're two years under age, at least."

He grinned. "I'm sixteen this month, but I bet I can make out to be eighteen. They ain't particular, I'm told."

I looked him up and down. It was true, he could pass for eighteen well enough, with military needs what they were. And possessed, as everyone was just then, by patriotism and anxiety at the news, all I said was:

"I don't think you ought, Joe; but I admire your spirit."

He stood there silent, sheepish at my words. Then:

"Well, good-bye, sir. I'm goin' in to —ford to-morrow."

I gave his hand a good hard squeeze. He grinned again, and without looking back, ran off down the hill towards Carver's farm, leaving me alone once more with the unearthly glamour of that night. God! what a crime was war! From this hushed moonlit peace boys were hurrying off to that business of man-made death as if there were not Nature's deaths galore to fight against. And we, — we could only admire them for it! Well! I have never ceased to curse the sentiment which stopped me from informing the recruiting authorities of that boy's real age.

Crossing back over the crest of the hill towards home, I came on the child Betty, at the edge of the gravel pit where I had left her.

"Well, Betty, was Joe telling you?"

"Yes, sir. He's going to join up."

"What did you say to him?"

"I said he was a fool, but he's so headstrong, Joe!" Her voice was even enough, but she was quivering all over.

"It's very plucky of him, Betty."

"M'm! Joe just gets things into his head. I don't see that he has any call to go, and, — and leave me."

I couldn't help a smile. She saw it, and said sullenly:

"Yes, I'm young, and so's Joe; but he's my boy, for all that!"

And then, ashamed or startled at such expansiveness, she tossed her head, swerved into the beech clump like a shying foal, and ran off among the trees. I stood a few minutes, listening to the owls, then went home and read myself into forgetfulness on Scott's first polar book.

So Joe went, and we knew him no more for a whole year. And Betty continued with her mother, washing for the village.

In September, 1915, just after term had begun again, I was standing one afternoon in the village schoolroom pinning up on the wall a pictorial piece of imperial information for the benefit of my scholars, and thinking, as usual, of the war and its lingering deadlock. The sunlight slanted through on to my dusty forms and desks, and under the pollard lime trees on the far side of the street I could see a soldier standing with a girl. Suddenly he crossed over to the school, and there in the doorway was young Joe Beckett, in his absurd short-tailed khaki jacket, square and tanned to the color of his freckles, looking indeed quite a man.

"How d'you do, sir?"

"And you, Joe?"

"Oh! I'm fine. I thought I'd like to see you. Just got our marching orders. Off to France to-morrow, been havin' my leave."

I felt the catch at my throat that we all felt when youngsters whom we knew were going out for the first time.

"Was that Betty with you out there?"

"Yes, — fact is, I've got something to tell you, sir. She and I were spliced last week at — mouth. We been stayin' there since, and I brought her home to-day, as I got to go to-night."

I was staring hard, and he went on hurriedly:

"She just went off there, and I joined her for my leave. We didn't want any fuss, you see, because of our bein' too young."

"Young!"

The blankness of my tone took the grin off his face.

"Well, I was seventeen a week ago, and she'll be seventeen next month."

"Married? Honest Injun, Joe?"

He went to the door, and whistled. In came Betty, dressed in dark blue, very neat and self-contained; only the flush on her round young face marked any disturbance.

"Show him your lines, Betty, and your ring."

The girl held out the official slip, and from it I read that a registrar had married them at — mouth, under right names and wrong ages. Then she slipped a glove off, and held up her left

hand, — there was the magic hoop! Well! the folly was committed, — no use in crabbing it!

"Very good of you to tell me, Joe," I said, at last. "Am I the first to know?"

"Yes, sir. You see, I've got to go at once; and like as not her mother won't want it to get about till she's a bit older. I thought I'd like to tell *you*, in case they said it wasn't all straight and proper."

"Nothing I say will alter the fact that you've falsified your ages."

Joe grinned again.

"That's all right," he said. "I got it from a lawyer's clerk in my platoon. It's a marriage all the same."

"Yes, I believe that's so."

"Well, sir, there she is till I come back." Suddenly, his face changed, he looked for all the world as if he were going to cry; and they stood gazing at each other exactly as if they were alone.

The lodger at the carpenter's, three doors down the street, was performing her usual afternoon solo on the piano: "*Connais-tu le pays?*" from *Mignon*. And whenever I hear it now, seldom enough in days contemptuous of harmony, it brings Joe and Betty back through a broad sunbeam full of dancing motes of dust; it epitomises for me all the *Drang*, — as the Germans call it, — of those horrible years, when marriage, birth, death, and every human activity were speeded up to their limit, and we did from year's end to year's end all that an enlightened humanity should not be doing, and left undone most of what it should have done.

"What time is it, sir?" Joe asked me suddenly.

"Five o'clock."

"Lord! I must run for it. My kit's at the station. Could I leave her here, sir?"

I nodded, and walked into the little room beyond. When I came back she was sitting where she used to sit in school, bowed over her arms spread out on the inky desk. Her dark bobbed hair was all I could see, and the quivering jerky movement of her young shoulders. Joe had gone. Well! That was the normal state of Europe, then! I went back into the little room to give her time, but when I returned once more, she, too, had gone.

The second winter passed, more muddy, more bloody even than the first, and less shot through with hopes of an ending. Betty showed me three or four of Joe's letters, simple screeds with a phrase here and there of awkward and half-smothered feeling, and signed always: "Your loving hubby, Joe." Her marriage was accepted in the village. Child-marriage was quite common then. In April it began to be obvious that their union was to be 'blessed' as they call it.

One day early in May I was passing Mrs. Roofe's when I saw that lady in her patch of garden, and stopped to ask after Betty.

"Nearin' her time. I've written to Joe Beckett. Happen he'll get leave."

"I think that was a mistake, Mrs. Roofe. I would have waited till it was over."

"Maybe you're right, sir, but Betty's that fidgetty about him not knowin'. She's dreadful young, you know, t'ave a child. I didn't 'ave my first till I was twenty-one."

"Everything goes fast these days, Mrs. Roofe."

"Not my washin'. I can't get the help, with Betty like this. It's a sad business this about the baby comin'. If he does get killed, I suppose she'll get a pension, sir?"

Pension? Married in the wrong age, with the boy still under service age, if they came to look into it. I really didn't know.

"Oh! surely, Mrs. Roofe, but we won't think about his being killed. Joe's a fine boy."

Mrs. Roofe's worn face darkened.

"He was a fool to join up before his time; plenty of chance after, seemingly, and then to marry my girl, like this! Well, young folk *are* fools!" . . .

I was sitting over my Pensions work one evening, a month later, for it had now fallen to me to keep things listed in the village, when someone knocked at my door, and who should be standing there but Joe Beckett!

"Why! Joe! Got leave?"

"Ah! I had to come and see her. I haven't been there yet, — didn' dare. How is she, sir?"

Pale and dusty, as if from a hard journey, his uniform all muddy and unbrushed, and his reddish hair standing up anyhow, — he looked wretched, poor boy!

"She's all right, Joe. But it must be very near, from what her mother says."

"I haven't had any sleep for nights, thinking of her, — such a kid, she is!"

"Does she know you're coming?"

"No, I haven't said nothing."

"Better be careful. I wouldn't risk a shock. Have you anywhere to sleep?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can stay here, if you like. They won't have room for you there." He seemed to back away from me.

"Thank ye, sir, I wouldn' like to put you out."

"Not a bit, Joe. Delighted to have you, and hear your adventures."

He shook his head. "I don' want to talk of them," he said darkly. "Don't you think I could see 'er to-night, sir? I've come a long way for it, my God! I have!"

"Well, try! But see her mother first."

"Yes, sir," and he touched his forehead. His face, so young a face, already had that look in the eyes of men who stare death down.

He went away, and I didn't see him again that night. They had managed apparently to screw him into their tiny cottage. He was only just in time, for two days later Betty had a boy-child. He came to me, the same evening, after dark, very excited.

"She's a wonder," he said, "but if I'd known, I'd never ha' done it, sir, I never would. You can't tell what you're doing till it's too late, it seems."

Strange saying from that young father, till afterwards it was made too clear!

Betty recovered quickly and was out within three weeks.

Joe seemed to have long leave, for he was still about, but I had little talk with him, for, though always friendly, he seemed shy of me, and as to talking of the war, — not a word! One evening I passed him and Betty leaning on a gate, close to the river, — a warm evening of early July, when the Somme battle was at its height. Out there hell incarnate; and here intense peace, the quietly flowing river, the willows, and unstirring aspens, the light slowly dying; and those two young things, with their arms

round each other, and their heads close together, — her bobbed dark hair and Joe's reddish mop, getting quite long! I took good care not to disturb them. His last night, perhaps, before he went back into the furnace!

It was no business of mine to have my doubts, but I had been having them long before that very dreadful night when, just as I was going to bed, something rattled on my window, and going down, I found Betty outside, distracted.

"Oh, sir, come quick! They've 'rested Joe."

As we went over, she told me:

"Oh, sir, I was afraid there was some mistake about his leave, — it was so long. I thought he'd get into trouble over it, so I asked Bill Pateman" (the village constable) "and now they've come and 'rested him for deserting. Oh! What have I done? What have I done?"

Outside the Roofes' cottage, Joe was standing between a corporal's guard, and Betty flung herself into his arms. Inside, I could hear Mrs. Roofe expostulating with the corporal, and the baby crying. In the sleeping quiet of the village street, smelling of hay just harvested, it was atrocious.

I spoke to Joe. He answered quietly, in her arms:

"I asked for leave, but they wouldn't give it. I had to come. I couldn't stick it, knowing how it was with her."

"Where was your regiment?"

"In the line."

"Good God!"

Just then the corporal came out. I took him apart.

"I was his schoolmaster, corporal," I said. "The poor chap joined up when he was just sixteen, — he's still under age, you see, — and now he's got this child wife and a new-born baby!"

The corporal nodded. His face was twitching, a lined, decent face with a moustache.

"I know, sir," he muttered, "I know. Cruel work, but I've got to take him. He'll have to go back to France."

"What does it mean?"

He lifted his arms from his sides and let them drop, and that gesture was somehow the most expressive and dreadful I ever saw.

"Deserting in face of the enemy," he whispered hoarsely. "Bad business! Can you get that girl away, sir?"

But Joe himself undid the grip of her arms, and held her from him, bending, he kissed her hair and face; then, with a groan, he literally pushed her into my arms and marched straight off between the guard.

And I was left in the dark, sweet-scented street, with that distracted child struggling in my grasp.

"Oh! My God! My God! My God!" over and over and over. And what could one say or do?

All the rest of that night, after Mrs. Roofe had got Betty back into the cottage, I sat up writing in duplicate the facts about Joe Beckett.

I sent one copy to his regimental headquarters, the other to the chaplain of his regiment in France. I sent fresh copies two days later with duplicates of his birth certificate to make quite sure. It was all I could do. Then came a fortnight of waiting for news. Betty was still distracted. The thought that, through her anxiety, she herself had delivered him into their hands nearly sent her off her head. Probably her baby alone kept her from insanity or suicide. And all that time the battle of the Somme raged, and hundreds of thousands of women in England and France and Germany were in daily terror for their menfolk. Yet none, I think, could have had quite the feelings of that child. Her mother, poor woman, would come over to me at the schoolhouse, and ask if I had heard anything.

"Better for the poor girl to know the worst," she said, "if it is the worst. The anxiety's killin' 'er."

But I had no news and could not get any at headquarters. The thing was being dealt with in France. Never was the scale and pitch of the world's horror more brought home to me. This deadly little tragedy was as nothing, — just a fragment of straw whirling round in that terrible wind.

And then one day I did get news, — a letter from the chaplain, and seeing what it was, I stuck it in my pocket and sneaked down to the river, — literally afraid to open it till I was alone. Crouched up there, with my back to a haystack, I took it out with trembling fingers.

"Dear Sir,

The boy Joe Beckett was shot to-day at dawn. I am distressed at having to tell you and the poor child, his wife. War is a cruel thing, indeed!"

I had known it. Poor Joe! Poor Betty! Poor, poor Betty! I read on:

"I did all I could; the facts you sent were put before the Court Martial and the point of his age considered. But all leave had been stopped; his request had been definitely refused; the regiment was actually in the line, with fighting going on, — and the situation extremely critical in that sector. Private considerations count for nothing in such circumstances, — the rule is adamant. Perhaps it has to be, — I cannot say. But I have been greatly distressed by the whole thing, and the Court itself was much moved. The poor boy seemed dazed; he wouldn't talk, didn't seem to take in anything; indeed, they tell me that all he said after the verdict, certainly all I heard him say was: 'My poor wife! My poor wife!' over and over again. He stood up well at the end."

He stood up well at the end! I can see him yet, poor impulsive Joe. Desertion, but not cowardice, by the Lord! No one who looked into those straight blue eyes could believe that. But they bandaged them, I suppose. Well! a bullet in a billet more or less, what was it in that wholesale slaughter? As a raindrop on a willow tree drips into the river and away to sea, — so that boy, like a million others, dripped to dust. A little ironical though, that his own side should shoot him, who went to fight for them two years before he needed, to shoot him who wouldn't be legal food for powder for another month! A little ironical, perhaps, that he had left this son, — legacy to such an implacable world! But there's no moral to a true tale like this, — unless it be that the rhythm of life and death cares not a jot for any of us!

IS LYNCHING EVER DEFENSIBLE?

YES:

SAYS Mr. Chamlee, who has himself helped to quell four mobs. It is impossible for those to judge who do not know the South's peculiar problems. Lynching is the most effective deterrent to brutal assaults upon white women. "It is the community taking the law into its own hands."

NO:

SAYS Mr. Fort, speaking as a newspaperman from Tennessee. Lynching is a return to primitive animalism,—"a loss of thousands upon thousands of years of laborious climb into a higher realm of individual responsibility." The real victim in every lynching is the law. We must choose between a rule of law and a rule of primitive mob instincts.

I.—THE MOTIVES OF JUDGE LYNCH

GEORGE W. CHAMLEE

WHAT I have to say of the racial question may be biased by my individual impressions and environment. By way of explanation, therefore, and that my words may carry some weight of authority, I may be forgiven for stating that I have been attorney-general of a Tennessee county with 125,000 citizens for the last eight years. As public prosecutor over such a long period, I have of necessity come into contact with both the good and bad in human nature, and I have further had ample opportunity to study both sides of the perplexing racial question with which the South is burdened.

At the very outset I must say by way of further preface that in my term of office I have on four different occasions assisted sheriffs in the prevention of the formation of mobs. I have liberated without trial one negro accused of rape, with a lynching threatened, because on investigation I found that he was innocent, and the charge "framed". I am opposed to mob violence in all its forms and I believe it is my duty to prevent hurt to suspected criminals at the risk of my own personal safety. I have loyalty to the Courts in which I have served and respect for the due process of justice.

Yet this world is not constituted of men of uniform mind and I am no extremist who fails to recognize that all human action has a basis of reason for its existence. So even lynching may be condemned in the most bitter fashion by our northern critics and the South in particular may be excoriated for a crime which is by no means all its own. Yet it is possible even here to examine conditions and find mitigating circumstances. For though the outbursts of lynching are steadily on the decrease in the North as well as in the South, nevertheless they still exist and it is little short of rank partisanship to dismiss such occurrences as totally lacking in provocation.

Meeting the issue before it arises, floods of statistics pour upon us which are designed to show that lynching of the Negro is not in the majority of instances inspired by the crime of assault upon women. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in its report for 1925, has the following list of causes for "alleged offenses" of Negroes that caused lynchings.

Murder (1 acquitted by jury)	8
Attacking white woman	5
Insulting white woman	1
Wounding white man	1
Striking white child	1
Housebreaking and assault	1
Being in company with murderer	1
Total	18

It is next to impossible to understand motives unless there is a kinship of soil, race, and history. Men carry their ancestors on their backs, ancestors who constantly whisper into their ears and guide their unwitting hands. Inherited racial antagonisms and environmental prejudices are emotional stimuli that whip men to the heat of passion and kindle the sparks of century-old hatreds. Even the crime of lynching must be approached carefully or else discussion turns into incessant invective, so bitter that it overlooks the frequent and more ghastly crime perpetrated by the individual against whom "swift vengeance" was launched. Frequently this unreasoning criticism is carried to such an extent that it would make a martyr of a foul murderer or ravisher. In all

candor, those men who denounce avenging mobs with such vituperation and who insist that we Southerners in particular actually revel in fiendish bloodshed, would apparently be overjoyed at the prospect of federal or state machine-gunners mowing down whole rows of emotionally stirred people in the defense of some senseless, degraded half-animal who with incomparable brutality had outraged a child.

From the figures given we may conclude that, as all of these lynchings were committed by white men, all of them were for "alleged offenses" against other whites. It is true that only six out of the eighteen were directed at women. Yet in the very face of such a defensive array I suspect that underneath all such outbursts there smolders the lurking, ever present fear of violation (legal or forcible) of white womanhood by the Negro. Though the crime for which the victim was lynched was "wounding white man" yet at its fountain source there was a dread of the claim of "social equality" with its resulting degradation. Mere shooting at a white man would never provoke mob violence if it were not the match that sets fire to the existing prejudices in this regard.

Such antagonism, so far as the real Southern man is concerned, is not economic, though that assertion is sometimes made. The statement might be true of East St Louis, but not of Milledgeville, Georgia, nor of Chattanooga, Tennessee. It is founded upon and nourished solely by the dread of "social equality" with intermarriage between the races as its ultimate consequence. I say this, believing that few Southern men would feel any special prejudice against social equality of the Negro, if this did not necessitate the same equality with white women. Neither do I consider that any segregation laws or outbreaks would be evoked against the Negro race if they were not inspired by this same antagonistic fear.

The extent to which this fear is carried dates back to slaveholding days. It covers the dark times of the South when with all the men at the front in the Civil War there was a constant danger of uprising and pillage at home, which is still kept alive in the few survivors of that great conflict. It is fortunate that the fear with which the Emancipation Proclamation was received in the South was not justified. It had cause for continuation in

reconstruction days when the ex-slave was enfranchised and the extremists of the North would have had him put his foot on the neck of his former master and attempted to teach him "racial equality". It exists in most countries where the whites are outnumbered by the blacks or where they constitute a considerable element of the population.

Since he is not brought up with this viewpoint it is not easily explained to the man on the outside. The North does not realize that the Southern white men in the rural communities have a special haunting uneasiness about leaving their homes unprotected even though all the statistics in the world may show such fears ungrounded. Northern women are prone to be scornful of their Southern sisters, dependent upon male escorts. We of the South are not. Such mental states exist in Southerners of all social and political affiliations.

With this background, perhaps I may illustrate certain aspects of what I have in mind by details of a lynching in my own community. As one attorney of record therein, I am familiar with the case throughout its history, though all names are omitted that no embers may glow from ashes apparently dead.

It was in January of 1906 that a young lady of nineteen returned at dusk to her home in the outskirts of the city. She and her father, who was a native of Pennsylvania, an ex-Union soldier and a Republican, lived in a modest home about three blocks from the street car line. There is little that can be related here. It is enough to say that an hour or so after this girl left the car, she dragged her broken body to her father's house, where her pitiful story was told to the aged man who awaited her homecoming. It did not take long for the news to spread, as the girl was terribly injured and the outrage shocked the community of her neighbors and the entire section. Let me state unequivocally that the seriousness with which such outrages are regarded depends almost entirely upon how close at hand the assault is committed. It is easy to be in New Orleans and to condemn a mob in East St Louis, and it is easy for a man in New York state to flay the southern community which gives rise to such violence. Neither community knows the other's problem nor its justification. There flashes before me the memory of a saintly pastor who talked to this poor girl in an effort to administer comfort to her,

and I recall vividly the fire that was in his eyes as he spoke of the certain, swift punishment merited by her assailant.

The Negro who assaulted this girl was ultimately caught and confined in jail. His trial was set for February of the same year, and from the evidence there was small doubt of his guilt. Certain details of the hearing stand out in my mind with prominence, — I do not wish to live through a similar situation again. The first was the identification of her ravisher by the girl victim. It is not a pleasant thing to picture, and I do not dwell upon it beyond quoting her faltering words that she did not want "to convict an innocent man, yet in the sight of God she thought he was her assailant," and beyond merely mentioning the overwrought juryman, who, seeing her facing her assailant, sprang to his feet with, "If I knew that he was the man who did that, I could tear his heart out." Fierce and unrestrained words though they were, who shall judge him until he has seen a white girl, broken and scarred in mind and in body, stand before twelve men and a Court to look again upon the person of her brutal assailant. She faded soon from the picture, for death came as a direct result of her injuries, not so long afterwards, to relieve her of an unbearable existence.

The Negro was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged March 13, 1906. If the process of the Court had been allowed to continue, it is quite probable that events would not have happened as they did. It is a matter of record that two Negro lawyers then entered the case and filed a petition in the Federal Court asking for a transference of the case. Their grounds were that the constitutional rights of the accused had been invaded because he had not been given a change of venue as requested, and because no Negroes were on the jury which heard his case. There was a hearing before a Federal Judge, who denied their petition. On the denial, his attorneys appealed to the United States Supreme Court for a new hearing. Obviously a legal battle was to be waged, with its prospect of interminable delays.

On March 19, a mob of several hundreds went to the county jail, took the Negro, and hanged him. There was no shedding of blood except his, for the jailor and deputies on duty were quickly overpowered. As it happens the sheriff and a number of his assistants were later tried for contempt of the United States Su-

preme Courts and given a term in jail. Candor must admit that this jail term was not a stigma in the community.

Let it be borne in mind that I am not holding a brief for the mob which executed swift punishment upon this criminal. I am simply stating that I believe I understand why the participants acted as they did. I do not think that the men who constituted this mob were savage brutes who took a fiendish delight in slaying a poor wretched fellow-human. I think that they were simply overwrought emotionally and caught in a community reaction to the crime of a brute. A jury of good men from legal evidence had found this Negro guilty of the blackest crime that a man may commit. If guilty, he deserved death, for he had destroyed the body and mind of an innocent woman. In this particular instance it might with some show of truth be said that the apparent stumbling block of legal delay was an exciting motive to the creation of the mob. This is but a half truth. The assurance of swift legal punishment might have prevented such an outburst. Or it might not.

As I understand the motives of the mob, they sprang from a deep seated racial solidarity of purpose together with strong environmental prejudices. In such affairs, let it be again remembered, it is not the daughter of any one man who is violated, rather she becomes the daughter of the community. Men forget church affiliations, social strata, and political views when they are swept into an age-old channel of racial feeling, with a flare of primitive vengeance for the crossing of its borders. It is almost impossible for those who are not in contact through history or environment to theorize correctly upon this subject; though in all probability, viewpoints will change with experience.

Lynching is the unlawful taking of human life. Let us, so far as possible, be fair and candid with words and actions.

Let it be also remembered that the Southern temperament is emotionally quick-fired. Further, the community and sectional feeling is extremely intense, and it is inspired to a considerable degree by the necessity of racial solidarity. In this particular instance the girl's father was a Union soldier who had borne arms to unshackle the Negro race. The mob which avenged her was both Northern and Southern, Republican and Democrat, bound together in one common racial purpose. Individual vengeance was

there, unquestionably, but what swept flood waters out of legal channels was the racial insult. So it may equally be insisted with truth that underlying the majority of attacks upon white women by the Negro, there is more than mere satisfaction of individual lust. It is, in a sense, the culmination in the inflammable mind of the lowest type of Negro of the racial rebellion against the refusal of social equality. It is a gesture towards the breaking down of a barrier in which the individual is swept out of himself. Comparison of the total number of such crimes in slavery days, when such ideas were unknown, with similar offenses to-day, substantiate this. It is also worthy of note that few, if any of such present day crimes are attempted against women of the upper social strata. The racial conception working through the mind of the individual does not contemplate a leap so far.

If this issue of social equality has to be forced to a final and definite conclusion as to whether or not the future Southerner shall be a white man or a mulatto, then the white Republicans and white Democrats will unite utterly and everlastingly to destroy such an undertaking. And may God forbid that any man, or set of men, should ever attempt to foist such conditions upon the South under the guise of social equality, or any other guise.

Lynching Records

A Decade of Lynch Law

1917	38
1918	64
1919	83
1920	61
1921	64
1922	57
1923	33
1924	16
1925	18
1926 (to date)	25

Highest Records 1888–1923

Georgia	452	Missouri	423
Louisiana	339	Texas	332

Two Years by States

	1925	1926
Mississippi	6	4
Florida	3	6
Georgia	2	1
Alabama	1	0
Arkansas	1	2
Kentucky	1	1
Louisiana	1	1
Maine	0	1
Missouri	1	0
New Mexico	0	1
South Carolina	0	3
Utah	1	0
Virginia	1	1

II. — THE MIND OF THE LYNCHING MOB

John P. Fort

A FRESH, clear morning in August of 1915. Just after sunrise, and the car moved gently through green fields toward the town of M ——. Men should be waking from sleep here, peacefully stretching. Women folk should be tending babies that put up their mouths for milk.

Into the outskirts there sprang a roaring bedlam of sound. Careening wildly, filled with dark-visaged men, automobiles broke from the public square. After them, a rabble shrieking unintelligibly. Here were no peaceful men waking from sleep, no infants raising their mouths to be suckled. There was a limp form hanging from a tree, there were men whose hands were soiled with blood and whose minds were mad with hysteria.

That, with one exception, was the only personal experience I have ever had with lynching mobs. The other was but a voice, yet it left a far more vital memory. Years before, there passed in the night a far-off, sullen sound, — an indescribable sound. A distant rising and falling snarl of voices, blending in a hideous, primitive cry. A nightmare cry, inexplicably fearful. It is not a pleasant thing to hear the human pack giving tongue, nor is it pleasant to remember. Probably the vividness of its recollection may color what I have to say against mob violence.

For after all, mobs bent upon human destruction are of nightmare origin, tapping abysmal racial experiences and reviving deep springs of terror. In the dark days before the first mighty-armed giants clubbed their fellows into obedience to their savage word, men did the killing of their own kind in mobs. That age-old swelling cry has driven its countless helpless figures, shrieking in animal fear, with the pack at their heels. Men have changed; mobs in full cry have not. No matter the day or the year, as men count time, they are yet human groups drinking deep of the primitive, — a plunge backward to the womb of the race and its oblivion.

It would be quite possible to discuss this matter of lynching from a number of different angles. From a sectional viewpoint, it might be placed on a purely offensive or defensive basis. In

any event, there are sufficient lurid facts to be dealt with, sufficient horrible details to make room for argument. Much has been made of them. Yet lynching as an actuality springs from a state of mind. The reasons for the state of mind are more important than the resulting facts.

In reality, lynching is the revival of a condition constant in primitive society, expressing itself as a comparatively rare phenomenon in present civilization. As a form of mob violence it results from the revived impulse of the primal group mind in uncontrolled crudity. Lynching affords the spectacle of a number of persons with a common urge to the shedding of blood, bound together by such a unity of purpose that they become as if welded into one personality. Such phenomena have been one of humanity's worst foes.

The gregarious instinct, with its resultant racial habit of thinking and acting in groups, did not, even in the early periods of human progress, gain a foothold without a severe struggle, for the impulse of individualism has always accompanied its contrary urge toward self-expression. The spectacle of human progress is concerned with the slowly evolved compromises between the two tendencies. Perhaps that is why, when the group concept was first fairly rooted, it established for its own protection so many regulations to crush the freedom of its own members.

Then was the group mind enthroned as all powerful. Of lower mental strata than those who composed it, the group thrust upon its subjects those innumerable tabus whose survivals still perplex us. Mostly absurd and utterly animistic in origin, they were enforced by the communities with a rigor that it is impossible for civilized man to grasp. Personal tabus, group tabus, and racial tabus hedged around the individual and sucked out the power of thought and action as water is sucked from a sponge.

Based upon ever-present fear in a world of animism, the tabus became the predominant phase of group control. Punishment for their violation was not a matter of reason by the group; it was a matter of purification, with blood-letting as its sovereign remedy. It afforded the primitive consciousness an opportunity to cleanse its hands with the blood of an offender. In this womb of the race, the individual was lost. There was no entity of separate thought,

and there was no responsibility except to the group. All mental nourishment came after draining through the placenta of the group consciousness.

The birth pains of man, even as a partial free agent, have been infinitely slow. He is still in constant danger of reversion to the primal gloom and to what at times may seem blissful freedom from the strain of individualism. A minor urge to drift with the tide of popular thought is constantly assailing him and now and then, with a mighty sweep, it drags a whole community into the darkened portals from which humanity long since emerged.

The climb upward is never so easy as the drop backward. Man's central nervous system is truly his cross and his crown; it is possible to discard both with a shout of exultation. There is a savage joy in the roar of a mob in blood lust, as there is more than ordinary fear in the pursued. There is a positive pull into its vortex. Once reinvolved, the individual has no desire to climb from its pit.

These things may seem irrelevant to the cry of a mob in the night time, but they are not wholly so. All mobs afford a spectacle of regression with a loss of individual freedom. Even the voice of the human pack blends into one swelling cry. The stones in the road and the searing flame are part of it, as the hot shedding of blood is its natural orgasm. It is, in consequence, a loss of thousands upon thousands of years of laborious climb into a higher realm of individual responsibility. The horror of it is in the quickness of the descent, the degradation of the best that humanity has ever wrought for itself. The pit is no farther away than one misstep, no matter how great the height.

Forms of violence are determined, in a measure, by environment. The South must bear the burden of the major portion of the "mob murders." The obvious fact that both sectional and community feeling are stronger in the South than in Chicago is in no sense a palliation. Conditions here are more favorable for the revival of the group mind. Touching the subject but lightly by way of explanation and not defense, one has to remember that the southern communities have their own special problem in the presence of an alien race, which is potentially tabu. Such contacts are prone to provoke ancient group fears. Given special incentive, — particularly in matters affecting violation,

or a gesture toward violation, of the fundamental sex tabu between such races, — the "mob murder" occurs.

The extent to which such unreasoning racial tabus survive is full proof of their tenacity. When a former President had a Negro educator to lunch with him there was a wave of horror in the South. There is nothing more intrinsically evil in the sharing of food than in the sharing of thought, but the ancient "shalt not" was broken and the event was distorted with a mild panic of vague fears as its result.

And so it is with all matters pertaining to the violation of the fundamental sex tabus between the two races that are thrown together in the South. Actual, forcible violation of womanhood is a crime against both the individual and society that merits punishment. Yet when it is committed by Negroes the revolting and senseless extremes of mob action that follow are plenary evidence of the fear that the predominant race feels. On rare occasions white men may be lynched for the same offense but there is a marked difference. In these cases there is only a blind rage and direct effort to punish the individual offender. The mob does more than merely punish the Negro for the same offense. It seeks blood primarily in revenge for the violation of the tabu. Only too frequently such hysteria mounts to a high crescendo, utterly disconnected with the crime itself, howling through Negro sections in a wild orgy of primitive purification, not concerned with guilt or innocence.

Considering the problem generally, one finds that lynching, wherever it happens, results from supposed "insult" to the group mind. This insult to the collective consciousness, — which has been specially well developed in certain localities, — may be a real or a fancied offense. Lynching mobs not only commit horrible crimes, but, by involving a group, destroy racial progress. They offer opportunity for that shedding of responsibility which is the dividing line between man and animal. Their existence is a distressing commentary upon the progress of a community or section, the stripping of a thin veneer from the hidden animal that should have been long tamed.

The real victim in all lynchings is of a certainty the law. It has been much covered by platitudes, but this same law is perhaps man's finest creation. Its beauty lies in its flexibility and its

delicate balance. It is cognizant of both the infancy of the race and its maturity. The body of the law recognizes and conserves the best from the group instinct; yet its spirit is awake to the demands of the individual, for it derives its strength from the consent of the governed. In administering its punishments, it is divorced from fear and superstition. It does not shed blood that a curse may be lifted.

The theory that a crime must be perpetrated for the curing of a crime is of the abyss. Lynching is indefensible from the viewpoint of the individual in that it deprives him of the right to be heard in his own defense and more than all else destroys the effectiveness of orderly judgment divorced from the passion of the moment. But it involves much more. Its stigma dyes the community, the section, and even the nation. It is society that shudders. The best instincts of humanity collectively sense the backward swing of the pendulum. Age-old memories of a past filled with blind, unreasoned punishments are revivified with all their horror.

The spectacle of the dethronement of the law is then as grievous to the enlightened individual as to society at large, for both are sufferers. Unless law is supported by the common judgment of mankind, there is only anarchy. If the group may punish, let's give the individual the same right. If one crime may be met by mob violence, who shall say that another may not likewise be so met?

Lynching is decreasing. The figures are common property. The time will ultimately come when limp figures will no longer hang in public squares, nor will the distant animal cry of the mob pack swell in the night. The time will come when memories of the pit of the primitive will be forgotten, when man will respect and observe the orderly processes of his own justice.

Law or tabu? It is one or the other. Either the supremacy of the insensate passions from the infancy of the race, or else the triumph of the full grown, adult power of the law.

THE SCIENTIFIC CITY OF THE FUTURE

An Authorized Interview with

THOMAS A. EDISON

Edward Marshall

"HUMANITY," says Mr. Edison, "doesn't think very far ahead." That is why twentieth century city dwellers are cramped in streets originally designed for a few people and a few horses. The automobile, not having been foreseen, has increased the population of the modern metropolis and choked its streets with traffic, causing tremendous losses from delay. It is time to begin planning for the changes air traffic will soon be making. Aerial navigation may force us to invent roof landing places.

THE city of the future of course will be enormous and it will be a scientific city. It will be something more than a place filled with scientific appliances in the form of machines of various kinds. A part of its science will be revealed by its plan, which will enable people to get around in it with reasonable convenience and rapidity. Automobiles have changed every detail of movement in the cities. More things are moved more miles in these days than ever before. When one contemplates the freight trains, trucks, steamships, and other means of transportation, it is hard to understand where everything comes from, where it is going, and why.

Every city street is continually filled with a parade of wonders which no one sees. It is also a parade of values. The values which are trucked about New York every day are enormous. Some of them are concrete, compact, and precious, as hold-up men, for example, realize. See how they go after the silk trucks. They are almost as eager to get certain valuable merchandise as they are to get cash. All the things that are trucked about of course have value, or they wouldn't be worth moving. And thus is presented one of the greatest problems of the modern city. Because of this value, which in the aggregate is enormous, delays in transit mean something, for interest on the money which value represents runs on every minute. That is the sort of thing many people never think of. Humanity, however, doesn't think very far ahead. It is too fascinated by momentary things. It was easier in the old days to take time to look into the future, but the old prophets were never accurate because science had not given them enough facts on which to base their prophecies. The old city, as elderly

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people remember it, was built for horses and pedestrians at a time when both were comparatively few in number. Narrow streets and sidewalks were adequate, as they enabled such movement as was necessary. But something was ahead which those who laid out the old cities could not guess at, and which was not considered seriously even when predicted by the prophets, or even by real scientists, or, as was at least once the case by a mere dreamer, — Mother Shipton. This was the advent of the automobile. Even after it came the average man did not realize just what had happened. "Horseless carriages" we used to call automobiles. And all of us have seen crowds gathered about them on the street, looking at them with wonder. The automobile has been one of the things which have made the city grow so rapidly, and therefore it is partly because of it that the greatness of the problem of the cities has arisen. We have only barely begun really to investigate this problem of traffic. It has caught us unawares, as things always do.

The traffic problem will be one of the greatest of all those which will trouble us as time advances and the buildings get bigger, if they are permitted to do that. Some efforts are being made to solve it, though in my judgment, as I have watched traffic policemen at work, they let too few vehicles through in each direction at a time. The light-signal system probably is right in theory, but the lights all through any congested area will need to be synchronized. Traffic, if any speed is to be made, must be permitted to travel in large blocks and for considerable distances at a time.

It is not improbable that we may find grade crossings where important thoroughfares intersect each other as ineffective as we have found grade crossings of vehicle roads and railways. Traffic statistics show that a large proportion of the accidents to pedestrians occur as cars are rounding corners. The pedestrian has some rights. If streets in one direction were depressed and those running across them were elevated, the corner problem would be solved, but a new one would be presented in the necessity of finding some means whereby one level could be reached from the other easily and frequently. I feel certain that experts in this matter of traffic will develop, and that they will establish what might be called express streets and accommodation streets.

The greatest trouble with the building of our cities and the general handling of our populations is that we have not referred enough problems to the mathematician. Only the mathematician can figure out the traffic problem. The contents of a bottle are so much, the capacity of that bottle's neck is so much. Any mathematician who is worth his salt can tell you how rapidly those contents can flow in or out. He will be the traffic policeman of the future in my estimation. Cities which are crowded and busy must so arrange themselves, or, if necessary, rearrange themselves as to comply with whatever rules may be laid down for them by the mathematicians. We must build for very heavy and very fast movement in our city streets. How? That again is a problem for the mathematicians first and later on for the architects. Note that I mention the mathematicians first. I have not any well worked out solution in my mind. All that I am absolutely sure of is that very often now our bad management of traffic in our cities makes conditions much worse than they would be if we were more careful, wiser, more intelligently thoughtful with a greater regard for the mathematics of the situation.

Congestion of traffic to-day causes such losses in New York as would startle all of us if we could even guess the figures. Estimate for yourself how much it costs for an expensive truck with an expensive cargo of goods and expensive driver to stand idle for one hour, and then guess at how many hours each day this occurs in New York. In these days every delay means loss of interest on considerable sums involved. There is, of course, a very much more serious aspect to the present traffic situation than its delays and the losses which those delays entail. There is the toll of life which mismanaged traffic constantly is taking. It amounts in New York to 1272, and in the whole United States to 30,400, every year. Most of these lost lives easily could be saved by the exercise of a little forethought, and the giving to the other fellow of a little more consideration.

Rapid movement of humanity is more necessary than rapid movement of goods. The traffic congestion which delays the transit of goods is bad; that which delays the rapid transportation of men is still more serious.

Aviation will be developed as a means of travel and for the

transportation of passengers and comparatively light articles, but it is not likely to have much effect on traffic in the cities. Someone has figured out that the Air Mail will save its cost to the nation every year by the saving on the interest upon money in transit. A dollar in transit for a week is idle for a week, and an idle dollar means a loss. If Air Mail delivers money to San Francisco from New York in forty-eight hours when rail transportation takes five days, then interest on that money is saved for the period of time which is represented by the difference between forty-eight hours and one hundred and twenty hours, or three fifths of the one hundred and twenty hours. That is what rapid transport of valuable objects means to humanity, and traffic jams of every kind therefore are among the wasteful signs of bad management seen in our cities.

The city of the future will be immensely affected by air-travel. Sooner or later we shall get the helicopter, — the flying machine which will go straight up and down at any desired speed when necessary, as well as forward. It does not require any very vivid imagination to help us realize that when the helicopter comes into being roofs of large buildings in our cities immediately will become very valuable parts of such structures as may be located in those city districts to which people flying by air will seek quick access. Certain new varieties of disaster will then develop, but it is useless to foretell these now. We shall know all about them when they come. But they will not keep us out of the air transport machines. These will mean speed, and that humanity which gathers in the cities of the future especially will demand speed.

I have no doubt that before long it will be necessary to prohibit the building of new skyscrapers in those sections of our cities which already are overcrowded, at least in New York, if something is not devised. If, for instance, New York keeps on permitting the building of skyscrapers, each one housing as many people every day as we used to have in a small city, disaster must overtake us. When all the people in those skyscrapers start to flow out into the street at approximately the same moment or within half-hour or an hour try to get to the entrances of those buildings so that they may begin the day's business, there must be such overcrowding of the streets near those skyscrapers as

must stop traffic, and cost every individual involved some part of his time. Time is really the only capital that any human being has, and the one thing he can't afford to lose. The danger of the skyscraper is that in the end, if there is no check upon it, it may cost time instead of saving it. It will do exactly that if streets are left as they are and if skyscrapers are multiplied. One of the things that surprises me in this consideration of skyscrapers is that so little utilization is made of roofs. This, I think, will change: aerial navigation may be the thing which directly will call all our attention to the roofs.

Noise will be one of the things which will increase as city congestion grows, and of course it is bound to grow for some time to come. If the problem of making streets which can handle the incoming and outgoing streams of people from the vast structures which we are now building is worked out, — and it must be if we really look into the future, — we shall have much more noise in days to come than we have to-day. Buses will without doubt supplant surface cars almost everywhere because they are more flexible in traffic. They will make less noise than surface cars with steel wheels running upon steel rails. But noise probably will not decrease to any great extent. I don't think it hurts us. It decreases the acuteness of our hearing, but in cities we do not need hearing as acute as that which the savage must have in the forest where every dropping branch and crackling twig may be significant. So I am not worried about the clamor of the city of the future. We shall be able to endure it without suffering and it will not destroy human nerves in general, although it may affect unfavorably certain individuals during the years in which the race is in the process of becoming accustomed to it.

Nature, in making hearing less acute as outside noises increase, knows what she is doing. I am deaf, having been so since my boyhood. I am deafer now than I used to be. The noise of a city doesn't trouble me at all. On Broadway I can be as undisturbed as the average man can be in the deepest recesses of the most silent forest. That has been and is an advantage to me. It saves me from many interruptions and much nerve strain. My nerves are quite steady. I have known people to say, "Edison hasn't any nerves." I have just as many and as delicate nerves as

anybody else, but they are not constantly disturbed by noises. That helps. My deafness has been an advantage to me. And I am only a few laps ahead of the average city man in being deaf. "Becoming accustomed to noise" is, in reality, becoming deaf. It really will not matter to the city dweller of the future whether he lives in the noisest or the most silent part of the city. He will be sufficiently deafened by Nature so that the noisest places will not be disagreeable to him. Nature has always done such things for all its creatures. This is what is called "adaptation to environment".

Lastly, there is the probability that sooner or later in our city of the future we shall have to meet the problems of municipal management in a scientific way. It is a matter very largely of mental mechanics. We really know all about it now, but do not apply the knowledge we possess. If the city of the future is to be a place worth living in we must apply every scrap of knowledge we can get, considering each especial problem in its individual aspects first and then taking it in its relations to others. Some years ago, in Germany, I was impressed by the fact that politics are entirely eliminated from city management. It came rather as a shock to me, as an American accustomed to the partisan bitternesses of our political campaigns, to find advertisements in the German newspapers for men who could prove their qualifications to act as mayors of cities and towns happening at the moment to need such officials. If we could as completely eliminate politics from the management of our American cities, turning it over to real experts, we would have tax-rates which would seem ridiculously low, when compared to those which we charge ourselves to-day. Then too, the highly trained mayor, educated as a specialist in municipal management, and utterly cut off from all political influences would see to it that his city had that kind of police force, — a scientifically selected, scientifically trained, scientifically managed body of men knowing and accomplishing tasks for which they were employed. That will be the way in which America will cope with its crime problem, — through scientifically managed police forces. Over a year ago it occurred to me, while I was thinking of these problems, that civilization consists of a lot of people in one place, — plus a policeman. But that policeman must be a scientific product, not a hit or miss affair.

Humanity cannot be standardized, but it can be controlled; if it can be controlled it can be trained. It *is* trained, as a matter of fact. Society trains its gunmen to be gunmen by allowing conditions to arise which give gunmen opportunities to use their guns in getting more money than they could possibly get otherwise and in a shorter time, with less work. Big business in America meets problems quite as difficult as that of managing police forces every day and meets them competently. It meets them scientifically, and that is the reason why it solves them almost without disturbance. When American cities go at the problem of their management as intelligently as big business goes after the problems of its management most of those problems automatically will vanish.

VACANT LOTS

THE city charts, white-veined on crackling blue,
Named it a "vacant lot", — that was not true
Whatever else they said. For who could pass
Such gracious trees, or touch cool-fingered grass,
Breathe in the pulsing fragrance of it all
From tiptoeing Spring on through the flaming Fall,
Feel wings stir arching branches overhead
And still deny the place was tenanted?

Hoarse-voiced the builders came, with jangling chains,
Trees crashed to earth, dark sweating men dug drains,
Stripped sod, gouged pits, poured clattering streams of bricks,
Set up in naked rows their ugly sticks,
Made boxes to imprison beds and chairs
And phonographs and arguments and cares:
Now, whether they admit the truth or not
On those blue charts, it is a vacant lot.

— *Molly Anderson Haley*

SHALL WE ABOLISH INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL?

NO, says Dr. Morton Prince, famous Harvard psychiatrist. Football is a splendid sport, but we must stop making a business of it. Let the players run the game, and all will be well.

YES, says Upton Sinclair, outspoken California radical. Football is simply a means of keeping college students from thinking. It injures the bodies of the players and the minds of everybody.

I — HAND BACK THE GAME TO THE BOYS!

MORTON PRINCE

ANOTHER college football team has come and gone. The thrills, the excitement, and the mob-enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands of football fans, the hopes and glories and disappointments of contesting teams, the terrific daily grind, the nervous stress and strain of the individual players are things of the past; and, — the sporting editors, past masters in propaganda and in exploiting the public, the coaches and "star" players, have turned their columns to another job, that of preparing the mind of the public and awakening its sleeping interest (sleeping since Springtime) in some other Winter sport.

"Sport"? Is college football a sport? At the height of the season of 1925, George Owen, for four years famous football star, startled the public with an article entitled "Football, — Pleasure or Grind?" ("The Independent", November 7, 1925; and "Harvard Bulletin", November 5, 1925), in which he held that (as played to-day) it is not a sport for various reasons. Among them and chiefly, because "the majority of college football players do not enjoy playing the game". "There are, of course, a certain number of exceptions," he said, "but these are the men, I think, who would enjoy any fight"; and then he confessed, — to the chagrin of many fans and surprise of his colleagues, who remembered

his outstanding success for four college years as a star player, — that he disliked the game.

This star player's confession only expressed frankly and publicly what many had been thinking who had not the courage to say it openly. The present writer had previously made a practice of asking players, past and present, if they enjoyed playing the game, and the answer confirmed Owen's experience.

But I will pass over this point for the present and return to it later. I have now more in mind football as it has become developed into an institution, with traditions, customs, habits of thought, tabus, codes, and social consciousness, in accordance with which a system of management and playing has grown into an organized business. It is an integral part of that system that the game, — I argue that it is not a sport, — of football has been taken out of the hands of the undergraduates and put into the hands of a staff of professional coaches and graduate committees. This, as I view the matter, is the weightiest indictment of college football. And I believe the fact is responsible for the lack of enjoyment of the game by the "majority of players".

At any rate, there has been for some time a growing dissatisfaction with present conditions on the part of many thoughtful graduates, college authorities, and, I hear, even undergraduates. The enormous cost of football; the "colossal proportions" which the system has reached as "a stern and relentless business"; the extensive and intensive publicity given to football by the press; the lack of enjoyment of the game already mentioned; the tendency to drafting players of reputation, whether they like to play or not, by the public opinion of the student body under the threat of the tabu; the employment of professional coaches to train, manage, discipline, and fight the team against its adversary after the fashion of gladiators for the joy of thousands of howling spectators; the subordination of the captain of the team to a merely nominal position; the relegation of the individual players to the part of "a performing tool of the coach"; the nervous and physical strain which the players undergo, — in short the taking of all responsibility for their own game out of the hands of the undergraduates and giving it to graduate committees and paid coaches, — all these and other conditions surrounding, absorbing, and entangling the present game have awakened the

feeling in thoughtful minds that all is not well with football. Realization of the facts has been growing in the minds of many alumni and even undergraduates. It is not necessary to sympathize with every item of the indictment of football, as above briefly summarized, — and I assuredly do not, — to feel that reform of the game in some particulars is urgently needed.

The most recent criticism is to be found in the report on intercollegiate football by the American Association of University Professors. In view of the semi-official status of the authors of the report it is entitled to thoughtful consideration. But I would hasten to add that I cannot wholly agree with its conclusions.

This report is the severest indictment of modern football that has as yet been made. The chief ground on which this indictment is based is the effect which intercollegiate football has on the undergraduate body as a whole, — namely "a distortion of values" which "lasts throughout the college course, if not through life". It consists, besides overexcitement, of the relegation of college work to a position of minor interest and consequent neglect and the exaltation of football prowess and prominent members of the team to a position of undue eminence and hero worship.

Though this distortion of intellectual values is regarded as the chief evil, there are several other counts against football leading to "impairment of the undergraduate morale". But these, though stressed as serious, are considered secondary to the first count, distortion of values. Among them are the encouragement of drinking, gambling on games, and "provocation of dishonesty in various respects".

One cannot help wondering, after reading this severe indictment of football, whether the professors themselves are not suffering from a distortion of values. One wonders what standards of morals have been inculcated in these teachers of youth who in the scale of values rate drinking and dishonesty secondary to a youthful overvaluation of an athletic game. But passing this by as a hasty slip in moral evaluations, do not the professors overestimate the value of the cultural side of a college education? They think that, because of their overvaluation of football, "many students" who might really become leaders in human society fail to attain their potential leadership, through failure to

acquire "the habits of hard thought and hard work and through failure to realize the fundamental, pressing needs of human society and the beckoning opportunities for meeting those needs."

One cannot help wondering how many professors have "become leaders in human society". They certainly have not failed "to acquire and to develop the habits of hard thought and hard work".

I once was present during a conversation between a German professor making his first visit to this country, and Professor ——, a compatriot who for many years held a professor's chair at Harvard and knew American universities well. The visiting professor had marveled at what he had seen in the way of cultural development in this country, having apparently expected to see buffaloes running about the streets of New York and cowboys lassoing steers on Boston Common. But the last straw seemed to come when Professor —— said that he was glad that his boys were being educated at an American University rather than in Germany because, as he said, "though an American University can never turn out such a learned person as so-and-so (mentioning a German who became professor of Greek at twenty years of age), it turns out such *healthy animals*."

There is a good deal in the point which our level-headed Harvard professor made. The development of pure intellectual culture is a good thing and it is one of the things for which a boy is sent to college, even if it is not the thing for which he, in his own mind, goes to college. But it is not the whole of that boy's development. Besides pure culture, the end is a "healthy animal", the healthy-minded boy, — or grown-up for that matter, — who has a healthy view of life and of life's activities, who has developed within him the joy of life, the exuberant high spirits and vitality of youth, the *élan vital*, the enjoyment of mental and physical activity, and all that goes with it.

I believe there is nothing that tends to develop the "healthy animal" of youth more than athletics, and of course football stands out as a type of athletics that is *facile princeps* in this respect. It is not that football, — and athletics, — are overvalued, but that culture is undervalued. There is no reason why both should not be estimated at one hundred in the scale of values.

But while it must be admitted that the cultural side of a college education is undervalued by students, as it was as long ago as my day in college and probably always has been in American colleges; and while I cannot agree that athletic sports and football in particular are overvalued, I am ready to rank myself in that large body of graduates, even if it be a minority, who believe that the game as played to-day sadly needs reforming.

The indictment which I bring against the game is not that of the professors, but, among other counts, that it is no longer a sport for the players, — only for the coaches and the spectators, including the professors. A coach, of course, finds it fine sport to play his team against another rival coach; and the spectators enjoy the fight, much as they would a gladiatorial contest or a cock fight, — without caring a brass button whether the players or the gladiators or the game cocks enjoy it or not. I have already given the grounds for this and the other counts of the indictment ("Harvard Bulletin", November 12 and December 3, 1925) and cannot repeat them at length here. I must content myself with simply saying that no game can be ranked as a sport that is not played by the mass of players for its own sake; especially if players, with some exceptions, are drafted whether they like it or not by the force of public opinion, by the tabu, by fear of being considered yellow. Too many have testified to the truth of this statement for it to be pooh-poohed. Of course there are brilliant exceptions, but they will generally be found amongst the "stars" who excel at the game, men who, as George Owen says, would enjoy any fight. I have made many inquiries of former and present football players and have found few who said they enjoyed playing the game. Of course they enjoyed the éclat, the glory of being on the team and playing in important contests, but not the actual playing and practising. Some hated it. If this is not true, as many contend, if the majority of players enjoy the game as a sport, why don't they go out of an afternoon and play the game irrespective of being on a class or college team?

The second count in my indictment is that the game is played solely to win, not for the fun of playing. This is a necessary corollary of the first count. But I fear this overvaluation of winning is true to a regrettable degree of all college sports in this country and in this respect compares very unfavorably with the

spirit in which they are played in England. It may in large degree, if not wholly, be justly attributed, to the employment of professional coaches and the influence of graduates and their interference in students' athletics through advisory and other committees. A graduate is interested only in his college's winning. He cares little or nothing about the part which football or baseball or rowing plays in the mental, physical, and social life of the student, — in the development of a healthy animal.

As to advisory and other graduate committees, though they have done much to assist indirectly in the development of the game to its present high state of skill, their influence in taking the direction of sports and responsibility for them out of the hands of students, has been pernicious. The student has been educated into accepting as a matter of course and necessity his relegation to the position of a pawn in the hands of coaches and committees.

This brings me to the third count of my indictment of the game as at present played. The game is really played by the coach. The players are little more than pawns or human pieces that he uses.

The game has been taken out of the hands of the students, the players, where it belongs, and has been handed over to professional coaches, often middle-aged men, old enough to be the fathers of the players. The coach is not simply a teacher as he should be. He takes complete charge of the team, disciplines it (often in a way derogatory to the self-respect of a player), trains it, and fights it from the side lines against the team of a rival coach, — just as the commander of a military division fights from the post-of-command his units against the enemy on a battlefield. The game is a fight between these professional coaches. The players see nothing derogatory in assuming the position of puppets and subordinating themselves to the will of the coach. Even the quarterback and captain have little responsibility. The coaches are played up by the press, one coach being pitted in headlines against another, on the editorial principle of personifying the impersonal team.

The principle is as old as human nature. Primitive man personified the blind forces with which he wrestled and worshiped the personification. In these modern days it has become good newspaper business and makes thrilling copy for the sporting columns. Besides, the professional sporting editor feels himself

to be in close fellowship with "Bobby" or "Billy", the professional coach, and so plays him up and keeps him in the public eye. This is easy to do because the coach keeps on year after year. The players soon graduate and disappear, but each successive impersonal team becomes known as Bobby this', or Bobby that's team.

The whole system is deplorable from the point of view of that large body of graduates who would like to see the professional coach eliminated and replaced by the traditional teacher; and above all, see the students take control of and play their own game in their own way with full responsibility for good or for ill.

The slogan should be, "Hand back the game to the boys!"

To hand it back would involve changing the system. This would be easy enough to do were it not for one rather surprising and curious fact, — the resistance of a goodly sized body of the undergraduates themselves. These undergraduates do not realize that modern collegiate football has become a huge institution with a membership of hundreds of thousands, for it includes the graduates and undergraduates of all the universities, colleges, and schools in the country, to say nothing of great numbers of others in the community. The press, knowing this, plays upon the common interest of the members of the institution and its traditions. You could no more abolish the institution of football by argument or edict, as some have proposed, than you could have persuaded the South that the institution of slavery was wrong and should be abolished by law.

In the common consciousness of the older members of the institution, the codes, the beliefs, and sentiments, — in short the traditional habits of thought, — are so firmly fixed that a new radical suggestion makes no impression. The younger generation, as it grows up and becomes absorbed into the institution, accepts the institutional consciousness as preestablished harmony. The institutional sentiment of winning from rival universities, for which the whole system is organized, is so strong as to suppress every other sentiment and craving. The players as well as the student body do not want freedom any more than women wanted their freedom before the recent emancipation of the sex.

And yet there has recently occurred one hopeful, though small, sign of a coming understanding. It was the strike, a few weeks before the Yale race, of the Harvard crew against going on rowing

under their coach and demanding a change! It is needless to say the strikers won. The merits of the case are beside the point. The point is that the crew, as undergraduates, took the matter into their own hands and regained their liberty and authority. If and when this idea spreads to the whole body of undergraduates and restores to them their rightful prerogatives, now usurped by the graduates and coaches; and if and when the ideals of true sport replace the traditions of the present game of football, the resistance of undergraduates will automatically cease; and it will be easy for them to change the present system in conformity with those ideals.

Technically, there would be no difficulty in so changing the system under which the game is played as to eliminate the features to which so much criticism has been directed, replacing the professional coaches with teachers, restoring full authority and responsibility to the players themselves and, with these changes, football to its former enviable position as a sport. Incidentally, the troublesome problem of distribution of tickets to the games would be solved for there would be no fifty thousand graduates clamoring for tickets.

But any such change can come only with a radical change in the viewpoint and attitude of the students themselves towards the game. It is incredible that it could be imposed upon them without their consent or against the public opinion of the undergraduate world. And even if it could, there is no authority or public opinion that is likely to exert pressure.

The great majority of the membership of the institution, — the graduates, the general public, and the press, like football as it is played to-day. We like the present system and are glad the undergraduates do not want to be free or to regain their self-respect. We like the excitement of vast crowds assembled in a stadium. We like to see the classical contests between our alma mater and rival universities or colleges. We like to see our team pitted against another and its members played as puppets by our coaches. We like to shout ourselves hoarse when our team wins and we like to abuse it and cry thumbs down, when it loses; and we don't care a damn whether the players enjoy the fight or not. We have no interest in football, if it is to be only a sport and a healthy, exhilarating part of undergraduate life.

II — KILLERS OF THOUGHT

UPTON SINCLAIR

THE masters of ancient Rome provided gladiatorial combats for the purpose of diverting the minds of the populace from the loss of their ancient liberties; and in the same way the masters of modern America provide gigantic struggles on the football field.

If you wish to understand any institution, whether in ancient or modern times, you must ask yourself who puts up the money for it, and what they stand to get out of it; so you will know what its function is. Ask yourself the question, who pays for a college, and the answer is: the masters of American finance and industry, either directly through gifts and bequests, or indirectly, through officials whom they control by political machines which they subsidize and maintain. Their purpose is to defend their property system and pass on their property tradition to the future. I have described an American college or university as a gigantic munition factory, for the purpose of producing intellectual shells and gas bombs to be used on the plutocratic side of the class war. And that is not in any sense a joke, but a literal statement of the functions of a college; and the amount of support that a college gets from merchants and manufacturers and bankers is simply a measure of the extent to which these gentlemen consider that the college is serving their cause.

In the early stages of capitalism, a capitalist college can seek some kinds of truth and promulgate them and can encourage its students to face the realities of life; but when the later stages are reached, the functions of a capitalist college become concentrated in one function, — that of keeping their students from thinking.

You can see how this is at once if you stop and reflect upon the history of capitalism in the years from 1914 to 1918. In a space of fifty-one months, the capitalist societies of the world destroyed thirty million human lives, mostly the choicest young men of their populations. They burned, blew up, or otherwise annihilated three hundred billion dollars of treasure, the product of the labor of a whole generation of men and machinery. In the face of that

most frightful crime of all the ages, you can see how impossible it is to exaggerate the menace which capitalism now offers to the human race. You can see the difficulty of the task which merchants of shells and manufacturers of battle-ships and bankers of war loans set before the presidents of their colleges, — to make sure that no one of their professors shall ever permit one of their students to think for himself and discover the nature of this menace to civilization, the control of human industry by predatory finance.

What can we do, — we merchants and manufacturers and bankers, — in the face of such a problem? How can we keep college students from thinking? The peril is great, and we have to apply to it our very best brains. We cannot leave it to the college professors, poor little two- and three- and four-thousand-dollar-a-year men. There was a time when it was safe to let the faculty run the colleges, but that time is long since past. The faculty now gives its time to deciding whether Patagonian Ceramics IV shall begin at 9:30 or 9:45 and whether it shall count two credits or two and one-half; but the real decisions that carry the names of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Illinois, and Holy Cross to the farthest ends of the plutocratic world, — these have now been taken over by the masters of that world themselves, the real men, the he-men, who never work for less than twenty thousand a year, and frequently demand and get twenty million a year. As organized for the purpose of running their intellectual munition factories, these masterful personages go by the name of the Alumni.

Theirs is the task of keeping the students from thinking, and how do they do it? Well, try a little thinking yourself, and the first discovery you make is that you have to have quiet and solitude. If, therefore, colleges are to be made into places where students cannot ever possibly think, it is obvious that they must be made places of noise and crowds and confusion. In the second place, if you look further into the nature of thought, you discover that while it is done in solitude, it is social in its motives and results. A truth discovered is a benefit to all mankind and the property of all future time. True thinking is idealistic in its impulse and ceases where generosity and faith have ceased. So we can see the task of the Alumni, who wish to destroy thinking

in colleges. They must bring it about that colleges shall cease to be places of love and service and become places of greed and competitive strife, — as much like factories as possible and especially like the advertising departments of factories, places of shouting and boasting, of lying raised to an art, and cheating sanctified into a religion.

So the hordes of the ad-men and the bond-men and the salesmen swoop down upon their Alma Mater, which in the good old days taught them the bourgeois ideals of getting ahead and fitted them with the proper clothes and the proper ties and the proper stick-pins and the proper manners and the proper social connections, so that they could become the successful men they now are. Naturally, they wish their sons to become exactly the same sort of successful men. So they take charge of the college, — as they take charge of everything else in the world, — by the simple process of making it rich and great if it obeys and starving it out of existence if it disobeys. They turn each college into a competing unit, carrying on a miniature war with rival colleges, and diverting the attention of the students to the raptures and agonies of this strife.

The Alumni put up two or four or six hundred thousand dollars to pay the cost of a gigantic arena in which the battles of this war shall be fought. They pay the salaries of expert trainers for the gladiators and of rubbers and stretcher-bearers and surgeons and undertakers and other attendants of the spectacle. They set their telegraph services and their newspapers to the task of advertising the combats, working up a colossal state of excitement, not only among the students, but among the entire population of the country. On the day of the combat, their railroads run special trains and concentrate fifty or a hundred thousand people in the college town, not merely spectators of the battle, but speculators and pickpockets and gamblers and prostitutes and bootleggers, that "underworld" which preys upon every form of degradation of the human race.

This enormous mob crowds into the arena and does more than shout and scream, — it engages in making organized mass noises, as complete an antithesis to the process of thinking as the human mind can conceive. It drives the gladiators to more and more frenzied efforts and to brutal treacheries which cripple their

rivals. The young heroes break their heart-valves and overstretch their blood vessels and poison their kidneys and weaken themselves for the rest of their lives. Moreover, the mob contributes hundreds of thousands of dollars, a fund which is used to ensure the production of larger and yet more ferocious combats the following year, so that the system of subsidized athletics becomes a gigantic cancer, eating rapidly into the normal tissue of an educational institution. Already we have a number of colleges which are nothing but honorific appendages to competing football teams; and we have seen football players able to dispense entirely with the academic camouflage and go out into the capitalist world on equal terms with prize-fighters and motion-picture stars and developers of Florida subdivisions.

You can see how perfectly this training serves to fit the college youth for that world of competitive commercialism which the Alumni have created, and which they intend to maintain. Boys who have learned to fight football battles will be prepared to command real armies and send millions of their fellow men to a hideous death. Boys who have learned to promote football enterprises will be prepared to organize campaigns to monopolize the necessities of life of millions. Boys who have sat around council tables devising trick football plays will be ready to take their seats at the tables where diplomats plot the strangling of nationalities. Boys who have gone scouting in high schools to buy prize athletes will be ready to buy judges and juries and senators and governors in the service of big corporations. Boys who have slugged their rivals on the football field will be ready as scientists to devise poison gases to wipe out the human race, — and without the least idea of the treason they are committing.

I might give a hundred illustrations such as this. Suffice it to say that boys who have taken part in commercialized college athletics are ready for the million betrayals of the general welfare which organized class privilege commits in our society. The great mass of students who have become part of a mob and have trained themselves to shriek with mob emotion, will be ready to conduct another White Terror, such as we had in this country from 1918 to 1920. And professors who have sat in silence while commercialized athletics destroys the idealism and humanism of the American colleges, — these gentlemen will be ready to sit

in silence while organized class privilege wipes out the last pretences of a republic in our country and turns us over to "law and order" in a black shirt.

The reader is probably very much interested in football and very little interested in my propaganda for Utopia. Why not talk about football for a while? Well, let me tell you a story.

Thirty years ago I was a student in college and a budding writer of "half dime weeklies", those vividly colored little magazines which preceded the "movies" with their "westerns". First I was "Lieutenant Frederick Garrison, U. S. A." and later on I became at the same time "Ensign Clark Fitch, U. S. N." In this double capacity I wrote fifty-six thousand words every week about a hero called "Mark Mallory" at West Point, and about another hero, whose name I have forgotten, at Annapolis. In order to acquire the needed local color for these stories, I went through West Point, — in three days, — and through Annapolis in one or two. And I recall, as vividly as if it were yesterday, the following West Point incident:

I was introduced to a senior class cadet, a handsome, upstanding personage, many inches higher than myself, and several years older. In the manner of a newspaper reporter interviewing the president of a big corporation, I told him that I was going to write stories of West Point life, and was looking for themes.

"Well," said the cadet, "you will want a hero, won't you?"

I said that I would, and he continued, "Why not take me? I am president of the senior class and captain of the football team and I won the last game against the Navy." Now this was a thing that a man might say if he smiled very broadly, but this man was speaking with the utmost gravity. Completely taken aback, I could only mumble some words of assent, feeling the shame which the man himself should have felt but did not. Only as years passed did I learn about military megalomania, — and, the same thing, football megalomania.

Just the other day, I received a letter from a gentleman who is prominent in our world of thought and knows a good deal about education and its problems. He tells me an incident, revealing this football megalomania exactly as it was thirty years ago:

"A pathological case recently reported to me was that of the man who won one of the big games. The president reported him

to a pathologist for a survey. The player told the pathologist that he alone could have won the game against two teams without the help of any of his team-mates and, further, that the great game was the great event of his life, that he was content to do nothing more for the rest of his days. He was sent immediately to the hospital for several months."

My quarrel is not with exercise nor yet with sport, for we cannot get along without them. My quarrel is with exercise and sport raised to the status of a business, the sole or the principal interest in life of great numbers of people. That has come to be the case with college football and it is a pursuit of false ideals and a waste of life. Especially is this so under conditions of big business as in America, where football has become a means of livelihood to hordes of hangers-on. That means corruption and it means the end of the usefulness of any college which tolerates it.

Assuming that something is to be done, I will venture a few mild suggestions:

First: all gate-receipts must be abolished; the tickets for collegiate athletic contests must be apportioned among the students and faculty, and men who sell their tickets must be regarded with that kind of bewildered contempt which would to-day fall to the lot of a man who should attend a "prom" in a pair of soiled blue overalls.

Second: a corollary of the above, — coaches and trainers of college athletes must cease to receive more salary than the lowest-paid of mental trainers in the college. Whether we like it or not, the fact stands that money is the standard of value in our world, and so long as football coaches are overpaid, they will be overesteemed.

Third: athletic contests must cease to be events in which eleven students get an excess of exercise which imperils their health, and must become mass-contests, in which several thousand students all get a moderate amount of exercise, and their proper share of physical development and recreation. I am a tennis player and would rather play my own good game than watch the greatest star in the world play a better game. On this principal, I see some college devising interclass athletic field-days, in which hundreds of men struggle with a gigantic pushball, and thousands tug at a rope, and ten thousand take part in a cross-country run, and all for the joy of it, the only student-spectators being a few invalids.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A TEETOTALER

By a Country Banker

"FOR forty years I have lived on 'Main Street,'" says this shameless author, "under dry laws and wet ones, — neither well enforced, and, all considered, I much prefer our dry régime." He humbly admits that quite probably he is "an ignorant, bigoted, country yokel," — and then, with an appropriately dry humor, launches one of the few extant defenses of Prohibition that is at once shrewd and good-humored. Isn't it possible to be civilized, yet a teetotaler? Is drink really worth the enormous fuss made over it nowadays?

ONE day in the early thirties (so relates a well authenticated family tradition) my great-grandfather returned from a house-raising showing such evident signs not of its arduous labors but of its conviviality that great-grandmother sternly charged him with having drunk too much. Great-grandfather, born of a God-fearing, Puritan ancestry, was properly outraged at the accusation and stoutly denied it. He even rashly accepted a challenge to walk a crack in the cabin floor: the result of which acid test filled him with such horror that, for himself and his house, he forswore all liquor forever after; nor have I ever known one of his descendants to drink more than the great-grandson whose confessions follow. The other great-grandfathers left few traditions, alcoholic or otherwise, but both my grandfathers were "temperance" men. Father was a teetotaler. The women of our family joined the W. C. T. U. almost as soon as there was a W. C. T. U. to join. My home town was wet but the "better people" were all dry. I must have been out of high school before I ever saw liquor served among "respectable" people. Sweet cider was with us a seasonal beverage and I knew the taste of gin and of whiskey, — prescribed by the family doctor, — but a gallon jug would probably hold all of the real liquor of every sort that I ever drank in my whole life.

The inference is, of course, that I am an ignorant, bigoted, country yokel, who probably has never been farther from home than to the county seat, — which inference I indignantly deny. After college I spent a *Wanderjahr* of thirteen months in Europe, during which I drank no drop of anything stronger than coffee, — this not on account of a promise made to a sainted mother nor for fear of becoming an inebriate, but rather, I am inclined to think, because of a certain native obstinacy. I had been told that,

whatever one's home habits, in Europe one *had* to drink. Well, I did not have to. Seven years later, I went again with my wife and we drank not. Early in our war with Germany I crossed to France, where I remained until it was over, — and here my lapses begin. I had been billeted with a French family and was leaving for the front; my host with a solemnity almost sacramental offered a tiny glass of something a trifle less consuming than liquid fire, which I sipped cautiously, drop by drop, thereby satisfying him and showing myself wiser than a rash comrade who in a like situation took it all down in one gulp. "But," he added, "I cried for half an hour afterwards." There were, I further confess, two or three other occasions when I had the choice of drinking something I would have preferred not to drink or of hurting the feelings of some one to whom I could not possibly have explained my position, — and I drank.

Last year we all went to Europe, my wife, the two boys, and I, and that trip marks the period of my grossest indulgence. In the home of an intimate French friend I drank my first and only glass of champagne, — and disliked it. At dinner in the home of another French friend I drank, — the names escape me but there were three kinds of wine and I disliked them all. Several times, in a hotel or restaurant, I made trial of some highly commended beverage, — and disliked it. At the age of fifty-four, feeling reasonably sure that I was not destined to fill a drunkard's grave, I ventured, surrounded by the family of a dear German friend, to drink my first glass of beer, — and disliked it most of all. Indeed, so disappointing have been my little fliers in alcohol that I am inclined to agree with a one-time bibulous friend that "nobody likes the taste".

"It's the feeling," he explained. "Get enough of it inside you and you feel as if you owned the whole town." As to which he may be right or wrong: the desire to increase my imaginary at the expense of my actual possessions has never carried my experimentation so far.

While denying that I am of those who "count the rustic cackle of their bourg the murmur of the world", I must confess to being a small town man and there are, I imagine, a good many thousand like me, — men city-broke but not city-bred, men of modest means and industrious (and abstemious) habits, who go

to church, give their boys and girls as good an education as they can, drive Fords, vote (usually) the straight party ticket, — though we are getting away from that, — and who, without being profound students of anything, earnestly desire and seek the best interest of the whole country. We even read the magazines and an occasional book.

Now, what do such men think of this liquor question?

Well, in the first place, we are rather at loss to account for all the sound and fury. After all, is it not fundamentally a matter of diet? Why, then, should the world's most modest newspaper feature it as this generation's supreme question? Were pie to become a subject of legislative enactment, I, a native son of the great American pie belt, would do battle for it with voice and vote; but, were pie to become a lost cause, go down in the dust of an undeserved defeat, I cannot quite picture myself becoming for its sake a scofflaw and defying arrest and imprisonment. I am a gum addict, — a vile habit acquired in the A. E. F. I buy my gum, as Mr. Wrigley advises, by the box. But were gum legally denied me, I would go on sadly with my work, seeking such consolations as sassafras or possibly slippery elm might offer. It may be that I am not such stuff as martyrs are made of, but by no possible stretch of the imagination can I see myself leading a gum rebellion.

Two possible explanations the small town man sees for this vast furore: the ardent reformers may be right, alcohol may be a habit-forming drug of diabolical potency, enslaving its victims; or its manufacture may offer profits so enormous that gigantic propaganda can be financed on the mere chance of its coming back.

Additional to which every one of us probably has his own pet peeve against liquor. Mine concerns one of the loveliest women I ever knew, the mother of my dearest school friend. Her husband was a young man, gifted, well-to-do, well educated, full of promise. During the early years of their married life, she saw his craving for drink vanquish in turn his ambition, his love, his every sense of honor and decency. It was no fault of hers: she was one woman in ten thousand and all any wife could give of help and inspiration she gave, — and he laughed at it. When he died, — miserably, — she reared alone the children he should have

helped her rear and did it well. They hold to-day positions of trust and influence. She won also the fight in her own soul, the fight for peace and serenity. No one to-day, looking at her beautiful, wrinkled face, crowned with its halo of white hair, would ever dream what she has lived through. But in the depths of her gentle heart is one implacable hatred, her hatred against liquor.

I have a number of very dear personal friends who are not teetotalers, even backsliding teetotalers like me, and their convictions I have not sought to change. Some of them tell me that drink brings to the banquet table a gayety and exhilaration impossible to achieve without it. It would need to bring much joy to many such tables to outweigh the misery brought to that one home. Her story would go a long way to explain why I have always voted dry, — her story and the fact that I have lived in my small town with open eyes. The liquor question as a whole has, of course, its complications, its other side; but what liquor has done in my home town is something I know about. For forty years I have lived on "Main Street", under dry laws and wet ones, — neither well enforced, — and, all considered, I much prefer our dry régime.

THE FARMER PICKLES A ROD

STANLEY FROST

THE farmer has made up his mind either to be satisfied or to be revenged. After attending several "Committees on the State of the Union" meeting at cross-roads and general stores, Mr. Frost thus analyzes the mind of the Middle Western farmer. He sums up the rural attitude in the words of a not wholly imaginary country banker: "We're going to swat this administration with anything that comes handy, till it performs." Such views, Mr. Frost believes, presage danger to the Republicans in 1928.

THE latest shot fired by the embattled farmer of the Middle West, when he threatened to join the Democrats in reducing the tariff, is reverberating all around the political world. It has touched the Grand Old Party on an excruciatingly tender spot. Not that there is any immediate danger to the tariff. The possibility of mustering at this election the two-thirds majority that would be needed to achieve this over Mr. Coolidge's indignant veto can be dismissed instantly; but the threat does presage danger in the 1928 campaign. Also, the tariff is the Republican Ark of the Covenant, and these signs of irreverence among former devotees cause mental anguish quite out of proportion to the actual hurt.

On the other hand, Democrats and Radicals both are cheered. The Democrats are reviving hope of an old-fashioned tariff campaign, — the only subject on which the party has reasonable internal agreement, — which might cover if it did not cure the wounds left by the religious, sectional, and alcoholic quarrels of 1924. The Radicals are dreaming of another and greater outburst in the Northwest which might give them the balance of power for which they have worked so long. Both cheerfully proclaim that the farmers' resentment will be the reef upon which an otherwise invincible Republicanism shall be wrecked.

The farmers themselves, greatly pleased, are meanwhile considering how to make the utmost use of their newest weapon. Committees on the State of the Union are meeting in a thousand cross-roads and small town stores and post-offices. The question is being discussed voluminously, — and with justification, for in fact these committees are the only important political bodies in operation to-day. If they should so decide they can come very close to destroying the G. O. P.

Attendance at meetings of several of these committees, however, discovers a state of mind not exactly that imagined in Washington, nor generally throughout the East. The farmers have not quite decided what they will do, nor are they by any means unanimous; but the debates and opinions at all the meetings were monotonously alike; the intent already is practically unanimous; and the background of feeling and reason is so nearly universal that it is fair to assume that the decision, when reached, will be unanimous enough for all practical purposes. The intent, however, does not include any desire to massacre the G. O. P. just yet, to turn the country over to soviets, nor even to take very seriously the scheme for tariff reduction. It does include a hearty desire to scare the Republican administration within an inch of its life, to use tariff and radical gestures for this purpose, to commit a little mayhem on the Sacred Elephant as an evidence of good faith, and perhaps, if necessary in the end, — the point is unimportant to them to-day, — eventually to proceed seriously against the tariff.

All this is with the object of achieving certain results which after years of groping are finally becoming clear in their minds as the result of painful political and economic education. The subject of discussion in the Committees is chiefly how best to get these results, which do not include any definite relief program. The debates are intelligent, well-informed, sane, and strategically sound for, — contrary to much Eastern opinion, — the farmers to-day are about the best educated politically of any group. They are neither stupid, ignorant, impulsive, nor scatter-brained.

Of course no statement about, or analysis of, the farmers' opinions can be more than generalization; there are varieties of thought and infinite subdivisions of each variety. However, for the purposes of political discussion the group-mind of any class may safely be considered to be that body of thought and emotion which produces majorities. The contrary-minded may safely be ignored until their numbers become threatening. With this understanding it will simplify this report on the present state of mind of the mid-western farmers if the fiction of a group-mind be adopted. Any discussion, however, will be difficult without a brief analysis of the farmers' mental and emotional premises and a perspective of the processes which have created them.

The farmer, then, has an inborn and inbred grievance against the rest of the country, and particularly against this administration or any administration which has been in power long enough to have ministered to the grievance and has not done so. This grievance is deep and of long growth and has many roots. From it to-day spring a resentment sharp enough to disregard other interests, and an intense determination to get relief.

Perhaps in its origin this grievance is even atavistic; the lot of the man with the hoe has never been a happy one and some of the old resentment of the peasant of all ages would naturally descend to the modern farmer.

This feeling is strengthened by the conviction that the rest of the world is fairly under obligations to him which merit something very different from ridicule. He considers farming the real "basic industry" and believes it should have consideration accordingly. He feels, too, that some reward is due for the struggles made by himself or his father against Indians, locusts, drought, and hardship in reclaiming the wilderness, and does not feel that this debt is discharged by oratory. Finally, in these days of nativistic stirrings, he thinks of himself as the "most American" of all groups, with the rights and benefits which should go with that status. In short, the farmer thinks that he is entitled, if any one be, to special consideration. He believes that other groups get it while he does not, and is not pleased.

Add to this that he believes he does the hardest work, through the longest hours, for the least return, of any group; that he must keep to his labors in all weather and gets no possible vacation; that he suffers considerably from loneliness and lacks most of the comforts which are commonplace with the rest of us. Add finally that he suffers acutely from economic uncertainty which he is powerless to meet by any foresight or industry; that he is often poverty stricken when the rest of the country is prosperous; and that he never knows at what time there may return one of those bitter years when wolves sit at the door of every farmhouse, store, and even bank, their mouths full of mortgages, overdue notes, and unpaid bills. And remember that experience has convinced him that no amount of extra work, greater science, crop-rotation, increased credits, lower freight rates, or any other of the aids so far tried, will do more than mitigate his ills in a very minor degree.

This gives basis enough for the farmer's grievance, but on top of all this it has been cultivated. He has the memory of a hard childhood during years when other youngsters played or studied. He has the background of his father's stories, or his neighbor's, about the hardships and dangers that paid for the very farm he owns. There are men still alive in the Middle West who bear on body and soul the scars of those battles. He has the memory of repeated political betrayal. He has the constant lecturing of the demagogues, who assure him that all these things are true, that he is the best of citizens and the backbone of the country. They never let the grievance grow musty and preach that all the world is in conspiracy.

So the grievance has become inbred. It is almost a religion, formidable, nearly indestructible, not to be removed or even lessened except by some striking and satisfying recognition. No grudging concession will do. It has gone far beyond the question of any immediate economic pinch; it is no longer to be placated by good crops or even good prices. In fact, the farmer is fairly prosperous to-day; what he wants is some reasonable assurance of future prosperity if he earns it.

This grievance for many years was nebulous, unfocused, but at the service of any agitator with a specious remedy. The agitators used it often enough, but it is notable that in the process the farmer and his grievance have both been educated. His understanding of economics and his reasons for resentment have clarified, and his demands have become more insistent. Incidentally, he has also come to understand better the methods of demagogues; so much that he is now preparing to use them instead of letting them use him.

When he first began looking for the cause of his troubles the farmer blamed his early misfortunes confidingly upon nature, including Indians, and took small thought of the Government. But after he had more or less conquered nature, including the Indians, he learned that his victory brought no security. Good crops often meant as great poverty as poor ones, sometimes greater. General prosperity was quite likely to pass him by: others fattened while he sweated and starved. His conclusion was easy: some one was cheating him of his rightful profit.

He naturally refused to take upon himself the blame for his

condition. The usual industrial weapons of organization, strike, or sabotage with which others won prosperity, were not open to him. Crop restriction earned him only abuse, — besides, it failed to work. And he saw no reason why he should work still harder when he already worked harder than others nor why he should be content with his increases in comfort when others get much more. So he set about seeking the culprit.

His first and permanent indictment was brought against the administration, or any administration, which allowed these things to be. But this was an indictment for conspiracy and criminal neglect, rather than for actual crime. Criminal guilt was first fastened on "Wall Street" and its agencies. The farmer began with a crusade for cheap money, first in the form of greenbacks, and later in 16–1 silver. Beaten, he now admits he was wrong. Then he turned on the railroads, and Cummins was his prophet. He won much there, but cashed in little. Shortly he added the "trusts". Later he demanded a system of borrowing not controlled by "the money power". But though he won something in each of these fights, his biggest gain was the understanding that they did not touch his real problem.

So he turned to the radicals, with their flaming promises to change the "system". Townley really sowed the seed, La Follette reaped. This phase came not so much because the farmer believed in socialism, as because there was at the moment no other vehicle for his grievance. But this phase never had the fervor of the earlier campaigns. There was beginning to grow up a marked distrust of the reforming and much-promising politicians. It was observed that such politicians' promises usually failed, and that the promised results always failed. It was observed, too, that the general business of government was not satisfactory in their hands. The demand for primaries, for the recall, and so forth, were attempts to get better control of these disappointing orators. The failure of these attempts, and of the Non-Partisan League in the Dakotas, laid the foundations for a new plan of campaign.

There was another and even more important result from these heaped-up failures. The farmer began to grow dubious about all panaceas and even about his own ability to prescribe for his own troubles, though of course each of the cure-all agitations left a legacy of converts, prejudice, and suspicion of the "interest"

attacked. He began increasingly to wish to put his case in the hands of a competent political doctor. But Roosevelt was dead. This vacuum caused the Ford boom of four years ago.

Coolidge's popularity was based on almost exactly the same grounds. He had the disadvantage of having no known abilities, but the advantages of being a "farm boy", of political experience, and of having one policy, economy, which was universally understood and approved. There was a fair chance that he might solve the problem. It is evidence of the lack of any real radicalism among the farmers that both the Ford boom and the Coolidge landslide came when the supposed radical sentiment was strongest and easily displaced it.

The last two years have crystalized this accumulated background into conclusions which bring the farm problem into a distinctly new phase. It is not yet fully accepted nor fully understood even among the farmers, but it is already more sharply outlined than any state of mind of the last thirty years. It is also more intelligent than any recent phase, is based on longer experience, sounder reasoning, and well-grounded strategy, and is largely free from the frenzied quackery of earlier periods. It seems, therefore, likely to endure longer and to bring a greater danger to the Republican leadership.

"It's taken us farmers a long time to find out what ailed us, and what to do about it, but we think we know at last, and we've got an idea how to get cured," declared the president of the local bank, — he is also a farmer, — at a meeting of one of the Committees on the State of the Union sitting in a small town near the Iowa-Minnesota boundary. His opinions, and others expressed there, are fairly representative of the general attitude, so far as it could be determined from many such discussions. They are selected because of their clarity.

"The trouble is," he went on, "that the whole political and economic system of this country is so organized that the farmer is at a permanent disadvantage. He does not get his share of prosperity, but he is made to carry more than his share of the burdens. It is a condition that can only be remedied by some fundamental changes. No minor reforms or temporary prosperity will cure it, and we farmers are on the war-path till it is cured.

"We have got over being bought off by two or three years'

good prices or getting wild because we have two or three years' hard luck. We used to think that the justice we were getting from the country could be measured by our incomes, but we know better now. We can stand the lean years if we get our share from the fat ones. We don't."

"And we don't think any more, most of us, that the main trouble is with the people who steal from us," cut in a young university graduate in denim. "They do steal, and the government ought to stop it, but that's not our chief grievance. The railroads and the false-graders and the Shylocks," — he grinned at the banker, — "only get a few pennies. This is something bigger."

"Those pennies count," insisted a beefy Swede.

"Sure, but this is a question of the price of our product, isn't it?"

"Just that," replied the banker. "The cards are stacked against us. Every producer has to take chances on his market, but if he knows his business he can figure his costs and his production pretty accurately. But we farmers have to take a gamble *first* with our production, on bugs and weather and rust and other things we can't control, and *then* gamble again on our market. We ought to have some special protection to offset this, especially since farming is the real basic industry on which life itself depends. Do we get it? We do not!"

"Instead, most other people get help in protection of some kind, and the farmer, in spite of his original disadvantages, is forced through taxes and higher prices on everything he has to buy, to pay for the help given all the rest. That is the economic system that is fastened on this country, and I'll admit it's good for everyone except us. But under it we are under a double disadvantage: our prosperity is cut down and our misfortunes are rubbed in, for the benefit of the other folks. And when we kick or ask for our share of the gravy, we're called bolsheviks or fools."

"Well, what's your cure?" asked an Easterner.

"We don't know," began the banker, but the county judge cut in. It should be noted that a county judge knows the mind of his people, whether a Congressman does or not.

"Let me answer that," he said, "because politics comes in. We don't know, and we're not trying to find out any more.

We've decided that we're not called on to find our own cure. We're not economists out here, just citizens. We're not asking for any particular cure these days, just as a sick man doesn't ask a doctor for any particular cure. What we want is a cure that works. That's up to the doctor. We hire him and we expect him to do his stuff. Otherwise we get another. The doctor for this disease is the Government, — in this year of grace the Republican administration. It's Coolidge's job to find that cure, and we aim to hold him responsible."

"That's right," the banker picked up the thread. "But I can tell you where to start to provide a cure. Give us measures that will insure that we farmers get our fair share of prosperity, no more and no less. Give us reasonable security that over a period of years industry, intelligence, skill, and thrift will produce prosperity. Insure us against being penalized for providing the country with plenty of food. Isn't that fair?

"For most of this country the law of free competition has been repealed. The protective tariff, the unions, gentlemen's agreements, trusts, trade associations, and special laws all interfere with it for the benefit of some class or group, — except us. We are about the only class left that has to stand free competition, and so everyone else gets the edge on us. We can't form a union or a trade association that will control prices. The cure has got to come from government action.

"I can tell you some of the fundamentals that are necessary in any permanent cure, too. We farmers raise about enough food, year by year, to feed the world. We are entitled to a fair price for it. We don't come anywhere near getting it. When we have a big crop the price is low, and when the price is high we have little to sell. We're stuck either way. There must be some method of averaging that up, of holding enough of the big crops to maintain a fair price and to leave us something to sell in the off years. That would be good for the country, too, by assuring a fair average price for food. I don't know just what machinery would be needed, but that's the answer. But it's too big a job for us, even through cooperatives. We haven't money enough. It's a job for the government."

"We kind of hoped Coolidge would find what to do and do it," the judge reflected aloud. "But it seems now he's laid down on his

job. We really had a lot of hope, he being a farm boy and all. You'll have noticed that we gave him a clear hand; didn't clutter up his Congress with radicals and outlaws and farm blocs and such; just trusted him. But now that we know he won't go without being driven, we've simply got to start to pester him. Maybe if we make him enough trouble he'll come through. That's mostly what this tariff row is about."

"Coolidge has failed to enforce the Volstead Act," a preacher exploded suddenly. "We need a more determined man there."

"Well, maybe. And a lot of us don't like this World Court business, either. Seems like there's no need to sit in a game where we've got all the chips and they've got all the cards, as the feller said. But you know and I know that in this neck of the woods, if Coolidge had done right by the farmers he could stay in the White House till it turned green. So we're going to pester him a bit, and see what happens. There's the tariff and Brookhart and—"

"We've got a right to revise the tariff," the editor of the local paper interjected. "And the St Lawrence Canal would help a lot, too."

"Maybe, maybe. The St Lawrence Canal *might* reduce the freight rate abroad, and we *might* get a penny or two of the saving, but from past performances I'd guess the steamships would get part and the brokers part and we wouldn't get fat on the leavings.

"And sure we've got a right to revise the tariff, if we can. We've got a good case for doing it, too, on Coolidge's own say-so. He's been telling us, or his friends have, that our trouble is we have to sell in the world market, in open competition, and have to buy in an American market, thoroughly protected. They've bragged a lot about protection, and how it raises prices and maintains the American standard of living and all. All right. We're willing, so long as we get our share. We farmers hanker to maintain our American standard of living, too.

"But they tell us they can't help us with the tariff, which seems like it's true, and that any other help would be a subsidy. 'God save us from all subsidies for the other feller' is their motto, though we out here can't quite figure the difference between a subsidy and a protective tariff that does the same thing. Either case, somebody contributes. It comes down to this: we don't

particularly want to go after the tariff unless that's the only way of getting an even chance. If they'll find some other way, we won't bother their tariff.

"If we can't get our share by pestering, then we'll have to get after the tariff for keeps. But so far seems like the tariff agitation was mostly an irritant, like Brookhart. Brookhart, he's a right good irritater, he makes so much noise." There was a general laugh.

"Do you mean you send Brookhart and his kind to Washington just to make a noise?" asked the Easterner. "That you don't back the things he stands for?"

"Lord, NO!" came from the banker, and the chorus was like an echo.

"Meaning radicalism?" asked the judge. "No, — that is, not most of us, at least not any more. But these fellers have come in mighty handy, and they may come in handy again. The noise they make kind of scares the folks in Washington and makes them pay some attention to us, which they wouldn't if we acted regular. Not enough attention yet, of course. But if we can send down enough Brookharts, so we can get the balance of power, then we'll either make them come through with what we need, or keep them from getting what they want. Of course that's obstruction, but if anything that's really important comes up we can make those fellers be good, like we did in the war. Meanwhile we like to hear 'em holler and admire to see Cal squirm."

The banker rose to go, and the meeting started to break up.

"You can sum it up this way," he said as a parting shot, "and there's no secret about it. You Easterners won't understand, anyhow. We think out here that we've got a rotten deal from a pretty good Government. We don't want to turn the Government out if we don't have to, but we do intend to make it solve our problem and give us justice. The tariff is just one little rod we've got in pickle to hit it with, but there are others. We're going to swat this administration with anything that comes handy, whether it's radicalism or obstructionism or what-not, till it performs. And if it finally fails to perform, then we'll go the limit, — and we think we can!"

FUNDAMENTALIST AND MODERNIST

WILLIAM THOMAS MANNING
Bishop of New York

A CONTEST in the definition of the word Fundamentalist offers an auspicious occasion for Bishop Manning to state, at the Editor's request, his position in relation to the chief religious controversy of the last two years. "I should decline to be designated as either a Fundamentalist or a Modernist," he says, "because the Christian Faith is larger than either of these positions and includes all that is true in both of them." Extreme Fundamentalists and extreme Modernists are both without authority for their views.

THE terms Fundamentalist and Modernist, as used in recent controversies, are inexact and misleading and have confused the minds of many people. It is commonly assumed that each one of us must hold one or other of these positions, but this is far from true. For my own part, I should decline to be designated as either a Fundamentalist or a Modernist, because the Christian Faith is larger than either of these positions and includes all that is true in both of them. Those who call themselves Fundamentalists have unfortunately identified themselves with a blind rejection of the facts made known by science and with the acceptance of a particular theory as to the inspiration of the Scriptures which is not reasonable and which has never been a part of the Christian Faith.

If by Modernism were meant only the desire to be wholly loyal to truth, to use our minds honestly and freely, to recognize and rejoice in the fruits of modern knowledge and the results of scientific research, most of us, I suppose, would be in full sympathy with it. But, unhappily, Modernism in the hands of many of its exponents means the denial of the miraculous elements of the Gospel, and the undermining of belief in our Lord Jesus Christ as God; and plainly this teaching can have no rightful place in the Christian Church, whose whole life and work and worship are, and from its beginning have been, founded upon this belief in Christ.

We hold the Faith as proclaimed by the Christian Church through all the ages since the day on which our Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead. We believe the Gospel of Christ as declared in the New Testament and we find nothing in this Faith which contradicts or denies or conflicts with the rights of reason.

We find in this Faith the Truth of God which claims the allegiance of our whole being, mind, heart, and spirit. We believe it, not because it is imposed upon us by some arbitrary authority, but because it is the truth and speaks as such to our minds and souls.

Believing in the Godhead of Jesus Christ we believe, naturally, in His saving power and in the facts in regard to Him as declared in the Scriptures and the Creed. The need of the world cannot be met by reactionary blindness or obscurantism. But neither can the need of the world be met by a Christianity, so-called, which has rejected the supernatural, a Gospel from which we have lost the Divine and Living Christ.

Let no one say that our faith in Christ as God is a question of mere assent to intellectual propositions, a mere question of metaphysics. It is a question of our relationship with Christ Himself, and this is the very soul of our religion. Our religion, as Christians, means that we are living in relationship with Jesus Christ; it means that we believe in Him, pray to Him, look to Him as our Saviour and our Lord. Only if He is God can He stand in this relation to us and we to Him. Only as He is God can He have any real place in our lives at all.

We find nothing in the Christian Faith which conflicts with the theory of Evolution. The theory of Evolution deals with the method of creation. It does not deny the Creator or lessen the wonder of His work. To many of us this theory as to the process of creation seems to make clearer the greatness and power of the Creator.

In regard to the Bible, we need to remember that much of the Old Testament is written in the language of poetry, and if we realize this many of its supposed difficulties disappear. The revelation of God given us in the Bible is a progressive revelation. We have in it a record of man's gradual spiritual education and development, and of God's gradual disclosure of Himself, leading on and up to His perfect revelation of Himself to us in Jesus Christ. The Bible teaches religion; it does not undertake to teach science. It is the spiritual message of the Bible which is inspired, not its scientific allusions, which naturally reflect the knowledge of the time. If we study the Bible intelligently we shall recognize its supreme spiritual message.

Let no one think that a man who accepts the facts and teach-

ings of science cannot accept the Creed of the Christian Church. The keenest scientific mind of modern times, Lord Kelvin, was a devout Christian believer, and found special satisfaction in repeating that great statement of our Christian faith which we call the Nicene Creed. Charles Darwin's most distinguished pupil and follower, George John Romanes, after years of continued and most conscientious thought on the question, ultimately concluded, and declared publicly, that the Christian faith is not in conflict with reason, and returned to his place as a communicant of the Church of England.

Anyone to-day who talks as if there were an irreconcilable conflict between Science and Religion is fifty years behind the times and gives evidence of that most dreaded of all maladies, a Mid-Victorian mind. The Christian religion does transcend our reason, because it is the revelation of God Himself to us. But it does not contradict our reason if we take the trouble to understand it aright. The vital thing for us, as Christians, is not Fundamentalism or Modernism, but a real and living faith, a belief with our whole mind and soul, in Christ the Son of God, who is the Light, the Guide, the Saviour of each one of us and of the whole world.

THE NEW AMERICAN LANGUAGE

The January issue of THE FORUM *will chronicle the first results of our new Word Contest. All who fancy themselves for the first round should enter before December 1, by sending in some forceful word or phrase, neglected or new (create one if you can) that the makers of the new dictionaries should be told about. Since John Witherspoon, President of Princeton University, first used the term "Americanism" in 1776, America has continued to lead the way in the manufacture of words. Mr. H. L. Mencken brought the history of our new acquisitions up to date in 1923, in the third edition of his book,* THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. *What has been happening in the last four years? For each winning suggestion, stated in fewer than one hundred words (typewritten) selected by the judges,* THE FORUM *will present a book chosen by the winner, to the value of five dollars. The volume indicated must be among those mentioned in our columns. Address The American Language Contest,*

THE FORUM, *247 Park Avenue, New York City.*

WHAT IS A FUNDAMENTALIST?

Forum Definitions — Seventh Series

INTEREST in Fundamentalism has certainly not abated since the Dayton trial, though the quality of the Definitions submitted was in some respects not up to the standard of the previous series. The contest has, however, provided the opportunity of securing Bishop Manning's important pronouncement, which may be contrasted with the violent feeling which the subject aroused in those who decline to adopt a middle view.

Dr. Thomas Douglas quotes William James: "Many men at twenty-five are ossified from the ears up." *Fundo*, 'I make solid,' *mente* 'in the head' is a derivation frequently suggested; while for Mrs. Chloe Cluston Bly, "a Fundamentalist is one who would drag man back from to-day's dawn to yesterday's candle-light."

Another stout champion of Modernism pictures the enemy as a child whose only doll is one handed down from mother's antiquated playthings. When confronted by playmates glorying in new treasures the Fundamentalist child "fears the alien splendor of the new doll, dares not admire it, dares not lose her affection for the old doll; she may never have another."

Many of the upholders of Fundamentalism have been strong in their denunciation of divergent forms of belief. One is so jealous of the title that, after setting forth his Credo, he remarks "Bearers of the name to whom the foregoing does not apply are unholy usurpers of the title." On the other hand the contest produced a large number of entries which deplored the narrowing down of the term to a religious issue. In science and in politics, it was declared, it is equally applicable.

The opponents of Fundamentalism have not minced matters either about Jonah or our Family Tree. Belief in "the credibility of the Scriptures and the edibility of Jonah" found as many echoes as the accusation that the Fundamentalist is one who, "though he doesn't believe it, sprang from a monkey but didn't spring very far." Nor can we forbear to mention the writer who concludes his description with a remarkable picture of Fundamentalism as "the rear aspect of Protestantism in intellectual transition".

The following selection of winning definitions fairly represents every variety of opinion, general, grave, genial, and gay:

(1) Fundamentalist: (1) One who believes (a) that the Bible is "the Word of God" and infallible; (b) that Jesus was God incarnate, the second member of the Trinity; (c) that he was born of a Virgin; (d) performed the miracles attributed to Him; (e) suffered on the cross as a vicarious atonement for "original sin"; (f) was bodily resurrected, and (g) occupies a seat on the throne of God, whence he will descend on the appointed Day to judge the quick and the dead. (2) One who accepts and employs the method of tradition, which is *revelation*, as distinguished from the method of science, which is *discovery*. (*Maynard Shipley, San Francisco, California*).

(2) A Fundamentalist is a besieged Christian anxious to dictate the terms of surrender to Science. (*Paul Langdon, Fort Wayne, Indiana*).

(3) In every realm of life there are certain great ultimates of truth. These are basic and cannot be improved upon. You cannot improve on the straight line or the multiplication table or the seven primary colors. In the spiritual realm we have ultimates, such as, The Existence of God; the Inspiration of the Scriptures; the Supernatural birth and life of Jesus Christ; His bodily Resurrection and His Atonement for sin and His Coming Kingdom. The Fundamentalist accepts without questioning these great ultimates. (*J. W. Mahood, Pacific Palisades, California*).

(4) A Fundamentalist is one who believes that the Bible is the word of God, — revealed to men specially prepared to receive and record it, and so safeguarded that it comes to us with absolute divine authority. Many Fundamentalists feel called to resist the tendency of "Modernism," so called, to reduce the Bible to the basis of naturalism, by which Jesus Christ is reduced to the ranks of humanity, thereby ceasing to be recognized as the Saviour of the world in virtue of His sacrificial death on the cross. They consider this to be a serious menace to lost sinners. (*Reverend J. W. Brown, Ph.D., South Gorham, Maine*).

(5) A Fundamentalist is one who is located at the bottom. He holds to his moorings, too timid to break away and fearful of all new adventures and discoveries. Theories weigh little with him and hypotheses miss his mark. Fiction appeals not to him. He is no gambler. His element of risk is zero. He takes no step in the dark, scales no mountains, discovers no North Poles, and swims no Channels. He is "sot" in his ways and fears all change for it might bring grief. It applies to his religion, business, citizenship, and recreation. (*Reverend J. S. Hodges, D.D., Denison, Texas*).

(6) The Fundamentalist is a rigidly intelligent person who speaks and acts with an assertion as if he held an unredeemable mortgage, granting the privileges of ownership, on the intellectual and spiritual possessions of the early Christian era in particular and of other bygone

days in general. In his capacity as self-constituted custodian of the rights of mortmain he honestly tries in every conceivable manner to prevent, to forestall, and to check any attempt to improve, to develop, or to increase these possessions in the light of a scientific age. He is a direct intellectual descendant of the adversaries of Galileo and of the sages of Salamanca. (*William Schaffrath, Syracuse, New York.*)

(7) A Fundamentalist is one who thinks that if the stone on which he stands should be taken away there would be nothing underneath. (*Emilie Ewald, Perrysburg, New York.*)

FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

THE FORUM Word Contests gain in popularity month by month. On page 860 we refer again to the search for the New American Language, but the original waters have by no means subsided. Our readers continue to keep the Series afloat, by pouring in of their best.

Two verbal doves are already on the wing, sent forth from The Forum Ark in October and November. They seek Definitions of "A Perfect Child" and "A Good Sport" respectively; and in the January and February issues we shall see whether they bring back any nice green leaves. This month we send forth another,

NATURAL

Tell us what the word Natural means to you.

There are the Naturalists, who can't keep away from the animals, and there was Natural Science which we were taught at school. Natural Selection is said to have made us what we are, and we hear of Natural History, Natural Rights, and the Supernatural. Some people's behavior, and even their acting, is undoubtedly "natural"; others study the Laws of Nature, believing that they can be discovered by science. There is Natural Law to which the lawyers sometimes appeal; and America is known to be rich in natural resources.

Help us to clear up the tangle, if there is one. Limit your letter (which must be typewritten) to one hundred words. For every definition selected as a prize winner a payment of five dollars will be made upon publication. Definitions of "Natural" must reach the Definition Editor by midnight January 1, 1927.

WHY I AM AN UNBELIEVER

Carl Van Doren

Confessions of Faith — XII

LET us be honest. There have always been men and women without the gift of faith. They lack it, do not desire it, and would not know what to do with it if they had it. They are apparently no less intelligent than the faithful and apparently no less virtuous. How great the number of them is, it would be difficult to say; but they exist in all communities and they are most numerous where there is most enlightenment. Having no organization and no creed, they can of course have no official spokesman. Nevertheless, any one of them who speaks out can be trusted to speak, in a way, for all of them. Like the mystics, the unbelievers, wherever found, are essentially of one spirit and one language. I cannot, however, pretend to represent more than a single complexion of unbelief.

The very terms which I am forced to use put me at the outset in a trying position. Belief, being first in the field, naturally took a positive term for itself and gave a negative term to unbelief. As an unbeliever, I am therefore obliged to seem merely to dissent from the believers, no matter how much more I may do. Actually I do more. What they call unbelief, I call belief. Doubtless I was born to it but I have tested it with much reading and speculation and I hold it firmly. What I have referred to as the gift of faith I I do not, to be exact, regard as a gift. I regard it, rather, as a survival from an earlier stage of thinking and feeling: in short, as a form of superstition. It, and not the thing I am forced to name unbelief, seems to me negative. It denies the reason. It denies the evidences in the case, in the sense that it insists upon introducing elements which come not from the facts as shown but from the imaginations and wishes of mortals. Unbelief does not deny the reason and it sticks as closely as it can to the evidences.

I shall have to be more explicit. When I say I am an unbeliever, I do not mean merely that I am no Mormon or no Methodist, or even that I am no Christian or no Buddhist. These seem to me relatively unimportant divisions and subdivisions of belief. I mean

that I do not believe in any god that has ever been devised, in any doctrine that has ever claimed to be revealed, in any scheme of immortality that has ever been expounded.

As to gods, they have been, I find, countless, but even the names of most of them lie in the deep compost which is known as civilization, and the memories of few of them are green. There does not seem to me to be good reason for holding that some of them are false and some of them, or one of them, true. Each was created by the imaginations and wishes of men who could not account for the behavior of the universe in any other satisfactory way. But no god has satisfied his worshipers forever. Sooner or later they have realized that the attributes once ascribed to him, such as selfishness or lustfulness or vengefulness, are unworthy of the moral systems which men have evolved among themselves. Thereupon follows the gradual doom of the god, however long certain of the faithful may cling to his cult. In the case of the god who still survives in the loyalty of men after centuries of scrutiny, it can always be noted that little besides his name has endured. His attributes will have been so revised that he is really another god. Nor is this objection met by the argument that the concept of the god has been purified while the essence of him survived. In the concept alone can he be studied; the essence eludes the grasp of the human mind. I may prefer among the various gods that god who seems to me most thoroughly purged of what I regard as undivine elements, but I make my choice, obviously, upon principles which come from observation of the conduct of men. Whether a god has been created in the image of gross desires or of pure desires does not greatly matter. The difference proves merely that different men have desired gods and have furnished themselves with the gods they were able to conceive. Behind all their conceptions still lies the abyss of ignorance. There is no trustworthy evidence as to a god's absolute existence.

Nor does the thing called revelation, as I see it, carry the proof further. All the prophets swear that a god speaks through them, and yet they prophesy contradictions. Once more, men must choose in accordance with their own principles. That a revelation was announced long ago makes it difficult to examine, but does not otherwise attest its soundness. That some revealed doctrine has lasted for ages and has met the needs of many generations

proves that it is the kind of doctrine which endures and satisfies, but not that it is divine. Secular doctrines which turned out to be perfectly false have also endured and satisfied. If belief in a god has to proceed from the assumption that he exists, belief in revelation has first to proceed from the assumption that a god exists and then to go further to the assumption that he communicates his will to certain men. But both are mere assumptions. Neither is, in the present state of knowledge, at all capable of proof. Suppose a god did exist, and suppose he did communicate his will to any of his creatures. What man among them could comprehend that language? What man could take that dictation? And what man could overwhelmingly persuade his fellows that he had been selected and that they must accept him as authentic? The best they could do would be to have faith in two assumptions and to test the revealed will by its correspondence to their imaginations and wishes. At this point it may be contended that revelation must be real because it arouses so much response in so many human bosoms. This does not follow without a leap of the reason into the realm of hypothesis. Nothing is proved by this general response except that men are everywhere very much alike. They have the same members, the same organs, the same glands, in varying degrees of activity. Being so much alike, they tend to agree upon a few primary desires. Fortunate the religion by which those desires appear to be gratified.

One desire by which the human mind is often teased is the desire to live after death. It is not difficult to explain. Men live so briefly that their plans far outrun their ability to execute them. They see themselves cut off before their will to live is exhausted. Naturally enough, they wish to survive, and, being men, believe in their chances for survival. But their wishes afford no possible proof. Life covers the earth with wishes, as it covers the earth with plants and animals. No wish, however, is evidence of anything beyond itself. Let millions hold it, and it is still only a wish. Let each separate race exhibit it, and it is still only a wish. Let the wisest hold it as strongly as the foolishest, and it is still only a wish. Whoever says he knows that immortality is a fact is merely hoping that it is. And whoever argues, as men often do, that life would be meaningless without immortality, because it alone brings justice into human fate, must first argue, as no man

has ever quite convincingly done, that life has an unmistakable meaning and that it is just. I, at least, am convinced on neither of these two points. Though I am, I believe, familiar with all the arguments, I do not find any of them notably better than the others. All I see is that the wish for immortality is wide-spread, that certain schemes of immortality imagined from it have here or there proved more agreeable than rival schemes, and that they have been more generally accepted. The religions which provide these successful schemes I can credit with keener insight into human wishes than other religions have had, but I cannot credit them with greater authority as regards the truth. They are all guesswork.

That I think thus about gods, revelation, and immortality ought to be sufficient answer to the question why I am an unbeliever. It would be if the question were always reasonably asked, but it is not. There is also an emotional aspect to be considered. Many believers, I am told, have the same doubts, and yet have the knack of putting their doubts to sleep and entering ardently into the communion of the faithful. The process is incomprehensible to me. So far as I understand it, such believers are moved by their desires to the extent of letting them rule not only their conduct but their thoughts. An unbeliever's desires have, apparently, less power over his reason. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that his strongest desire is to be as reasonable as he can. However the conditions may be interpreted, the consequence is the same. An honest unbeliever can no more make himself believe against his reason than he can make himself free of the pull of gravitation. For myself I feel no obligation whatever to believe. I might once have felt it prudent to keep silence, for I perceive that the race of men, while sheep in credulity, are wolves for conformity; but just now, happily, in this breathing-spell of toleration, there are so many varieties of belief that even an unbeliever may speak out.

In so doing, I must answer certain secondary questions which unbelievers are often asked. Does it not persuade me, one question runs, to realize that many learned men have pondered upon supernatural matters and have been won over to belief? I answer, not in the least. With respect to the gods, revelation, and immortality no man is enough more learned than his fellows to have

the right to insist that they follow him into the regions about which all men are ignorant. I am not a particle more impressed by some good old man's conviction that he is in the confidence of the gods than I am by any boy's conviction that there are fish in the horse-pond from which no fish has ever been taken. Does it not impress me to see some good old woman serene in the faith of a blessed immortality? No more than it impresses me to see a little girl full of trust in the universal munificence of a Christmas saint. Am I not moved by the spectacle of a great tradition of worship which has broadened out over continents and which brings all its worshipers punctually together in the observance of noble and dignified rites? Yes, but I am moved precisely by that as I am moved by the spectacle of men everywhere putting their seed seasonably in the ground, tending its increase, and patiently gathering in their harvests.

Finally, do I never suspect in myself some moral obliquity, or do I not at least regret the bleak outlook of unbelief? On these two points I am, in my own mind, as secure as I know how to be. There is no moral obligation to believe what is unbelievable, any more than there is a moral obligation to do what is undoable. Even in religion, honesty is a virtue. Obliquity, I should say, shows itself rather in prudent pretense or in voluntary self-delusion. Furthermore, the unbelievers have, as I read history, done less harm to the world than the believers. They have not filled it with savage wars or snarled casuistries, with crusades or persecutions, with complacency or ignorance. They have, instead, done what they could to fill it with knowledge and beauty, with temperance and justice, with manners and laughter. They have numbered among themselves some of the most distinguished specimens of mankind. And when they have been undistinguished, they have surely not been inferior to the believers in the fine art of minding their own affairs and so of enlarging the territories of peace.

Nor is the outlook of unbelief, to my way of thinking, a bleak one. It is merely rooted in courage and not in fear. Belief is still in the plight of those ancient races who out of a lack of knowledge peopled the forest with satyrs and the sea with ominous monsters and the ends of the earth with misshapen anthropophagi. So the pessimists among believers have peopled the void with witches

and devils, and the optimists among them have peopled it with angels and gods. Both alike have been afraid to furnish the house of life simply. They have cluttered it with the furniture of faith. Much of this furniture, the most reasonable unbeliever would never think of denying, is very beautiful. There are breathing myths, there are comforting legends, there are consoling hopes. But they have, as the unbeliever sees them, no authority beyond that of poetry. That is, they may captivate if they can, but they have no right to insist upon conquering. Beliefs, like tastes, may differ. The unbeliever's taste and belief are austere. In the wilderness of worlds he does not yield to the temptation to belittle the others by magnifying his own. Among the dangers of chance he does not look for safety to any watchful providence whose special concern he imagines he is. Though he knows that knowledge is imperfect, he trusts it alone. If he takes, therefore, the less delight in metaphysics, he takes the more in physics. Each discovery of a new truth brings him a vivid joy. He builds himself up, so far as he can, upon truth, and barricades himself with it. Thus doing, he never sags into superstition, but grows steadily more robust and blithe in his courage. However many fears he may prove unable to escape, he does not multiply them in his imagination and then combat them with his wishes. Austerity may be simplicity and not bleakness.

Does the unbeliever lack certain of the gentler virtues of the believer, the quiet confidence, the unquestioning obedience? He may, yet it must always be remembered that the greatest believers are the greatest tyrants. If the freedom rather than the tyranny of faith is to better the world, then the betterment lies in the hands, I think, of the unbelievers. At any rate, I take my stand with them.

THERE CAME ONE RUNNING

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

FROM the Gospel of St Mark, President MacCracken has drawn an allegory of our own times, a contribution to THE FORUM'S *discussion of modern youth, written in the placid style of a more leisured age. "There came one running" to an unnamed Teacher, with a question to which this Master replied simply, "Give everything and come." The writer of a Greek manuscript which may, — or may not, — have been found in certain ruins, muses upon the problems of ancient youth. They seem strangely modern.*

IN the ruins of the city of Philadelphia, a Greek settlement east of the Jordan River that was once included in Decapolis, the "Ten Towns", a manuscript may have been found in the ruins of a Hellenistic mansion of some pretensions. Or it may not. The (as yet tentative) translation is appended. The beginning is apparently lost, the leaves being torn. It begins thus: "Often as I leave Philadelphia the delightful, — with its shocking name, scarcely justified by its imperial association, — and take my way along the banks of the river Yabbok, I feel myself akin to the first Greek colonists of old. They went west, to Massilia, Gades, and the New Miletus; and I came east, to this barbarous land of Syrian and Arab. A land of extremes it is, assuredly: Philadelphia, city of the girl who loved, — and wed, — her brother, with its Greek citizens, its Egyptian manners, and its Roman laws; and through it plunging the wild torrent Yabbok, fierce and untamed stream of the mountains. A new country and a prosperous one, also, considering how recently it was settled and the savage barbarians expelled for our politer comfort. A beautiful country, I confess too, and not inferior to my native Corinth, with plenteous rains, good soil, and much husbandry and cattle, and pleasant groves of palm and olive.

"Of the people I cannot say so much, although at times their strange ways and customs provoke me to much thought. Thus yesterday, as I came by the way, I was made aware of a Teacher of Galilee with some companions, who walked, and talked as they walked, with evident pleasure. I was reminded of our Grecian custom, for we also in groves or on the porches of temples or market-places are wont to discuss new things of every sort. There is something in the very act of walking conducive to good

conversation, — whether it be the slow rhythm of the marching feet that gives good cadence to well chosen words and a fitting congruity of mind and thought, or whether, the blood being better disposed by motion in the whole body and every part active, the organism is in a more perfect disposition to serve its master, the mind, I know not; but I have ever favored the peripatetics.

"So I came near and greeted the Galileans and was courteously entreated to join them. As we fell into talk of things new and old, there came one running. . . . He was a Greek, I think, for he was tall and fair of skin, unmixed with the brown of the Arab or the swart blood of the Jordan dwellers of the valley. Assuredly he was not a Jew, although his garments were of the Jewish mode. He was young. That was my first impression. I am now past youth myself and therefore, when I see such a one, I see my own youth lost and I think in a strange and yearning way. Moreover, I am Greek, and to me youth is the most beautiful thing in the world, and a manly youth such as this most of all, — in the full flush of vigor and strength, in pride and wilfulness of health and activity. This is the God in man, valiancy and intelligence such as Socrates loved in Alcibiades. For what men love in youth is promise and expectation of what is to be fulfilled. Every one who grows old ceases to change and only receives an intensifying of his youthful genius. An old man, says Plato, can no more learn than he can run.

And something more in the youth also there was, eager desire, a zest of motion and thrust of limb that bespoke impetuosity and headlong energy. He had run, I think, far; for he was heated and bedewed, and his tunic was overlaid with dust. He panted somewhat, too, and seemed under physical strain, as though he were not perfectly in training for such a race. But though his body were in toil, his mind was more so. For his eyes glowed, and an eager light came forth from them, such as gleams from the young soldiers marching to their first battle, or the lover on his way to the tryst, or the merchant to his gains. There was will, strong and determined, relentless and confident, as of one accustomed to having his own way in the world. And I knew that he desired something mightily and for this had run so swiftly to overtake this teacher.

"And suddenly, ere I was aware of his intention (for I was not

of the nearest in the group to see, being mindful not to mix too closely with the peasant Galileans in the teacher's party), suddenly I perceived that he had kneeled at the wanderer's feet and, all in a gasp of quick-drawn breath, had poured forth his petition. Not then did I learn what it was, but I was intrigued none the less. What a picture it made, fit to be painted on a vase of red and black by Callimachus or Charmides. The calm scene of the evening sunset time; the quiet wayside, broken only by the water falling over rocks; the little group of wanderers, staffs in hand, following this grave and quiet man as he talked; and then the sudden irruption of youth, tempestuous and hardy, questioning and exorbitant of attention, usurping the thought of all in his swift demand. Such a scene, I thought, might once have inspired one of the best of the immortal dialogues, were there any Platos to be found nowadays.

"The young suppliant had asked a question, vital to him, no doubt, since he came to ask it of such a one. He was rich, anyone might see, — there is money to be made in these parts, — and he could buy easily all the learning of the philosophers. Moreover, there were educated men in the town, men filled like myself with ancient learning, who could have resolved any knotty question of speech, any tangled skein of the Law, any rule of the Roman governor, and almost for the asking. None of these would satisfy him. Only one could give him the relief he sought. That was clear, I saw, and I refrained from interruption, for when a disciple has chosen a master, one were as good to try to catch a jackal in the way as to divert him from his devotion. Man does not so much wish to know, to learn, as to be like someone. Therefore companionship of the worthy is your only schooling worth having. Youth is full of strange paradox, but none more strange than this, that although in youth the mind is free and dainty, resisting compulsion (and mostly justly, for knowledge imposed by compulsion has no hold upon the mind), yet youth of all ages cares most for the good opinion of others, especially of him whose mind it reverences.

"It was a great question, I was sure, by the intensity of its asking. The answer would do something, it was evident. Perhaps, like the answer to the Sphinx, a kingship hung upon it, — something of importance, not only to this youth, but maybe to the

world. The ending of a journey, the completion of a great labor, the philosopher's mystery might be involved. A world was perchance to be reformed, wrongs righted, ruins made strong. Never had such a question been asked before. It was elemental; upon the reply hinged the destiny of his whole being. The moment became suddenly pivotal to us; we felt ourselves at the centre of things, with the world looking on. The age clustered about the moment, as sometimes happens in the lives of men. When such occasions come, they say, one's whole course of action is determined. The past is explained and the future revealed, stretching away clear and distinct as a landscape after rain. If you know the time when it comes, you will be captain of your destiny and pilot of your way. If the moment passes, and you are blind to it, it will not come again.

"Something of all this was in my mind as I looked at the youth; something of it was but a reflection of his own steady and burning gaze, fixed on this man whose word he trusted. He wanted an answer, and upon the moment. It was crucial for him. The parting of the ways had been reached. Childhood was gone and manhood had come upon him. The commencement of authority and independence, the obligations of citizenship and rule, the responsibilities of wealth and place weighed upon him, I was sure. They troubled him and irked his impatient spirit. But there was something more in this youth, beyond the mere externals of existence in a busy city. It was not the daily duties that cost him all this care. It was the mind that sought healing.

"There were deeps within him that he knew not of, save now and then, as passion drove him to a blaze of anger, of envy, or of ambition. Then he stood aghast and wondered at himself and asked, 'Was it I who did this, or another?' There arose at times the hungry and unsatisfied passion of love, ever growing by what it feeds on and not finding what it sought. And he, high-minded and clean-hearted, started back appalled at the sight of himself as the mean slave of ignoble desire. The riddle to which he had asked an answer was just himself. And the answer must make him master of this undaunted steed, this wild Pegasus of will. He must have victory over his own spirit. For there are few youths who are at the same time quick, courageous, and gentle in self-control. Those who are quick to learn have also quick and un-

governable tempers. The slower and steadier are also more stupid and incapable of remembering. Happy he who in youth moves smoothly and successfully over the sea of knowledge to his appointed port, noiselessly and without storm, as on a river of oil.

"This I knew by insight and was assured of it when I heard his angry rejoinder to the teacher's reply. That I had not caught, either, exactly; it was something ordinary, to this effect, 'You know the answer as well as I, tell me.'

"So the youth rattled off his angry words; they were the commonplaces of the Law, — 'Be good, true, obedient, kind.' A dull and commonplace code it is indeed; nothing said of the intelligence, of the sense of beauty, of the experience of happiness, in all of it. Had he asked me, I might have made known to him the infinite power of man by his divine reason, the marvelous sensations of the mind and feeling attuned to perfect harmony, the ineffable pleasures of philosophy. But he did not ask me.

"The teacher said to him, 'That is right, that is the right answer,' or words to that effect. What a dash to his hot spirits! What a chain to his proud feet, spurning the ground to be off for a flight through the empyrean! What! The vital moment at hand, the choice of all one's days to be made, the fork in the road reached, and just a friendly word of cheer, 'Keep on; you're on the right track.'

"Thus the youth was grieved, though it was clear he reverenced his teacher, and he cried, 'All this is old; I've done it ever since I was born. Am I to go to school all my life?'

"I approved his indignation. It was well justified. Is not there something more than mere piety to be performed here in these brief days that compose the span of life? To be a good son, husband, brother, father, a righteous ruler, an obedient servant of the Emperor of Rome, to pay one's taxes, whip the thieving slaves, plant the seed, and reap the corn, is this all of life? Was our mind given us for this only? Is beauty on earth for this only? Is the strength and vigor of youth to waste itself in a stiff treading of the daily round like slaves on waterwheels? Was not youth made to run?

"And it seemed to me that the youth was made for nothing else but thus to come running and drop so gracefully upon his knees and desire so earnestly the best thing he could ask.

To inquire, to seek the mystery of earth and heaven, — for this were we made. But such an answer would have done him no good, though it were true. It did not end desire.

"He was tired of getting his duty by rote and acting his rôle in the play of life. It seemed unreal and false to him. Everything was cut and dried, every step predicted a thousand years before. For every situation a hundred proverbs had been coined. Did he wish to spring across yonder ravine? Memory said, 'Look before you leap.'

"Did he hesitate in a choice of action? Memory whispered, 'He who hesitates is lost.' Everything provided, even in neat opposites, a pair in a bundle, made up and packed in the market, ready for use. Experience was a packet of figs, — dried and pressed and covered. He was tired of it. There must be some other way.

"Well, there was, it seemed. For as he gave vent to his youthful resentment, the teacher spoke. Then I realized, then only, I stood beside a Master. His gaze enkindled the lad, his voice came strong and appealing, his form took on sternness and courage, resolution incarnate, greater than Pompey when he rode this way years ago. 'Very well,' he said, as I recall it, 'give everything away and come.'

"It was like a trumpet calling the troops into action. It sounded like the words of a general to his best-trained men. It honored the youth with consideration of his potential worth. He was chosen. He might then choose. He was free.

"This was what he wanted, had wanted all along. Yet he did not come. Confronted with the imperative, he flinched. He turned pale, looked at the teacher once imploringly; and seeing only the summons, he rose and turned and went his way, and we saw him no more.

"Born to command, he could not be commanded. He could not brook the idea that it took more courage to obey than to rule, that the soldier in the ranks is really bravest of the brave.

"Born to enjoy, he could not visualize himself far out in the desert somewhere, away from cities and highways, alone with mountain-tops and lonely gardens. He had seen the world in terms of conquest, not of conquering. The completed act, not the action, allured him. He would be a learned man, without ever

being a man of learning, much less a learning man. Beside him from day to day stalked a shadow of fear that never left him, — born of what inner experience who may say? Whatever it had been, it was now covered over with the rich gilt of possession, known of none. And suddenly, in the crisis, it sprang up and conquered the citadel of his soul.

"He had had two choices offered him, like Hercules or King Solomon, of whom the Jews tell their fables. Either he might live the daily life of men, taking things as they came day by day, doing his best by his lights, living up to the highest he knew, erring and stumbling in the dark at times, but keeping on with the task of life with simple courage. Living so, he would daily learn and grow in proportion as he applied the knowledge that he had.

"His would be a learning life, growing wise as the years passed. Such are the lives of most good persons. As time goes on, and they advance in years and come more into contact with realities, they learn by experience to see and feel the truth of things. Thus they come to change many of their opinions, and the great appears small to them, and the easy difficult, speculations being overturned by the facts of life, as a light chariot by a broken stone in the pavement of the road.

"Or he might greatly dare. He might all at once cut the encumbering threads of mere subsistence, and give himself wholly to truth. For this he must be himself of superior fibre. He must have the physical strength, the mental vigor, the resolute courage, the steadfast will. He must forego much, must be willing to forego all.

"Socrates saw the cup of hemlock but he did not falter. Such a summons was the youth's, and he could not measure up to it. I do not blame him. There are few who accept in its full implication the life of learning. But when they do, the world moves on a little faster upon its centre.

"His was a great opportunity, I could not help reflecting. This Decapolis is a wonderful new country, thinly settled as yet, but fertile and with a vigorous, intelligent population. Much is yet to be done in the way of highways and irrigation. The savage nations to the east and south must be subjugated and brought under our sway, enlightened yet firm, the benefits of which they will

themselves eventually acknowledge when admitted to the citizenship of Rome and the culture of Greece. And for this task we need youth, strong and brave, ruthless and determined, disciplined and sound on all points of faith and practice. Worship the emperor, obey the prefect, stand by the eagle, follow the fasces where they go. Of what use are all these questions and doubts? Clear as the Syrian sky is the destiny of this favored land, preferred of all the gods. Decapolis needs leadership. It was his, almost for the asking.

"Yet he went away, crushed and broken by the very greatness of his opportunity. He desired that greatness. Only he could not see it in its daily terms, or in the concentrated meaning of a vital moment. He saw his career as an end in itself and loved it too dearly either to share it with his fellows or to risk all on a great venture.

"It was sad to observe. It was the tragedy, I thought, of youth. The lad was broken on the wheel of circumstance. Was it his fault that in this town, in this year of the emperor, no easy way to success was evident? The waste of such a life struck to my heart. And as I looked at the Galilean, I could feel his own sadness also. There was love and heartbreak in his eyes. He did not blame him, I could see. It was circumstance. He was unfitted for the choice thrust on him by his very opportunities of wealth and power.

"Fate, or circumstance, — call it what you will, — is always unjust to youth. Human nature bids us cry out in agony when the innocent and young are thus sacrificed. Iphigenia, sacrificed to promote the sailing of the fleet; Antigone, slain because she loved her brother; Cassandra, wise and helpless waif of destiny, — such figures fill me with pity and with fear. But they are figures of legend, myths of long ago. Here, under my very eyes, I saw a similar tragedy wrought out in terms of human loss and wreckage.

"I wanted to hurry after the youth, to bid him be of good courage. He must not take it so hard. Another chance would come his way. Some other teacher might give him a more pleasing answer. Maybe war would come, and his fair chance to be a general. Perhaps Herod would hear of his good government and would promote him.

"Anyway, what difference did it make that a Galilean had for

a moment laid bare his secret fear? None else knew. Indeed, the whole countryside must praise him for a prominent young man.

"These and other words of hollow comfort rose all too easily to my mind. But in vain. The young man was gone, and I should have had to run to catch up with him. It was, besides, not my affair. What was to be, would be. Two words of mine would not avert necessity. And I was more interested, after all, in the Teacher than in the taught.

"So I went up to the Galilean, and said, 'Master, what was the boon he asked of thee?' And he replied, 'Life.' And he went on with his friends and departed.

"Life? That brave youth, endowed with courage, beauty, and skill, asking this outlander for 'life?' Will youth never learn? Has it not youth? What does it want else, in the name of Apollo? Why should it fret over knowledge or justice or righteousness or fame or honor? These are shadows; youth itself is the only substance. So says my Epicurus, wisest of men. For youth is joy and freedom.

"And yet, as I write, I cannot put out of my mind the eager form of the one who came running and knelt at the Teacher's feet, and with questioning gaze, asked for the gift of Life. Perhaps, after all, youth needs one thing more to be perfect."

FOUR WOODCUTS BY RICHARD BENNETT

INDIANA AND MICHIGAN
TEXT BY ZONA GALE

OLD GERMAN CHURCH
South Bend

Though the snow contributed action, joy, though it expressed and resolved, yet it was itself more quiet than that violence of the village church, venting itself in a powerful routine, settled and old.

DESERTED BARNYARD
South Bend
A thousand thick veils of atmosphere fell away. There were boards, snow, lines, surfaces naked and articulate,—not static facts but process!

ACROSS THE FIELD
Coldwater

Abruptly life sprang from objects as from beings,—there it came, crying that the inanimate has its own accessions. The small stiff tree by the shed stood doing its utmost, pricking with being.

A BACK YARD
Coldwater

In that light, line emerged and became more positive than surface. Line lived as pattern. Line lay upon the air and uttered its divine fiat of union.

CAN WE CONTROL SEX?

H. Munro Fox

WHEN science discovers how to decide at will whether a child shall be a boy or a girl, the discovery will have momentous consequences. For whereas comparatively few males are required in order to continue the race, the proportions of the sexes are everywhere still very nearly equal. Wild theories are constantly receiving publicity, but Mr. Fox here describes scientific facts. Of the two ways in which sex can be influenced, through the spermatozoon or the embryo, he regards the former as the more hopeful.

WHAT is it that decides whether a child shall be a boy or a girl? Shall we ever be able to control the sex of offspring and decide whether a boy or a girl shall be born? These are questions of perennial interest to all mankind. As far back as the ancient Greeks and from that time onwards scientific theories have been put forward to account for what it is that makes a boy or a girl. It is only in very recent years, however, that anything like a clear insight has been obtained into what really does settle sex. From exact and painstaking microscopic studies on animals and from long series of breeding experiments we have now amassed a body of facts which go far towards giving us a connected story of sex determination.

Let us look first at what is known of the actual proportions of the sexes in the different races of the world. The total population of the earth is now about 1600 millions, and of these 1000 millions have been subject to census. For 1000 millions therefore we know the proportions of the sexes in the adult populations. It turns out that in Europe, which has a population of 500 millions, there is an excess of eight million women over men. In America, on the contrary, among 170 millions there is an excess of four million men. In Asia likewise, among the 400 millions for which figures are available, there are nine millions more men than women. England is the country in which it is hardest of all for girls to get married, for there is the greatest excess of women over men. China is the extreme opposite.

Looked at in this way the sex inequality in various countries seems very marked. Yet the most extreme differences between the numbers of the two sexes mean no more than that for every 100 women there are between 95 and 105 men. In other words, the sex inequality is not after all so very pronounced.

It is surprising, however, that there should be in the world anything like so many men for women as we actually find. For the capacities of the two sexes for producing offspring are so very different from one another. For one egg that a female produces, a male produces millions of sperm, any single one of which can unite with an egg to give rise to an individual of the next generation. This means that the male has a very much greater capacity for reproduction than the female. This great difference in reproductive capacity is most clearly seen among domestic animals. Whereas a mare produces only one foal in a season, a stallion can get fifty foals. Why then has Nature provided so many males? Of course, were there always a struggle between the males so that the best only could each obtain possession of a harem of females, a useful end might be served by the large number of males. The best males only would beget the next generation. But this is very seldom the case. Only rarely is there any struggle among males for possession of the females. How much more economical would Nature have been had she provided only one male to a number of females!

Older Ideas of Sex Control

In unborn children and in the embryos of animals the beginnings of both the male and female organs are present side by side. As the embryo grows bigger, the organs of the one sex or the other become predominant. The organs of the opposite sex do not develop. In the fully grown animals they remain as mere vestiges. But since at a very early stage in life the rudiments of both sexes are found side by side, it is natural to think that the conditions which precede birth must decide which of the sexes will develop.

Thus the feeding of the mother and the consequent nutrition of the unborn child has long been supposed to have an influence on the sex. Now it will be seen a little later on that nutrition may really influence the proportions of the sexes which are born. In years of war or of famine, in different classes of society, among alcoholics, the proportion of boys to girls born may be different from the usual one. But we shall see that the actual way in which the different conditions of nutrition work is not by deciding whether an embryo which already possesses the beginnings of

both male and female attributes shall turn into one sex or into the other.

Nutrition works in a different manner from this when it influences the numbers of boys to girls born. For several independent lines of evidence have convinced scientists to-day that the sex of the offspring is determined from the very beginning. Whether it shall turn into a male or a female is settled from the moment of the union of the egg with the sperm. In spite of the fact that the early embryo has the rudiments both of male and female organs, yet its sex has already been decided from the moment of the fertilization of the egg by the sperm.

Identical Twins

One of the lines of evidence leading to this very important conclusion is based on the existence of what are called identical twins. There are two types of human twins. In one type the twins resemble one another no more closely than any brothers or sisters. In the second type, however, the twins are absolutely identical. They can scarcely be distinguished apart, even by their parents. It is known to science to-day that whereas the first type of twins develop each from a separate egg, identical twins are formed by the division into two of one egg after it has been fertilized by a sperm. Now the all-important thing from our present point of view is that whereas the ordinary twins may be either of one or of two sexes, identical twins are invariably both of the same sex. Thus their sex was determined before the egg split into two. In other words the sex was settled when the sperm united with the egg. This is confirmed by certain animals such as the armadillo. Here instead of twins, a varying number up to eight young are produced all together from the splitting up of one single fertilized egg, and these are invariably all of one or the other sex.

Another of the older theories to account for the sex of offspring is that the age of the egg at the moment of fertilization has an influence. It is well known that the eggs leave the ovary at the time when an animal comes on heat. At any time after the eggs have left the ovary and passed into the womb they can be fertilized. Now it used to be thought that when a cow was served at the time she was on heat, the calves turned out to be mostly

heifers, but when served later the calves were chiefly bulls. The theory was that when the egg is freshly shed it gives a female; if it has to wait for some time before union with the sperm, it turns into a male. New researches on frogs show that in them this is actually true. Yet recent statistics prove that for domestic animals the theory will not hold water. Nor is there any truth in such a suggestion applied to human beings. Impregnations at varying dates after the periodic function of women have no influence at all on the sex of the offspring born.

Yet another old theory is that in human beings there are two kinds of eggs, the one giving rise to males and the other to females. As far back as the fourth century B.C. Hippocrates maintained that of the two ovaries the right one formed male-producing eggs, the left one female-producing eggs. This theory has been revived in modern times by certain medical men. Yet there is no direct evidence to support it. Further, the idea is definitely contradicted by experiments on animals. For when the ovary of one side is removed from a rat there is no alteration at all in the proportion of male to female offspring produced subsequently. Were the theory correct, young of one sex only should appear after the operation.

How Sex Is Actually Determined

Let us turn now to modern discoveries. It is essential to say a little more as to what actually takes place when sex is settled at fertilization. The first fundamental recent discovery is this: we know to-day that whereas all eggs are alike, the sperm are of two kinds. If we call all the eggs X, the sperm are some X and some Y. We know further that when an egg X is fertilized by a sperm X a female is produced. But when an egg X is fertilized by a sperm Y a male is formed. Thus it is the sperm, not the egg which determines whether the offspring shall be male or female. The sperm, examined under the microscope, are not all alike. They are visibly different from one another, according as they belong to type X or type Y. Further these two different types of sperm are formed by a male in equal numbers. There are as many of X as there are of Y.

We have seen already that the evidence from identical twins shows that sex is settled at the moment of fertilization. We now

know that a female or a male offspring is produced according as an X or a Y sperm unites with the egg. But a further consequence follows. It has been stated that X and Y sperm are formed in equal numbers. As many of one sex as of the other should therefore be produced as the result of the fertilization of the eggs. This, however, does not quite fit what has been said above. For we know that there are not exactly an equal number of men and of women in the world. In some countries there is an excess of men, in others of women. How is this apparent contradiction to be explained?

Differences in mortality might account for it. Statistics show that in the first year of life mortality is high, as high as it is at 65 years of age. We know further from statistics that during this first year of high mortality more boys die than girls. But later on, at 14 or 15 years of age, more girls die than boys. This is because the onset of puberty is more severe for girls. At this stage they are the more delicate. But after this again, each year more men die than women. As a result, at the age of 20 there are in England 90 men only to each 100 women. This is the marrying age. In old age there are only 55 men to every 100 women.

Men, then, on the average die younger than women. Does this fully explain the excess of males in England when the X and Y sperm theory demands that the two sexes should be formed in equal numbers? But we must enquire first whether in point of fact this requirement of the theory is realized. Are equal numbers of male and female embryos really formed as a result of the way in which the eggs are fertilized, whether by an X or a Y sperm?

At birth the numbers are certainly not equal. In England, for instance, there is an excess of males; for every 100 girls, 105 boys are born. Now if at fertilization of the eggs as many males as female offspring were produced, this inequality of the sexes at birth might be due to an unequal pre-natal mortality. More females than males might die before birth, accounting for the fact that more boys than girls are born.

Competition Between the Male Elements

Actually, however, the reverse is true. More males die before birth than females. Consequently at the very beginning, at the

time of the union of the eggs with the sperm, there must be a still greater excess of males than there is at birth. Instead of an equal number of the two sexes, it seems that more males are produced at fertilization than females. How is this to be fitted in with the theory outlined above, which requires equality of the sexes among the offspring?

More males are produced than females. This means that more often eggs are fertilized by Y sperm than by X sperm. Admitting that X and Y are formed by the male parent in equal numbers, is it possible that the Y variety are more successful in finding the eggs than the X variety? They might swim faster. Or they might live longer if required, in a case when no egg is there to be fertilized at once. Now, there is evidence of such an occurrence. A bitch, for example, has been crossed with two dogs, one after the other; the first dog was of the same race as the bitch, the second dog of another breed, so that the bitch received a mixed lot of sperm. The puppies were all mongrels. It follows that in the competition for eggs, the sperm of the other breed were more successful than the sperm of the same breed of dog.

Another example bears more directly on the question in hand. Male rabbits have been given continuous doses of alcohol. When crossed with does which had received no alcohol, the offspring were deformed. The daughters, moreover, were more deformed than the sons. This means: First, that the sperm were injured by the alcohol given to the father, since the offspring turned out to be abnormal; second, that the X sperm were injured more than the Y sperm, since the daughters were most deformed. In other words, the X or female-producing sperm were less hardy than the Y. This is exactly what we have assumed above for human beings in order to explain why more sons are conceived than daughters. Although the father supplies X and Y sperm in equal quantities, the X sperm are less hardy or less successful in finding the eggs. Hence the excess of sons.

The Control of Sex

Rather more boys than girls are born into the world. It is remarkable, however, how very steady is the proportion of the two sexes. In Europe and in North America the limits are always between 103 and 104 boys to 100 girls. Jews only are said to

have an unusually large number of boys, but this is uncertain. Negroes, on the contrary, have an excess of girls.

We have now seen two ways in which the proportion of the sexes may be altered. One of the two kinds of sperm, either X or Y, may be more successful in fertilizing eggs than the other kind. Or a greater mortality of one sex rather than of the other sex among unborn children may change the proportion at birth.

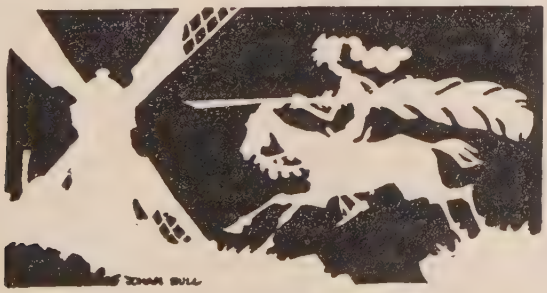
Although a number of circumstances are known to influence the proportion of boys to girls at birth, it is not clear in which of the two ways just mentioned these circumstances act. There is a difference, for example, in the various classes of society. In London it is found that there are more boys per hundred girls in the better fed than in the poorer classes. Again, among illegitimate births in many different countries there are relatively few boys. This may be connected with the poorly nourished condition of many girl-mothers. The age of parents, too, has an effect. Older mothers have more daughters than younger mothers. War has long been known to cause an increased proportion of boys to girls born. Statistics both in England and Germany during the Great War bore this out. To account for this no theory at all has been proposed.

Since we now know more of how and when sex is settled, however, we are in a stronger position to attempt to control the proportion of boys or girls born. From what has been said above it is clear that the problem could be attacked in one of two ways. The direct attack would be to influence the X and Y sperm. We have seen that X sperm are more susceptible to alcohol than Y sperm. In some such way as this, by using a drug which gives an advantage to one of the two kinds of sperm, it is conceivable that the one kind of sperm might be made more successful in fertilizing eggs than the other kind. In this manner the desired sex might be produced at will. No attempt to do this has yet been made. Nevertheless we have made a long step in advance in discovering exactly what is required to control the sex proportions. The indirect way of attacking the problem would be to influence the mortality of the unborn young. If more of one sex were caused to die, more of the opposite sex would be born. With human beings this is obviously impracticable.

There remains just one further line of attack of which no men-

tion has yet been made. As we have seen, sex is normally settled from the moment when the egg is fertilized by the sperm. The growing embryo which has received X from its mother and X from its father becomes a female. One which has received X from its mother and Y from its father becomes a male. But under certain exceptional circumstances a fertilized egg, normally destined by its X or Y content to become either female or male, later on has its sex reversed. A case in point is supplied by what is called the freemartin in cattle. When twins are produced by cattle it may so happen that the blood streams of the two embryos inside the mother join up and flow into one another. Take a case now when the twins are of opposite sexes. It happens then that the twin which started to develop into a female changes and becomes a male. The blood from the true male twin, circulating through the other twin which started life as a female, changes the latter so that she turns into a male. As a matter of fact, she never becomes completely male, but a sterile mixture of the two sexes called a freemartin.

If now a more complete sex reversal could be caused artificially in some similar way, embryos destined to be females might be turned completely into males. Cocks have been known to lay eggs. Future biological research may quite conceivably show a way to bring such a change about in human beings. It would then be a second way of controlling sex. Nevertheless, causing the X sperm to be more successful than the Y sperm, or vice versa as explained above, would be the more direct mode of attacking the problem of sex control.



A NEW CONCEPTION OF MUSIC

DANE RUDHYAR

MUSIC has reached a vital turning point. One group of composers regard European music as a supreme art form. Another group look forward to an "all-inclusive World-Music, a new music based on a new philosophy." Mr. Rudhyar looks forward to "new sounds which shall correspond to the new spirituality of the era in which we live." Unfortunately, he adds, "New York, the great clearing house of world art, is welcoming all, good, bad, and indifferent." Yet a new American music is beginning.

MUSIC, like all the arts, develops in cycles which correspond in the main to historical periods when some particular ideal or great human principle is dominant. Our Western music which reached such characteristic development throughout the nineteenth century has, during the last thirty years, been passing through a crisis which every thoughtful student of music must recognize as a vital turning point. As to the ultimate meaning of this crisis, opinions diverge sharply, and the purpose of this article is to outline, first, the two interpretations which are the logical conclusion of two opposite musical premises, and, second, to put forward the writer's own conception of the sort of music which is destined to play a part in the next great social gesture of the race.

Of civilizations there have been many and there will be many more; for each of them there has been, and will be, a specific "musicality". No one of these can be said to be inherently superior to any other. All are different; all fulfil their mission, racially, culturally, and individually. Who shall say that Greek civilization was greater than Mayan civilization, or that Chinese music is inferior to European music? Each race has its own particular sense of music; each race hears music differently; the music of each race acquires the peculiar qualities which that particular race requires, emotionally or spiritually, of the art. The qualities that characterize European music have some vital relationship with the forces which have moulded our social life in the last few centuries, and if it is true, as most of the prophets tell us, that we are nearing the end of one sort of civilization and groping our way towards a new brand, may it not be possible that the European musicality with which we are so familiar may have outlived its human usefulness, and that a new musicality may be in the throes

of birth on the new continent of America, which is to be the seat of the new western civilization?

As Greek music was different from Hindu music, as classical European music was different from Greek music, so must the future music of America be different from the music of Europe. Different not only in its outward form, but different in spirit. If we are to have a really new civilization rather than a patched form of the old, then we must acquire a new sense of music, a new faculty of hearing. And there are signs that this is actually happening.

The two fundamental present-day attitudes toward music to which we have referred are: First, the attitude of those musicians for whom European music is the paragon of musical excellence (at least for the Western races) and for whom recent developments in so far as they are a prolongation or sublimation of romanticism and impressionism are perversions of the classical purity, which has been lost for over a century, — an attitude maintained by the majority of European composers who yesterday were the most fervent musical revolutionaries. And, second, the attitude of those who, — consciously or semi-consciously, — are endeavoring to bring forth from the eternal mother of harmonies, the all-inclusive World-Music, a new music based on a new philosophy, a new spirituality, a new idealism which is not European but which can be identified with a culture or an order that is gradually coming into being.

A backward glance over the musicalities of the past will make it easier to understand the present trend. Of Greek music we know very little. If it represented the first stage of European music, the Middle Ages, with their plain-chant and early polyphony represented its adolescence, and maturity came with the classical period following the Renaissance. During this span, from 1300 to nearly 1800, the curve of development was very significant, but as yet it is not widely understood.

The "new music" of the fourteenth century was a protest against the pseudo-Pythagorean theories perverted in the name of scholasticism. It was strictly polyphonic and built on the interval of the third, which until then had been discountenanced. It came originally from Ireland and England, undergoing modifications in Paris and Flanders. It was Nordic music. From Northern France

it gradually went South toward the Papal Court in Rome. In two centuries it grew to its perfect achievement, the motet (mass), culminating in the works of the French Orlando di Lasso, the Spaniard Vittoria, and the Italian Palestrina (sixteenth century). Following the great current of individualism which raged through the late Renaissance, the motet saw its situation challenged by the musical drama, — soon destined to degenerate into the opera, — and by chamber music, an outgrowth of popular and dance music.

Meanwhile Protestantism aroused cultural energies in the Germanic lands. Music moved northward. Southern melodism and Flemish counterpoint combined to give birth to the Germanic motet and oratorio which Bach was soon to bring to perfection, while Mozart and Haydn were enlarging the Italian chamber music partita and suite into the symphony.

What was the essential characteristic of such a classical music? This, that it rested on the abstract concept of interval. Asiatic music had been, and still remains, a music in which the main emphasis rests on the single tone, — tone which is meant to symbolize an incarnating cosmic entity, a god, and is closely related to cosmic influences, seasons, planets, human functions. European music, on the other hand, lost interest in the single tone, or even in the harmonic series of such tones (modes), and became preoccupied with the construction of patterns of musical intervals. The tone became the "musical note", that is, the edge of abstract intervals, of no absolute pitch, transposable at will. Characteristic patterns of notes, that is, series of definite mathematical proportions, became the foundation of music under the name of "tonalities". Such tonalities were used much as Persian rug weavers use conventionalized motives. Music was turned into a species of decorative art. Form was all-important: it was "constructed"; it was balanced; it extended in space, like a French garden; its many parts were conceived as arabesques. Line counted above all else. A fugue is a combination of lines according to artificial rules, or at least rules purely abstract in meaning. Classical music became thus divorced both from the cosmic life of natural elements and from the purely human life of soul-expression. It became strictly objective. It satisfied an age of rationalism.

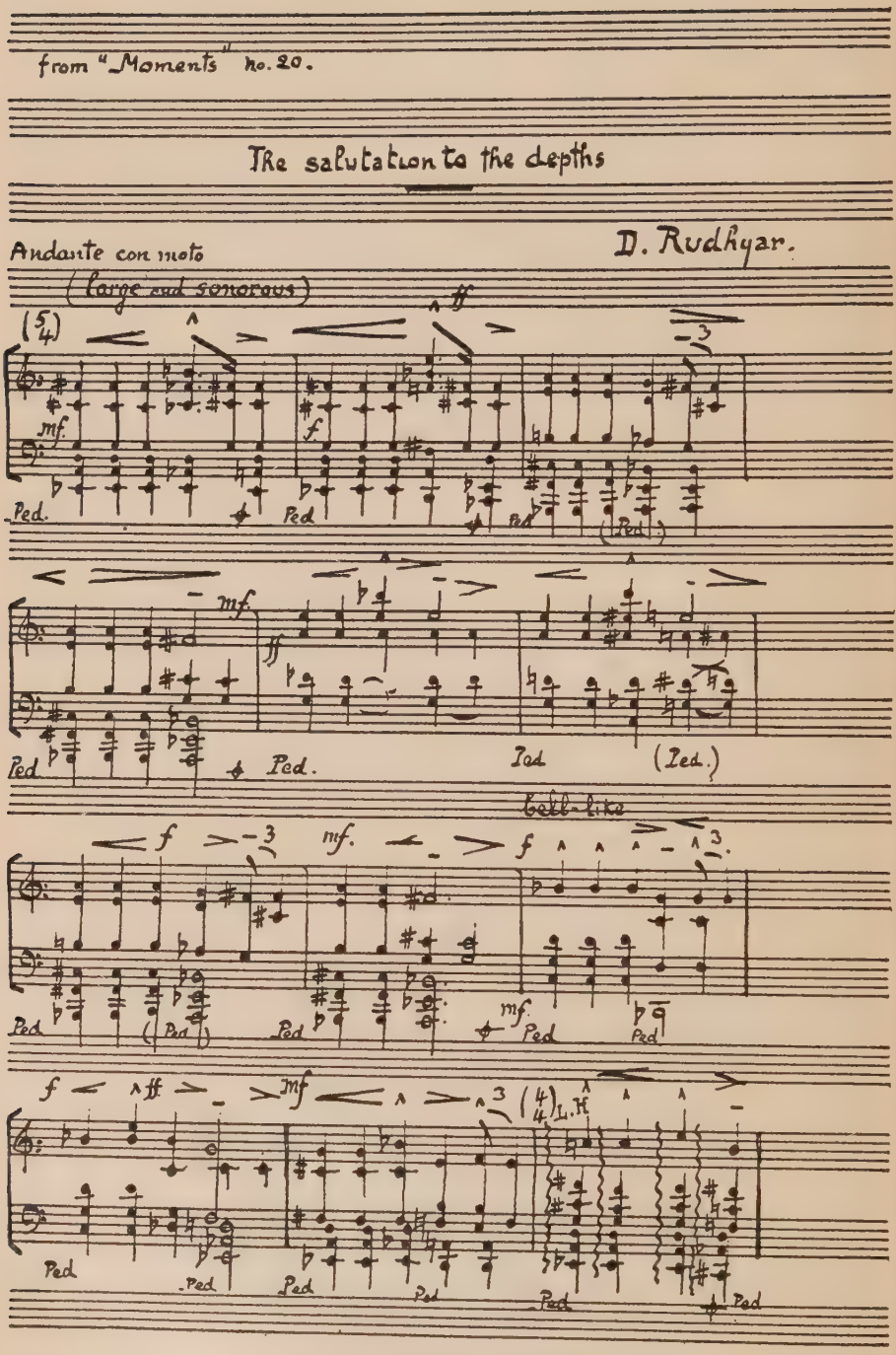
For the Aryan races of old, music was essentially subjective. It was the expression of the human ego evolving throughout the ritual of seasons and the surrounding natural conditions. Or, in its most archaic condition, it was the manifestation of occult powers, a channel for the tremendous divine energies which were used for magical ends. It was conceived as such even by early Christians, and Syrian plain-chant was based on pure cosmogonic, alchemic considerations, as can be seen from the works of Bar-Haebraeus on music.

But the early Christian plain-chant when coming to Rome lost its cosmogonic conceptions. It became intellectualized further when the need for part-singing, or polyphony, arose, and when it became necessary to have a strict notation. From that departure can be traded the progress into absolute objectivity and intellectualism, until music had become a definite expression of a feudal, separative, analytic civilization.

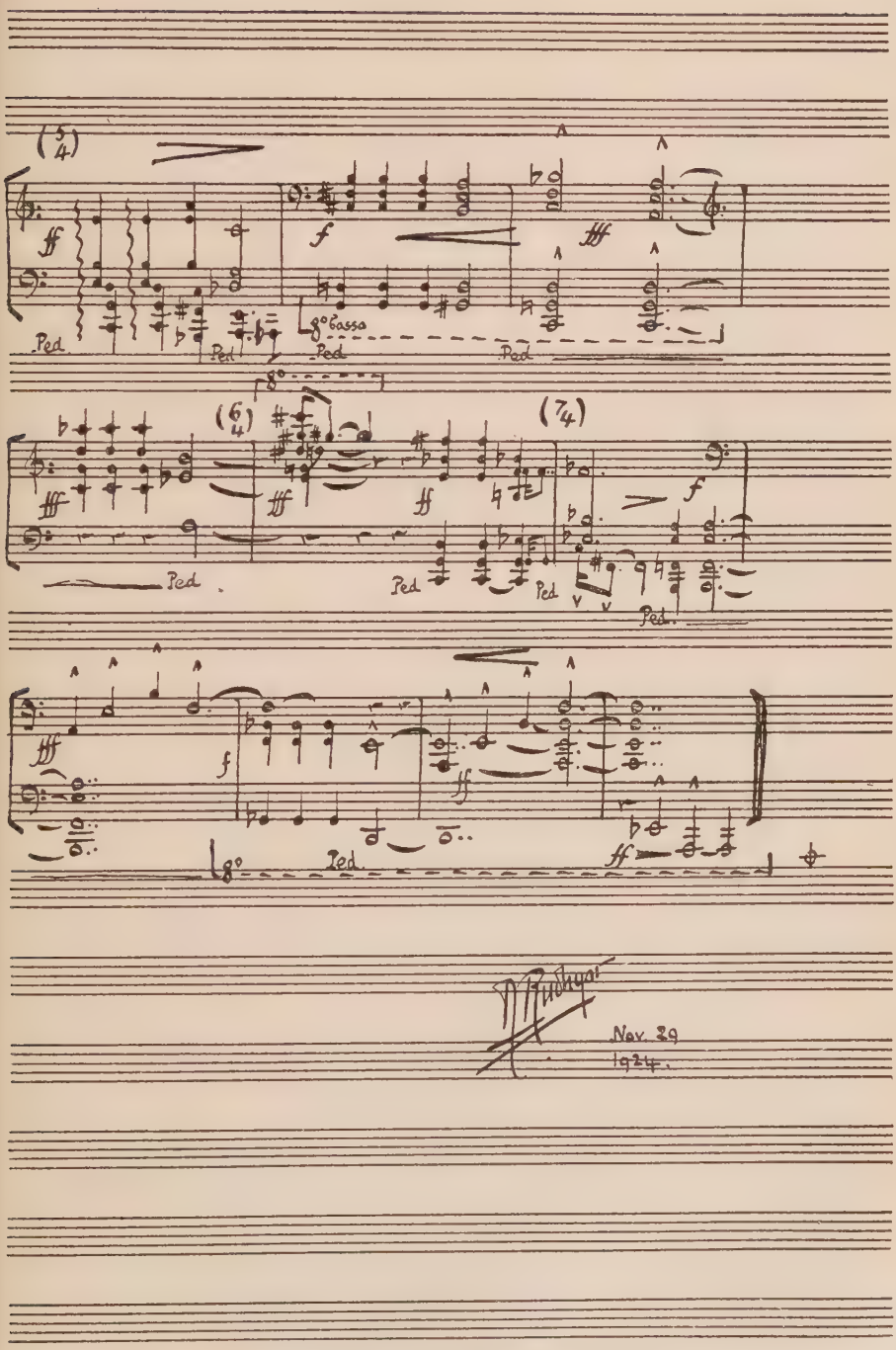
Then emerged the impulses which culminated in the French Revolution, questioning everything, letting loose a flood of new ideals which shook life to its very foundations. Culturally the phenomenon manifested itself in romanticism. In music it made itself mightily heard in the works of Beethoven, the indomitable individualist, contemptuous of kings. Berlioz, Chopin, Liszt expressed the romantic ferment in a renewed music. Wagner, with his synthetic genius, brought the movement to its apotheosis. Romanticism then turned into a sort of expressionism, — an advanced stage of the same process. Schoenberg pushed to the extreme the typical romantic musicality of Wagner and Liszt. And then came the great war and social chaos.

Our interpretation of the present day must needs rest upon our understanding of the events that signalize the history of the western hemisphere since the beginning of the eighteenth century. Unless we consider that the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries were three acts in a great human drama, it seems to me that we cannot grasp the meaning of any phenomenon, cultural or social, which occurred during that period.

In the eighteenth century, with its encyclopedic thirst for knowledge, its desire for political freedom and for the rule of universal reason, we see the European mind shaking off the shackles of the feudal past. In the nineteenth century, with its



THE AUTHOR AS COMPOSER



AN EXAMPLE OF THE NEW AMERICAN MUSIC

emotionalism, its religious and humanitarian aspirations, its craving for universal love, we see the European soul trying to free itself from creeds and conventions. From the point of view of European civilization as a whole, those two centuries were failures. The effort for liberation failed because the feudal attitude to life was too deeply set to be uprooted. The old Western civilization in Europe failed to be reborn of the spirit, in spite of outer changes; but the new Western civilization in America *was* reborn. Franklin and Jefferson were free minds; Lincoln and Walt Whitman free souls.

In other words, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were the beginning of the end of European civilization; whereas they marked the real beginning of American civilization. The twentieth century is the result of the two preceding ones. It opened with the Russo-Japanese War, the Balkan Wars, and the great War of 1914 which sounded the death-knell of Europeanism wherever located.

What is the musical counterpart of this transition? The old European music, just before the war, was mortally assailed by two works: Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*. The former dissolved it; the latter crushed and hammered it. After this there remained nothing for the Europeans to do but turn back to the past, as children in distress to the mother, or as domesticated birds set free and starving to their cage. And this is exactly what the Europeans are doing.

Just as nationalism and Fascism sprang up on the failure of the old politics to face new conditions with a new outlook, so European musicians are hypnotizing themselves into the belief that tonality means salvation and that a return to the seventeenth century, to the old forms and old patterns, will recreate the musical Paradise, so violently ravaged by the "disease of romanticism", as they call it. This they have done after trying Schoenberg's atonalism and Stravinsky's polytonalism and finding that both lead into blind alleys. Here, for the sake of the layman, it may be explained that "atonalism" means the use of the twelve notes of the chromatic scales irrespective of any sense of tonality, each note being an unrelated entity free to combine with or follow any other note or group of notes. "Polytonalism" means the simultaneous use of melodic and harmonic lines or groups of

different tonalities, the sense of tonality thus being destroyed by the crushing of one tonality against another. Schoenberg's school is working on the basis of a neo-scholasticism, while Stravinsky and his French and Italian followers worship at the altar of musical objectivity, hoping to rival the old masters. Reaction becomes their password, nationalism their by-creed.

Another trail, however, had been blazed before the outbreak of the war. At least two other composers had a different goal in sight. Though European civilization be dying, yet from the old, decaying plant comes the seed from which the new growth must emerge, since nothing in life begins from nothing. English and French philosophers and men of action carried to the young American colonies the seed-ideas of democracy, spiritual equality, and religious freedom. Likewise, a few European composers, Debussy and Scriabin in particular, succeeded in a measure in overcoming the confining bonds of European musicality, and others now, born in Europe but having found themselves and their true field of expression in the new world, are planting the seeds of a future musicality in the soil of this continent.

Debussy was the first European musician to try to overcome local limitations, musical feudalism, by direct contact with Asiatic music. The audition of the Javanese orchestra at the Paris Exposition in 1889 and his trip to Russia were the two great events which determined his own musical rebirth. From the former he learned the vital power of a "mode", and from the latter he received the gospel of freedom of self-expression. Debussy remains essentially European, yet in his feminine nature he represents almost the maternal source of the new music. He may not have been the seed of the future, but he certainly was the fruit holding the seed within its precious flesh.

Scriabin, on the other hand, is the one great pioneer of the new music of a reborn Western civilization, the father of the future musician. And it is significant that it was while traveling through America, at the turning point of his own career, that he felt the new urge which led him into entirely new musical realizations during the last few years of his life.

It is doubtful whether many people really understand Scriabin's later music, even though thousands admire him. For with these works it is not so much a new form of music which one

finds as it is an embodiment of a *new sense of music.* Any one who listens to Scriabin's later works with the same ear that he brings to the performance of a Mozart symphony simply cannot hear the message. For Scriabin speaks not only a new tone-language, but a new language of the soul.

A new tone-language first. While we cannot here explain the basis of this new language, it may at least be said that, while the classical language of music was founded upon the octave and its division into major and minor scales, Scriabin, in his later works, which reveal his true self, evolves his musical substance out of the tones produced by a series of fourths. Such tones melodically considered form modal series which constitute the warp and woof of his compositions. While this may not mean much to the lay reader, it should at least convey the idea of a fundamental change, a sort of chemical change transforming the very cells of music.

This, however, is only the outer manifestation of an inner musical rebirth. With Scriabin the deep philosophy of Eastern mysticism enters the realm of Western music. Romantic emotionalism he transmutes into spiritual and metaphysical aspiration. The egocentric attitude of the last century, at times offensive, becomes with him the divine urge for self-realization. Music is reborn as a manifestation of the true and universal religion of life. And it must be approached as such if it is to be at all comprehended. It must be realized as a subjective experience, a tone experience; whereas classical music before Beethoven was essentially to be contemplated as an objective pattern, even though at times a pattern of cosmic proportions.

It is some such higher subjectivism which must be the keynote of Western music as it becomes incarnated into the new human soil of America, — a quality that has something in common with the lyricism that makes the poems of Walt Whitman *alive* and exalting.

Meanwhile, though the authentic tendency is becoming clearer, there is the inevitable confusion of a transition period. New York, the great clearing house of world art, is welcoming all, good, bad, and indifferent. Fortunately the musical emulsion is settling down a little; the oil and vinegar of new and old are separating. The Latin reactionaries and their apostle, Stravinsky, are falling back

to tonalities, to seventeenth century ideals, to music which is decorative art. Lovely and prodigiously talented as their works may be, they belong to an outworn creed, dissonances and instrumental novelties notwithstanding. Schoenberg's group are also identified with the past in their rule-ordained music.

What remains? The spirit of all those who, conscious that here, on American soil, a "new world" is being generated, are willing to toil and suffer and learn and search, impersonally, religiously, stubbornly, so that the new musical order may become a fact, so that a new sense of music may transfigure both creators and recipients. Names do not matter. But the dawn of a new musical era may be descried in the open-air orchestras of California where a new public is being constituted whose approach to music is direct, unanalytical, pure. The dawn is manifest in the persons of a few young American composers under thirty and of one or two elders who are striving, from coast to coast, to articulate new sounds which shall correspond to the new spirituality of the era in which we live. This is the music of the beginning, — humble and obscure as all beginnings must be.

Contrary to popular assumption, the new music does not come in the form of something startling and tremendous. European composers may go on producing startling masses of sound, hair-raising dissonances, which upon examination prove to be meaningless and poor. The new music will bring, not so much an unusual form as new tone experiences which, to be heard, will have to be listened to with new ears.

On the technical side this involves mainly a revaluation of sound. We have lost our sense of the importance and meaning of sound. Sound is the one common substance and foundation of all musicalities. It has laws of its own, a cosmic nature, a spiritual potency which all true musicians ought to know. Acoustics, as it is understood to-day, is but a fragment of an ancient and more complete knowledge. But even acoustics is a closed book to many composers. On the rock of the knowledge of sound and tone, and not of rules dealing with the form of compositions, will the new music be established. The deeper the knowledge, the more authentic the musical inspiration, and only upon the most secure foundations can we hope to build a tower that will pierce through skies that no longer reveal the old customary gods.

THE RELIGION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

GINO SPERANZA

IS there a religion, — in a broad, transcendental sense, — historically and characteristically American? The writer contends there is and defines it as a "republican Christianity characteristically democratic and American because it 'facilitates the use of free institutions,' being itself free and self-governing". In surveying American religion, the author concludes that no religion can be genuinely American unless it shares the essential spirit that stamps American democracy, while transcending sectarian doctrines.

THROUGHOUT the history of European civilization we find two great spiritual forces operative in the making of nations and the changing of human destinies: the love of Country and the love of God. These deep human emotions, — Patriotism and Religion, — often run parallel and at times even merge. Indeed, in their highest manifestation they are a single form of dedication, — the surrender of one's self to something higher, the acceptance of self-sacrifice as the noblest discipline of the spirit. These two great emotions have constituted the great spiritual bond linking together the members of large or small social groupings in that close fellowship of mind and heart which is the intangible cement of every race and well-knit nation. It is this sympathetic fellowship that transmutes mere legal citizens of a political state into kith and kin in the family of the Nation-Spiritual, and out of it grows what, in the modern state, has been called a high sense of nationhood. At its foundation there lies a similarity of traditional, historical, and cultural experience or a "uniformity and conformity of ideas and aspirations which makes a whole race or nation throb with the same emotions and pulsate with the same ideas".

Statesmen, historians, and scholars have recognized the kinship between Patriotism and Religion and their power as spiritual forces in national life and unity; yet history is also replete with examples of the *exploitation* of these deep human emotions for more or less selfish and ignoble ends.

Authority, both civil and ecclesiastical, has, each in turn, attempted to make itself the object of these emotions, — and of the loyalties springing from them, — almost invariably for the purpose of strengthening the position and adding to the prestige of

some individual or privileged class in control of the Government.

The liberal movement in both Europe and America included a revolt against such exploitation in the religious, no less than in the political field. But the politico-ecclesiastical conditions in our colonies differed widely from those of Europe; so that while the revolt in the religious field in some Continental countries partook of an antichurch and even an atheistic attack, the movement in America was in no way against religion and least of all against Christianity.

With us it was, in the spiritual as in the political field, distinctly a *revolt against outside control*, against privilege of any class or hierarchy, civil or priestly, political or ecclesiastical.

It is necessary, here, to distinguish between certain terms involved in this discussion which to-day are often confused. I refer to the words "Church", "Religion", "State", and "Nation". In neither set are these terms synonymous from the standpoint of American history, although they are almost interchangeable as regards certain countries of Europe. With us, in a very real sense, the Nation is above the State. The latter is not, as in the conception of other civilizations, a supreme and all-embracing personality, but it is the creation of the will of the Nation, which can make or unmake its government and its laws.

Even more profound with us is, historically, the distinction between "Church" and "Religion" as compared with the almost interchangeable character of these terms in Continental history. And it is because of such distinction that, in contemplation of both our law and our history, the constitutional principle of the separation of Church and State does not involve the disassociation of Religion from Patriotism or of Christian ideals from national aspirations. It is true that there has been, recently, heated discussion to the contrary; but this has arisen largely from overemphasizing the *letter* of a legal or constitutional maxim at the cost of its spiritual and historical content.

The confusion which has arisen from the failure to distinguish between the legal and the historical meaning of words has been increased, on the one hand, by the reluctance of American people frankly to discuss religious questions, and, on the other, by the lack of easily available historical works dealing with the influence of religion upon American life and institutions.

The confusion in the popular mind over this question has, moreover, been more or less consciously made use of by certain self-appointed and rather vociferous "interpreters" of our history and institutions who are largely recruited from the ranks of our more recently "Americanized" alien masses. These newest of our critics have, culturally and historically, a wholly Continental background, and their "interpretations" suffer from such limitation of experience and point of view. Yet, taking advantage of the popular reluctance to discuss religious matters and of the lack of historical preparation in this field among large sections of our people, they have adroitly led many persons to believe that it was "intolerant", if not illegal, to consider America as a religious and Christian nation, and that, under the legal principle of the separation of Church and State, great spiritual possessions of our people, — such as the Bible and our Christian ideals, — must be barred from our national life.

To submit to such things would mean that we have ceased to be either free or American; nor can the Old Stock reluctance to discuss such questions pass muster as "tolerance" when New Stock aggressiveness in the attempt to foist its own interpretations upon our national life is becoming a daily challenge.

What, then, is the record of fact and of history in this great question of the relation and influence of Religion upon our national life and institutions? And how is it affected, if at all, by the constitutional principle of the separation of Church and State?

There is a wealth of historic and social data to draw from if only our people will take the time and patience to study it; but here we can only give the merest outline.

"The Constitution," says the greatest of our religious historians, "did not create a nation nor its religion and institutions. It found them already existing and was framed for the purpose of protecting them under a republican form of government in a rule of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Indeed, not only were most of the Founders of the Nation men of deep Christian convictions, but throughout the proceedings of the Continental Congress and other great nation-building gatherings, a high sense of Christian reverence is vividly present in the framing of our basic institutions.

The oft-quoted passage from Washington's *Farewell Address* may well bear repeating and stressing: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports."

A century later Grover Cleveland, speaking at the White House, said, "All must admit that the reception of the teachings of Christianity results in the purest patriotism . . . and in the best type of citizenship." And only a short while ago the Chief Magistrate of the Republic said: "Our government rests upon religion."

So with the sociologists and historians. De Tocqueville, writing in the early thirties, records: "There is no country in the world where Christian religion retains a greater influence . . . than in America. . . . It must be regarded as the foremost of the political institutions of that country."

A later and greater observer has confirmed this fundamental fact in our national beginnings and development thus: "It was religious zeal and the religious conscience," writes Bryce, "which led to the founding of the New England colonies two centuries and a half ago, — those colonies whose spirit has in such a large measure passed into the whole nation. Religion and conscience have been a constantly active force in the American Commonwealth ever since."

It is to be noted that in all these judgments, by our own and outside observers, what is explicitly stressed is the influence of religion on the national life, and not at all the effects of any ecclesiastical body, native or foreign. We are therefore confronted with a force, operative throughout our history from the very inception of the democracy, which is distinctly religious though in no sense organized or represented by any church, denomination, or sect. Being represented by no organized church body such religion, by its very nature, transcends all statistical measurements; and therefore those who gauge the religiousness or irreligiousness of the Nation (as they often gauge its morality) merely by the census returns on church communicants are liable to draw some very misleading conclusions. Indeed a recent Catholic writer goes so far as to claim that because "sixty-eight million citizens" under the last census belonged to "no organized body of religious worshipers" they, therefore, "professed them-

selves to be stark infidels." The census figures show, he claims, that "two-thirds of the people are religious illiterates."

The fact is that the religion of American democracy has no shrine or altars and no priesthood or outward signs and symbols by which it can be measured and gauged. It dwells, as does patriotism, in the hearts of the people, and one realizes its presence and its power only in times of stress, whenever the spiritual heritage of the Nation seems threatened or endangered.

What, then, is this American Religion? What is its historic and spiritual content? And why has it been justly called "a democratic and republican Religion", or, as I have preferred to term it, the Religion of American Democracy?

We have already seen that it is the creed of no specific church or sect, and that while it allows perfect freedom to any religious belief, native or alien, Occidental or Oriental, yet in its spirit, philosophy, and ideals it is historically and specifically Christian. We shall not dignify the casuistry of some of our non-Christian citizens by any consideration of their "legal proofs" to the contrary. Suffice it to say that America is, religiously, as distinctly a Christian nation as its civilization and culture are distinctly Occidental and European and not Oriental or Semitic.

But besides its culturally Christian essence, what gives to the Religion of the Republic its distinctly democratic and American character is that *spirit of freedom* and *self-government* which is historically traceable to the "religious zeal and conscience" that led to the founding of the New England colonies. This spirit which has "in such a large measure passed into the whole nation" is *the spirit of the Puritan.*

I use "Puritanism" here in its broadest historical and philosophic meaning, as that spiritual and social force which changed the destinies of England as well as of this continent, and not merely as a narrow religious symbol so conveniently set up by recent controversialists in the attempt to demolish a great reality by striking at its shadow.

In this large and true sense the spirit of Puritanism is primarily the *spirit of self-government.* As such it is a perpetual protest and revolt *against control from without*, and against privilege that is not granted by the people.

To enter into this spirit one must understand and feel what the

Puritan meant by freedom. It does not mean "merely cutting loose from old moorings and drifting with wind and tide". The Puritan has unfailingly recognized the need of a pilot "to take the wheel and trim our sails and lay our course", but he has always sought him within himself. He does not urge mankind to be masterless, but summons us to "bear the sceptre" of our own control "through life and the passion of life". If that summons still stirs us as with the sound of a trumpet, as Stuart P. Sherman puts it, "and frees and prepares us . . . for the ardor and discipline and renunciation of a pilgrimage, we are Puritans" no matter when or where we were born.

Historically, however, this spirit of self-mastery and freedom is associated with a specific period in English and American history when it was aroused against oppression and privilege and outside control, in both State and Church.

In the political field it swept through the Halls of Westminster when Pym and Cromwell and the Roundheads shouted "Privilege! Privilege!" against a monarch usurping the ancient rights of Parliament; and it stirred our own colonial gatherings with the thrill of Patrick Henry's great warning to George III. No less mightily was that spirit stirring in the religious field. The life spiritual no less than the life corporeal claimed its right to self-government. It brooked no intercession, no intermediary authority in its relationships with God.

In such a mighty struggle the Puritan sought his spiritual and moral authority in that Book which "more than any other teaches the duty of man to resist oppression, to count suffering as naught in defense of the right. . . ." It is in this sense that the Bible, in fact and in history, is the Great Charter of Self-Government for the English-speaking world; and to it the American people turn in every great national crisis.

While on the political side this spirit laid the foundations of the American Republic, on the spiritual side it set forth the basic principle of the Religion of American Democracy. In both it aspired to, and insisted on, self-government, or, in the words of President Coolidge: "It stood primarily for a government in which the people chose all of their own magistrates" and "for a church in which each congregation determined its own course. . . ."

Now the outstanding fact historically discernible in the American Revolution is that the spirit of this democratic religion breathed over all churches and sects throughout the colonies. Obviously some of these churches, either because of their deeply set roots in Continental traditions and habits of mind, or because of their organization and system of government, were less prepared for the new democratic spirit in religion; while others were, by their very nature and history, an expression or manifestation of such self-governing spirit and democratic organization.

The Calvinistic sects, such as the Presbyterians for example, which included our historically important Scotch-Irish pioneer stock, were, by the very nature of their church-system, self-governing bodies.

Similarly with the non-conformist churches, and more especially with the Congregationalists and Baptists, the movement for "ecclesiastical nationalization" was a very simple and natural matter. They had few, if any, ecclesiastical entanglements with Europe or hierarchical dependencies from which to cut loose. Especially the Baptists were, as Dr. Edward F. Humphrey says, known as "apostles of local independence" and possessed from the start "a most distinctive American character which they have preserved through most trying circumstances." Other denominations instead, had, to a greater or less degree, definite obstacles which stood in the way of as ready "Americanization" or of as prompt assimilation of the spirit of the religion of the democracy. They were not, historically and ecclesiastically, as well prepared for that "independency" or "American way", which is what Englishmen called the passionate desire for self-government of our colonial Puritans. These obstacles were in part cultural, as where the churches represented a civilization or religious and ecclesiastical tradition more or less alien to that of the Puritan; or they arose from the special character of their hierarchical system of government.

Thus the Dutch Reformed Churches had to overcome their relationships with "the Reverend Fathers" in Holland, and the German Reformed denominations, — the Lutheran and Moravian Churches, — had considerable trouble in securing their "independency" from more or less active Continental control. Indeed, as late as 1782 "the connection of the American congre-

gations with the governing board in Germany" was actually strengthened.

Even some of the English-speaking Protestant sects had their difficulties. The Quakers, for example, were slow in breaking their ties with English Quakerism, and the Methodists submitted to at least the nominal authority of Wesley until his death. The latter, moreover, labored under the same difficulty that confronted the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches in America. All of these three sects had not only the strongest ties with European history, but they were all dependent upon an outside ecclesiastical authority represented by a distinctly European and non-Puritan hierarchical organization of non-American bishops, from whom the clergy in the colonies derived their powers and authority as ministers and priests.

But when the spirit of the new democratic religion swept over the land the Methodist Episcopalians broke almost immediately from actual English ecclesiastical control. By 1784 they had adopted a charter of self-government by and of the American Methodist Episcopal Church which "may well challenge comparison with the results of the Federal Convention" of three years later as a declaration of republican and democratic rights.

Even more striking was the "Americanization" of the Anglican Church. Of all the colonial denominations that of the Church of England was, in many ways, the most important and powerful. It owed, more than any other Protestant church, a distinct, quasi-political allegiance to the British Crown, and socially and intellectually it had the most intimate ties with the mother country.

Yet when political independence was secured by the colonies the authority of, and the ecclesiastical dependence on, the Bishop of London was completely and definitely cut off. By 1789 the American members of the Church of England agreed on a national constitution for the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, which was nationally ratified and almost immediately followed by the adoption of an American "Book of Common Prayer".

The Roman Catholics had a very difficult situation. They were few and their priesthood was scattered and disorganized owing to a recent Papal decree dissolving the Jesuit Order. Add to this

their historic dependence upon a distinctly alien ecclesiastical authority in whose election they had no part. Nevertheless the spirit of the religion of the democracy carried them away, too, and under the leadership of patriots like the Carrolls they immediately endeavored to nationalize their church and to secure for it as much of democratic self-government as they could wrest from Rome.

Thus the Reverend John Carroll made no attempt to hide his anxiety over the dependence of American Catholicism on the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide of Rome. Writing to his priests in the early days he says: "We shall, in a few years, stand in absolute need of a Bishop but that of a Bishop apostolic would give great umbrage, on account of his entire dependence, both for his station and conduct, on a foreign jurisdiction; he must be a diocesan Bishop, and his appointment must come neither from His Holiness, for that would create more jealousy in our government than even in France, Germany, or Spain, nor from the Assemblies or different Executives . . . but he should be chosen by the Catholic clergy themselves."

Indeed, the early years of American Catholicism in our national life register many battles for administrative independence from the control of Rome; and that spirit of self-government has, time and again, made itself felt in American Catholicism down to our days, though not always with the success of the early years.

What blocked the path to "Independency and the American Way" for Roman Catholicism in the Revolution, and blocks it to-day, is the character of the ecclesiastical and hierarchical government in that Church. Such government does not, and by the nature of its ecclesiastical organization cannot, originate in the governed. It rests on a supreme and infallible authority of any power exercised by a ruler "natively" alien to the aspirations and ideals, to the history and culture, and to the language and religion of the American democracy.

But what interests us here is, as I have pointed out, that at the founding of the nation, Roman Catholicism as well as all other faiths and beliefs was stirred with an ardent desire to live up to the spirit of self-government and self-mastery so characteristic of the Puritan and Calvinistic denominations.

Bearing in mind all that I have attempted to set forth, in outline, certain conclusions may now be summarized:

First, that religion, no less than patriotism, has been one of the great forces operative in our national life, recognized and reverenced by the Founders and the great body of the American people.

Second, that the Constitutional principle of the Separation of Church and State by no means implies, and historically and spiritually cannot possibly imply, the divorcing of Christian aspirations from American life and our national ideals.

Third, that while under such Constitutional principle every church or belief is free and protected in its equality before the law of the land, yet in the life of the Nation-Spiritual, no church or sect can be profoundly and intimately American which, in its aspirations and ecclesiastical organization, lacks the spirit of that republican Christianity which herein has been called the Religion of American Democracy.

Fourth, that such republican Christianity is characteristically democratic and American because it "facilitates the use of free institutions", being itself free and self-governing.

Fifth, that while, legally, all churches and faiths are free within the Republic, yet some are, by their very history, character, or organization, more adapted and "native" to the spirit of the Religion of American Democracy, and some are less so.

Under these circumstances it may appear important, — and indeed it is important, — that the churches of the more "native" type should remain the predominant influence in American religious life; but the essential and vital condition is that the spirit of the Religion of the Democracy, rather than that of any one denomination, should continue to be, as it has been, a determining force in the aspirations and ideals of the American People. For it is this self-governing spirit, and not any guarantees written on our legislative tablets, which really assures us freedom not only in our various forms of worship but in all things spiritual in our national life and institutions.

That is why we must stand courageously and unflinchingly for this democratic and republican religion. It is one of the great spiritual heritages of the nation handed down from the Founders. Without it, we might still be a great nation; but we should cease to be, spiritually, either free or American.

AM I A JEW?

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

THIS is the fourth of a series of discussions of the Jewish problem begun by Lothrop Stoddard and continued by Mr. Fox. Mr. Studdert Kennedy here attempts to answer the question, "What makes the Jew so obnoxious to most Anglo-Saxons?" Other races have the characteristics usually indicted, and in an even more marked degree. More important is the suggestion that the Jews have always regarded the end as the thing. They are the chosen people,—but what if the Anglo-Saxons were the lost ten tribes?

SOME nineteen hundred years ago, in a little sun-baked city of an outlying Roman province, it chanced on a day that there was a great commotion. A tribal feast was being celebrated, and a multitude from all the region round about had come up to the city to worship in a temple set on a hill in the midst of it. It was a turbulent occasion always and the Roman governor had accordingly taken precautions to preserve a Roman peace. On this particular occasion, however, the uproar was worse than usual; great crowds had assembled from early morning outside the governor's palace, and were loud in their clamor that he should come out to them. They were haling a man to judgment, a sedition monger, so their leaders declared, a man who went about stirring up the people, and calling himself a king whereas they knew, and the governor knew, that there was no king but Caesar.

The governor comes out, and the man is dragged before him; a veritable babel is let loose; charges are hurled from all sides; dust is thrown in the air. At last, the guard succeeds in commanding silence. The governor questions the man. It is difficult. The man has very little to say, and the governor is uneasy. His wife has warned him not to have anything to do with this just man. He would save him. He asks him bluntly if he is, as the people say, a king.

To which the man, for the first time speaking, makes reply, asking the governor if he said this thing of himself or if others had put the words into his mouth. The governor's rejoinder blazes with contempt.

"Am I a Jew?" he cries. "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me. What hast thou done?"

Some nineteen hundred years later, in this present year of

grace, two men were seated in a spacious office on one of the higher floors of a New York skyscraper. They were talking about the race to which the man had belonged.

"What is there," said one, "about the Jew that makes him so, — well I don't like to use the word obnoxious, but still that is what it amounts to, — so obnoxious to most Gentiles, especially Anglo-Saxons."

"What exactly are you thinking of?" queried the other.

"Oh," replied the first speaker, with a laugh, "his oiliness, his aggressiveness, the shape of his nose, the amazing fecundity of his beard, his walk, his gesticulations, his servility when at the wrong side of the fence, his damnable vindictiveness when he gets to the right side, his —"

He paused for a word, and writhed unconsciously in his chair. I, — for indeed it was the present writer, — watched him with interest. Here was a man of culture and refinement, of good Anglo-Saxon stock, one who had traveled far, seen much, and foregathered widely and sympathetically with his fellow-men. He prided himself on his tolerance, and yet, when afforded the opportunity to describe his first untutored feelings towards the Jew, quickly worked himself up into a veritable frenzy of aversion, and clearly reveled in the exercise of such license.

I looked out of the window over the city with its skyscrapers and its bridges, and, as I did so, it slowly faded out and, in its place, there slowly faded in, as the movie people have it, the little sun-baked town of nineteen hundred years ago; and there was the multitude, and there was the man, and there was the Roman governor and he seemed to me to be saying over and over again, "Am I a Jew? Am I a Jew?" Every time he said it there was more scorn in his voice. The Christian world has uniformly condemned the Roman governor, and yet all that is untamed and untutored in that world is still asking the same question, with the same intonation, and the same intent.

Why?

I had often asked myself that question, as must thousands and thousands of others, all down the ages; but to-day I seemed to ask it with more impatience and more insistence than ever before. I was tired of learned discussion, — tired to death of it.

"Other people are oily," I muttered to myself as I took my

way, later on, through Central Park, "much oilier than the Jews; the Esquimaux for instance, — simply nothing else but oil. And yet people don't object to him for that; while, as to aggressiveness, could anything be more abominably aggressive than your hundred and twenty per cent American, sure-fire, go-getter, with his tortured cigar, his confident hopes, and his copious expectorations? No sir, nothing. And as to the shape of his nose, other races have typical noses; the Hottentots, for instance, or Negroes, or Japanese. Moreover, the Jewish nose is a beautiful nose; yes sir, a beautiful nose, and I say it in spite of the fact that I know the next time I see one I shall murmur, 'A Jew right enough,' or atrocious words to that effect. And then as to his beard, he is a veritable Jacob compared with the ruddy Esaus from the Highlands of Scotland; while in the matter of walk, who objects to the deep sea roll of the seafaring man, or the trip trip of the Frenchman, or the waddle of the Dutchman, or the amiable slither of the Southern negro? If it is a matter of gesticulation, are not the gesticulations of your Parisian boulevardier worse than all the gesticulations of the Ghetto? Yes, of course, they are. Yet we do not dislike the Hottentot for the shape of his nose, the Highlander for his hair, the Dutchman for his lurch or the Frenchman for his hand waving. No indeed, we like them all, all the more because of these things."

Well, I was at a loss, and as I often do in such cases, I began to dream dreams and see visions. The beaten paths of cold reasoning knew me no more, and I was standing close by a tent door on an Eastern plain. A woman in the simple dress of a bygone age is talking earnestly to a boy, a mere stripling, girt about with goat skin. As she talks she fastens the skin of a kid of the goat on the boy's arms and on the smooth of his neck. "For behold Esau, my brother, is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man."

The vision passes, and out of the depths of the haze there seems to come only the bitter cry of Esau, — "Is he not rightly named Jacob? For behold he has supplanted me these two times. He took away my birthright: and behold now he hath taken away my blessing." Yet it was through the seed of Jacob that all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, and have indeed been blessed.

What is the answer to it all? I find it somehow in this. To the

Jew, — from the beginning, — the end has ever been the thing; the means actually or apparently necessary for attainment have always been of comparatively minor importance. When looking out most clearly from the high places of Zion the Jewish seer has seen the whole duty of man with a clarity and completeness unequaled by the seers of any other race. But by the time the vision had been handed down by the few on the mountain-tops to the many in the valleys, it had become so sadly distorted and overlaid as to be a travesty of its real self.

And so the race to whom was committed the light that was to lighten the Gentiles and to guide their feet into the way of peace, became in their own eyes the chosen people of a tribal God, destined to attain domination over the heathen and justified in any and every means necessary for its attainment. In this struggle there was to be no quarter and no code of honor, as the Gentile understood such codes.

All down the ages it has been the same; first the three thousand ducats and then the pound of flesh. The centuries are resonant with the outraged cries of the Gentile as he finds himself outmaneuvered by the Jew. To the Anglo-Saxon heavyweight, the Marquis of Queensberry rules are the law and prophets of the world's ring: to the agile exponent of Semitic Jiu-Jitsu, they are nothing at all that matters. To the Anglo-Saxon heavyweight, the means are all important, to the Jew it is the end alone that is of any moment.

Here, as it seems to me, is the key to the whole situation. The Jew according to the Anglo-Saxon does not play the game. He not only breaks the rules, all through the game itself, but he is a bad loser and a worse winner. He tears his hair and rends his garments and sits in sack-cloth and ashes if he loses; but if he wins, he smokes a big cigar and puffs the smoke into your face.

The pity and yet the great hope of the thing lies in the fact that the Anglo-Saxon and the Jew are both right and both wrong. Combine the whole-hearted devotion of the Jew to the attainment of a high end, — no matter how sadly inadequate his interpretation of that end may be, — with the honor and truth of the Anglo-Saxon in striving for this attainment, and something very near the working of Principle will be attained.

There are some who think that the Anglo-Saxon race are the

lost ten tribes of the House of Israel. In no direction, so it seems to me, does this theory find more support than in the obviously complementary character of the Jew and the Anglo-Saxon. Force of circumstances is throwing them more and more together. In self-defense, they must learn to understand each other better. This they are actually doing. The reason why we do not recognize it more than we do is the obvious one, namely, that as the Jew loses the defects of his virtues, he is accepted in the great family of his Anglo-Saxon brethren without comment or any sense of strangeness. And he in turn resents just as strongly as the Anglo-Saxon that attitude towards life from which he has freed himself. We all know such Jews, and we know that they are the salt of the earth for goodness and all the qualities that make man lovable to men.

Well, when I had got thus far I felt better about it. I had reached the top of the little artificial hill which rises suddenly in the midst of Central Park, and I paused to take breath and to look around me. To the west, as far as the eye could see, lay the new Judea; to the east, the hard-pressed territory of the "Northern Kingdom". I was about to utter a sigh and wonder if the two would ever really meet, when I looked round me and, close by, saw two small boys playing marbles; one was a little Jewish boy and the other was a little Gentile. As I watched, I noticed particularly the little Jewish boy. He was playing fair.

THE DECLINE OF EATING IN AMERICA

THURSTON MACAULEY

EATING on this side of the Atlantic has become one of the lost arts. Not that the ingenious scientists of this age have given us a substitute for food, though we do hear frequent talk about "capsule meals" of the future, I am optimistic enough to think that such a condition will not be brought about for, at least, many centuries to come. Anyway, the present status of eating is bad enough. Instead of being preserved as the most thoroughly delightful of all forms of social intercourse, — as they should be, — our meals have suffered woefully at the hands of that worst curse of our times, standardization.

Blame, too, the fact that we are a nation of money-makers. The American business man, estimating every tick of his clock in dollars and cents, feels he is losing money if he lingers an hour or so over his luncheon, when he can dash into a restaurant for a hurried snack, sufficient to sustain him until it is time for dinner. On the other hand, the European invariably spends an hour or two in the middle of the day, glad of the opportunity to forget awhile his business trials and tribulations. American *restaurateurs*, realizing this state of affairs, make a specialty of speed. As one example of the extremes to which they have gone in this particular, there is a chain of lunching establishments in New York that proudly advertises on its menus "A Meal A Minute." In the majority of our restaurants the waiters barely give the diner time to finish one course before the next is brought on. The more people served the more tips is, I imagine, the way they look at it.

Writing recently in the New York "World", H. L. Mencken asserted that railway dining cars have done much to lower our standards of eating. He pointed out that the diners transport, from one end of our land to the other, an assortment of foods that are remarkably lacking in any appreciable zest and utterly devoid of appeal to the palate, resulting in a nation-wide sameness of the very worst sort in eating. "Distances are so great," he declared, "in the Federal Union that the man who does much traveling eats most of his meals on trains. So he gets used to dishes that all taste

alike, whatever their ostensible contents, and ends by being unable to distinguish one from another. . . . In a kitchen two feet wide and eleven feet long four or five honest but uninspired Aframericans try to concoct fifteen or twenty different dishes. They naturally spoil all of them."

I agree with what Mr. Mencken maintains about dining cars, but bad though their influence may be, they do not deserve all the blame. The almost innumerable Childs establishments have done their part in taking the joy out of eating. So have the automats, the cafeterias, and the hurry-up lunch counters. Not being particularly statistically inclined, I cannot quote the exact figures as to the number of Childs restaurants that there are to the square mile. But in my own peregrinations I have often had the familiar white front bob out at me at times when I least expected it. Chains of hotels are another reason for standardization in eating. Allowing for slight variations dependent on the local food supply there is scarcely any difference between hotel meals in Seattle and Baltimore.

Prohibition has had a lamentable effect on our restaurants. When beer, wines, cocktails, and liqueurs were relegated to the class of illicit commodities eating became less of a pleasure and more of a matter of routine. Many sinners like myself deem it ever so much more enjoyable to dine with a bottle of Sauterne at one's elbow and top it off with Chartreuse, rather than in the approved Volstead fashion of to-day. A restaurant owner recently told me that it was almost impossible for him to make any profit any more without overcharging his patrons. Before Prohibition, he explained, you could come out ahead, — but to-day! Food alone hardly takes care of overhead expenses. Look, too, at the ever-growing list of famous establishments that have closed their doors of late: Jack's, a landmark on Sixth Avenue, New York, for some thirty-four years; Joel's, a favorite rendezvous of the intellectuals in West Forty-first Street; Browne's Chop House, which dated back to 1857 when it was founded by an actor in Lester Wallack's company; Mouquin's, where the French cooking was worth traveling many miles, and others almost equally well known. While some of the old places, rich in culinary tradition, still linger on, — such as Luchow's on Fourteenth Street, renowned throughout the country for its excellent

German cooking, and the Brevoort and Lafayette, where the French cuisine is *really* French and not merely an American conception of it, — they are but spectre-like visions of their former selves.

One of the few rare occasions when the American business man will not bolt his food and run is the weekly Rotary or Kiwanis luncheon. As a cub reporter on a newspaper in a thriving manufacturing city, I was regularly assigned to "cover" the local Rotarian luncheons. At first I was elated. Newspaper men's salaries are notoriously little: one good meal a week, at any rate. How I stood it for many months, as I now look back on it, I do not know. Every week the food was just the same. It was most unappetizingly prepared and invariably cold by the time it was set before me. Every week the same booster songs were sung, eulogizing the achievements of their fair city. Every week the same insipid "pep" talks issued forth from the lips of some local oracle, — a garage owner one week, an insurance salesman another week, and an undertaker the next. When an even greener reporter appeared to relieve me of this assignment I experienced a tremendous sense of relief.

In the matter of lunching business women are, it seems to me, in some ways even worse offenders than their male counterparts. Most stenographers and other office workers indulge in an ice-cream soda, a frosted chocolate, or some such frothy concoction, together with an occasional sandwich, at a conveniently near drug store. Others patronize a Schrafft's in the neighborhood, where, like Childs, the food is expensive and the service hurried in the extreme. At such a place no meal can be taken leisurely, save at an off hour, for there are always people standing about expecting one to vacate one's seat before the dessert is finished. Rather than eat under such conditions I would almost be willing to go hungry.

I blame the feminine sex for the preponderance of tea-rooms in New York and other centres, where emphasis is laid on furnishings instead of food. The tea-room blight has been the bane of many a man's existence. To-day not a few urban dwellers, rather than tackle the servant problem, dine out, while still others reside in non-housekeeping apartments, which, by the way, seem to be springing up in great numbers. I know of not a few

husbands whose wives lead them nightly to some "simply *adorable* little place" where dinners of microscopic proportions are served. Like true Spartans they bear their sufferings bravely, though not without certain inward longings for huge and juicy cuts of roast beef and porterhouse steak. Men are not necessarily averse to frequenting eating places that are attractively gotten up; but it is almost too much to expect them to go hungry simply for the sake of interior decoration. Batik hangings and yellow candles are all very well, but they will never take the place of a good hearty meal.

Lest I be set down as a rank misogynist let me state that the fact that a restaurant is run by a woman is not always sufficient justification for condemning it. There are some exceptions, to be sure. One particularly worthy of noting here that comes to mind is Mrs. Beckwith's, which is, for those who relish good foods in plenty, an oasis in the midst of a desert of bizarre Greenwich Village tea-rooms that, no doubt, profit exceedingly on their meagre table d'hotes.

Certain restaurants, such as the one in the Hotel Algonquin, New York, are constantly thronged because of the celebrities and would-be celebrities that are supposed to lunch there. The food at the Algonquin is nothing out of the ordinary, — it is about what one would expect at any fairly good hostelry. The prices are far from reasonable. In one of the dining rooms a table is reserved daily for members of the smart literati, — critics, columnists, editors, and others. Because of the hotel's proximity to the theatrical district an occasional actress or two will drop in from time to time. However, nine-tenths of the luncheoners are girls from fashionable finishing schools getting a thrill at seeing their idols in the flesh or youngsters endeavoring to create the impression that they are in the literary swim. No doubt, many an aspiring author has made all sorts of sacrifices to lunch there now and then, hoping someone may take notice of him. I saw Theodore Dreiser there one day, looking curiously out of place in such a milieu.

Not a few excellent restaurants are spoiled through the simple expedient of being "discovered". Once a place is ballyhooed about as *the* place to go it is as good as ruined. For then the curious ones flock there in droves just because it is the thing to do.

This will explain the reticence of your true connoisseur in eating. He knows better than to tell his friends about his choicest haunts. He wants them to stay as they are, not to become filled with a lot of sight-seers.

Why so many New Yorkers who dine out repair, night after night *ad infinitum* to the very same places, when they have practically the whole world at their door-steps, is more than I can imagine. They may frequent a restaurant where the food is both appetizing and reasonable and the surroundings conducive to good digestion. Though one would think they would tire of it eventually, apparently they do not. In many cases, I cannot help but feel that it is because they do not know better.

For years I have been a diner-out. I have always made every meal a highly fascinating and interesting experience by visiting as many different restaurants as possible. Of course, I have my favorites, where I go more often. One night I journey across the city to Second Avenue for that incomparable soup, *borsch*, at the Russian Bear and to hear the tuneful music of the *balalaika* orchestra. Another night it will be the Roumanian Rendezvous, a little farther down the same foreign-looking thoroughfare. Or, if I feel in the mood for rich, Oriental delicacies I pay a visit to a tiny Syrian café on Washington Street, just off the Battery. Again, craving a selection of hors d'oeuvres, I will go to Henry's, a Swedish restaurant, where the *smörgåsbord* is a treat for all epicures. There, on a long table in the centre of an upstairs dining room are placed, in grand and glorious array, fifty different kinds of hors d'oeuvres. Above is a placard, "Help Yourself, — But Don't Waste."

These are only a few of many. I could go on listing them indefinitely, in my eagerness to explain why eating is something I approach with the utmost anticipation.

Some steps have been made in the right direction, however, — such as the Three Hours for Lunch Club, founded by the amiable Christopher Morley and other kindred spirits. But to me our main difficulty seems to be a failure to make a distinction between the two words, — gourmand and gourmet. When we cease to regard eating as something to be done purely out of habit, finding in it instead untold aesthetic delights, our only regret will be that we did not comprehend earlier.

SONNETS

THE SEAFARING MOON

IT is the moon forbids me to forget,
It is the stubborn, the seafaring moon,
A windy hull with standing canvas set.
Chanteymen keep her silver nerves in tune,
Cloud-shadows scrawl her decks with violet,
Stars catch among her rigging. Very soon
She'll dip and vanish. I shall feel her yet,
Trampling the servile tides that fawn and croon,
Wanting her freedom as I want my own.
You gray gulls storming from the river-mouth,
On the whirled mist, go with her! You alone
Can follow after crying your wild cries.
She is Greek, I think, a ship with painted eyes.
When I last saw her they were looking south.

— *Grace Hazard Conkling*

THE BROKEN CUP

NEVER beside you, but sometimes alone
I wonder what the chipped cup of my soul
Lifts to your lips to drink of; you have known
Lovelier beings; eyes that softly stole
Upon your face, nor gazed as my eyes do
Unwinkingly at yours with thoughts that crowd
For utterance. I search my memory through
Until I wake the ghosts and cry aloud
Finding some old despair. Too many doors
Are locked and yet fly open at a touch,
Revealing pierced hands and running sores;
These are not gifts to offer you as such.
Nothing I have for you, unless it is
My loving you despite my knowing this.

— *Amory Hare*

LONG AFTER

DUSK-LIKE and lovely was the way she came,
Into my heart, like evening over the earth,
Like evening into a room, — with candle-flame,
Shadow and hush and all that a dream is worth.
There was a sense of twilight at the door,
Poised on the threshold, and the entering in
Of one who changed that house forevermore. —
How should it be, again, what it had been?

Dusk-like and lovely was the way she went,
Out of the door, a lonely and sorrowful spell,
And not the stars knew what her going meant,
And not my heart that never has learned to tell
If this be memory coming late to flower,
Or dreams of dreams in this wide, haunted hour.

— *David Morton*

OVER ONE DEAD

THESE quiet feet once danced to youth's faint fluting;
These fragile hands on her thin, withered breast
Once cupped a child's head, pain of birth transmuting
To pride through love's swift peril unconfessed.
Do not pity her, now that she is dead,
Who knew the ancient pitifulness of living;
Already there are stars about her head,
And hope, at last shorn of its mild misgiving,
Resolved to faith and wrapping her in splendor,
Sets her feet firmly where in life they stumbled.
Mourn if you must, but pity is too tender, —
This sculptured dignity must not be humbled.

Her strange, sweet secret you may not surprise,
For death, the pitiless, has made her wise.

— *Virginia McCormick*

YOUR SHRINE

NEVER from open question and reply,
But gleaning from small casual things you say,
I try to guess what stars you journey by,
At what sequestered shrine you sometimes pray.
You pray? O, well, perhaps you only dream, —
But there is dogwood and wild apple there
Beside your door, and near it a young stream
Spinning gay bubbles past the maidenhair.
I know you would not deck a golden calf,
But yet, I think you keep some shining gold,
A warm, clay Venus, Pan with chiseled laugh,
And calm Demeter's curved maternal mold,
And on your altar's marble centre stand,
A Christ Child and a Cupid hand in hand.

— *Mildred Whitney Stillman*

BIOGRAPHY

THE essence of me will elude the line
That retails merely such things as I did.
From my historians much will be hid
Of what was deeply, intimately mine.
When I am dead some faithful chronicler
Perhaps may tell how I did thus, or so, —
What I refrained from doing who will know?
These will escape my best biographer:
The beckoning paths on which I never fared,
The secret ways down which I stole a look,
The longed-for journeys that I never took,
The bright, strange things I dreamed, — but never dared!

Deep in the grave my dust will stir and laugh
At what is written in my epitaph.

— *Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

THE PASSIONATE CHORISTER

THE white-robed choir-boys winding down the nave,
Sing a lip-service only, hollow sound,
Save one fair lad whose fervid face is crowned
By a high solemn passion; wave on wave
Leaps from a heart sincere that burns to save
To God the sacred hymn, and so profound
The one true voice that we are rapture bound,
As though an angel chorus held the stave.

Thus it is ever in life's careless choir, —
One hero tongue can save to truth the song,
One soul that burns with everlasting fire
Reveal in life's dim nave an angel throng.
When he appears our hope again grows strong;
Gazing on him we struggle and aspire.

— *William Goddard*

A NATION'S SONGS

PAUSE ere those half-remembered echoes die,
Ballads and stories, hymns and childish rhymes,
Sweet, lisping ditties like old English chimes
From neighbor spires, — a sacred minstrelsy
That haunts the household, falling from the sky,
As if the very soul of distant climes
Lived in each legend of the olden times
That heroes muttered in their infancy.

What if the pith and fibre of the race
Were nourished only thus? What if there dwells
Immortal ardor, manhood, courage, grace
In such old echoes, — mystic syllables
That do not die, but float upon the wind
Through nursery windows to preserve mankind?

— *John Jay Chapman*

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

PARALYZING THE PARENT

NOT long ago I reached the house of a friend, with whom I was to spend the night, before my host (the hare in his flivver) arrived. Poking about the garden, I observed his two daughters, six and four, climbing a tree. They did not notice me, however, so I padded nigh and listened in. The elder, who was already in the tree, rebuked her sister thus: "No, Sally, you mustn't begin to climb yet. You must wait till I've sung my morning song."

For a grown-up, with his sense of logical contrasts, this was too provocative for silence. "What do *you* sing, Sally?" I asked. Then, looking very clever: "Do you sing the evensong?"

Naturally I was somewhat taken aback when Sally, after recovering from her surprise at hearing the landscape speak, replied contemptuously: "No, you crazy nut. I'm the conductor."

My host's wife, when I later told her, thought it was "perfectly dreadful" of Sally to address a respectable old tortoise as a "crazy nut". But that didn't bother me half so much as the fact that my question appeared to the child completely illogical. It was evidently part of the ritual for the conductor to wait till the passenger had sung his (or her) morning song, and I ought to have known it.

I had recently been reading George Draper's article on "Paralyzing the Child" (in the July Forum), and one of the editors had kindly shown me John Jay Chapman's sonnet (in the present number) before it went to press. Sally might return undisturbed to the serious business of conductoring, but her remark, with the article and the sonnet in the back of my mind, set me to pondering. We are all so busy organizing and dominating our children ("superimposing small details of behavior and points of view," Dr. Draper puts it) that it must give us pause when a child, speaking out of the depths of reality, answers as Sally did.

Of course there are many amusing and instructive stories of children, precocious, naive, diabolic, angelic. But I am concerned now, and have been ever since Sally put me to rout, solely with the remarks which show significantly the gulf between our mental processes and those of the child and which, in the light of Draper's article and Chapman's sonnet, must cause us to reexamine the regimen which we so confidently set up. In this class, for example, I should put the reply of a little boy I know. Posing as the patronizing grown-up, I had just asked him his name and then his father's name. I should have been prepared for a look of scorn at my tomfool question; that would have reached my grown-up mind, even if it had also reached my solemn vanity. But the child answered with glee, "I've got two Daddies, — Daddy God and Daddy Brown."

"Sweet little boy!" comments the sentimental grown-up. But no such thing; the boy had no idea of reverence or love in him, — witness the competitive retort of his little sister:

"Well, that's nothing. My mother has two mothers. I don't know why, but she seems to."

Clearly the virtue lay with them in numbers, not in degree, of parents.

Of course I am not alone in my perplexities. Everywhere the grown-ups are reading signs and wondering if they have lost their way. It may be an exaggeration to assume, as Dr. Draper appears to, that parents and schools are perverse and malignant institutions, — "paralyzing the child." I fear he is right, though, in the main picture: being a parent doesn't justify paternalism. The trouble is, the advice seems to be rather negative. It's all very well to give up trying to project yourself (no question, that is a common and pernicious practice); but where do you go from there? Bewildered, you turn to the educators. And the first questions you ask them are of course:

How much should one (or two) restrict and direct a child?

If one is to direct, how should one go about it?

Roughly, there appear to be three main schools of thought in

modern education. Any one of them, single-handed, is quite fit to talk a parent down. Combined, or taken tandem, the three produce something akin to paralysis.

The first may be called the *laissez faire* school. Its champions, impressed by the evils of coercion, are trying the other extreme. It looks a sloppy practice to the superficial observer, but there is an elaborate philosophy back of it, — a school of thought which seems to derive from eighteenth century naturalism (2 cups) and nineteenth century supernaturalism (1 cup) well mixed and baked in a quick oven. The idea is no doubt all right provided the child really does come "trailing clouds of glory", — though a Voltaire on the school board might object that even an angel, especially an angel, needs many readjustments before he is fitted to live on earth.

The chief opponents of the *laissez faire* school, however, are not the hard-headed rationalists, but the hard-hearted inheritors of the tradition that the child has the devil in him. Quite as ardent as the naturalistic school, they pretend that they are actuated by common sense and in some measure they get away with the bluff.

The third school isn't interested in celestial or infernal origins, but rather in the child itself. With scientific care it is making a study of children. It is striving to get the problem honestly stated and to build up an education which shall supersede systems based on assumptions and doctrinaire shibboleths.

This last school, presumably, is our chief hope. But even it is constantly on the edge of taking itself too seriously; of drawing up its graphs and charts as if it were dealing with things instead of with human beings. Grown-up geese (and ganders too, I suppose) have an astonishing respect for the printed page; and so they are constantly in danger of setting up a hypothetical child. In fact, one of the latest notions among certain "progressive" educators is that the child should be taken from its parents as early as possible. The parents are ignorant, busy; the teacher is a specialist, an expert; why delay the process by a wrong start in the early years? Yet it does not take much imagination to see what this doctrine would lead to in the end, — parents nothing but

careless breeders and children waifs in a dreary, mechanistic world.

A few members of this third school, therefore, are joining with parents in a cooperative study of the problem. For they find in the end, after riding their theories to death, that parents, with all their imperfections, are nearer than teachers and scientists to the heart of the problem. But these wise people are not so vociferous as the braying kind. The battered, bewildered parent rarely hears them. Turning from one school to another, he sinks in despair.

With such paralysis setting in, it was a comfort to talk the other day with an old-fashioned mother, a lady who retains with singular grace and vigor a somewhat Victorian point of view. I baited her with modern theories in regard to children.

She sniffed a little, as at a trap. "Most children have to be suppressed and corrected a good deal," she said. "If you leave them to develop in their own way, sometimes it's a sweet way, but sometimes it's a sour way. Usually it's just a horrible mixture of sweet and sour."

"You make it very simple," I said. "I suppose *you* don't bother much about complexes and subconscious influences."

"I think I do," she answered, "but I don't see why that should make me abandon conscious influences."

Wilhelm Hohenzollern

A Biography by Emil Ludwig

Translation by Ethel Colburn Mayne

SIXTH INSTALMENT—WAR AND RETRIBUTION

WILLIAM THE SECOND'S heyday was over. He had reigned for twenty years and was now fifty. His hair was beginning to turn gray; and though his subjects had not yet perceived that change, there was a corresponding grayness in the atmosphere around him.

The man who had hitherto been always pleased and excited seemed to be living in the fourth act of the play; and while loneliness grew, while a sense of the disillusionments of friendship weighed upon his spirits, he did not indeed cease to be an optimist; but the gestures by which he sought to convince himself and the world how richly God had blessed him did become less frequent.

The Last of the Kaisers
From a Drawing by Johan Bull

He had lost the two great encounters of his twenty years' reign. When he looked downward from his throne on high he saw in the depths one third of his subjects plotting and seething in discontent and hostility. His young ambition, product of fear and impetuosity, had not been fulfilled; for there below, unreconciled, the labouring millions swarmed, — an amorphous mass, an insoluble enigma, a subterranean portent luridly revealed in restless flashes. In the twenty-five years of his reign, the Social-Democratic party had gained strength; from three-quarters of a million votes it had increased to four and one-quarter million.

Even upon the nobility, who had always stood by th monarchy, even upo the reigning prince around him, he coul no longer rely. Th former objected t the autocratic meth ods by which he per verted the doctrin of *primus inter pares* the latter had re peatedly made a open stand agains him and, groupe around the warlik Crown Prince, pre sented a threatenin front when the sov ereign failed to b sufficiently forcefu and Pan-German Only the bourgeoisi stood firmly by thei Emperor, under whom they had grow prosperous and were still growing mor prosperous every year.

And in truth the officers and the noble had good cause to feel an ever-growin alienation from their Emperor. As tha greatest army in the world or histor grew more and more formidable, as th armor of the German knight grew stoute and heavier, the caution of their Suprem War-Lord correspondingly increased, ti the whisper rose and grew, "He is afraid. The curt gestures, the provocativ speeches, the whole battery of mail-cla phrases seemed neglected or forgotte disillusionment was teaching their eterna boy his lesson, and he was growing ci cumspect at last.

This was no change of heart, for neve did conviction of one single error come t this man. What he saw around him nov he interpreted as the rancor of an ev world, as the envy of kindred Houses, th

ivalry of cabaling dynasties; but that it *vas* around him, he no longer denied. Terrified, — and assuredly more terrified han he ever admitted even to himself, — William the Second felt that he was encompassed by enmity; and this consciousness could have no other reaction, in him, han to strengthen his conviction that he ad done all he could and had but dashed imself against a hostile world.

Subjective Guiltlessness

Perhaps he was guiltless before God, hough not before men. After all, could he ump over his shadow? Nature, in mutilatng him, had driven him to uneasy bluffing, — was that not Destiny? Was he to lame? Was it he who had deranged the erves which in their febrile restlesnesss vere ever urging him to fresh antics? He vho was averse from war in every form ncessantly gave others reason to prepare or war; and as soon as he eliminated one eason, he gave them another. The instaility to which he was a victim had flung im from the arms of one group into the ext, then back to the first; and all the ime that he was treacherously playing ff one enemy against the other, he was ut drawing the two together. The seurity of the German Empire fell a victim o the Emperor's nervous temperament.

Objective Guiltiness

In Bismarck's time he had let Russia lip through his fingers, only to try for ears to reknit the severed bond; yet all he while he kept betraying his friend the Tsar to his foe the English uncle. Toward apan he acted, both emotionally and poitically, as toward the enemy of Europe. slam he began by courting and then ffended by his crusader poses. France vould be placated by courtesies to-day, nly to be re-alienated by speeches and ubilees to-morrow. England, — in the ortex of his emotions England was hated, oved, and again hated; and everything he elt was instantly shown and said.

After twenty years of ceaseless carnival he Emperor, almost in an instant, found imself alone. The year 1908 had broken im down. In the Summer, Nicholas and Edward had concluded another entente; n the Autumn his own people had revolted gainst him. The clash of arms without, he subterranean mutterings within, — the Emperor heard, and was afraid. Genuine alarm was teaching him at last to see things as they were. Such belated insight may truly be described as tragic.

Enter Bethmann

Even Bethmann-Hollweg tried to slow down fleet-building. As if to emphasize the loss of his own talents, Bülow had suggested this functionary as his successor in the Chancellorship, — and Ballin was justified in saying: "Bethmann is Bülow's revenge". Bethmann brought to his high office no more than Caprivi had brought, — a sense of duty and discipline. He lacked precisely what Caprivi had lacked, — knowledge of affairs and foreign countries, of human nature in general, of those he had to deal with in particular; and besides, he had none of the more practical common sense which Caprivi had frequently displayed. He had the advantage over him of a fairly good education, of which he made but little use; and as a civilian he was necessarily less imposing in the Emperor's and the German people's eyes.

In point of fact, Bethmann was craftier and more ambitious than he allowed to appear. When in September, 1909, Bülow, his advocate for the Chancellorship, besought an official denial of the slanders against him, Bethmann advised the Emperor against that mere obligation of chivalry; and then wrote to Bülow that he was sorry to say the Emperor had "quite spontaneously" refused. When the Emperor, during the war, reviled Bernstorff because America had come in, Bethmann offered up his Ambassador, whose policy he had prescribed, as a victim to the Emperor's vexation. He flinched before the cardinal test of his existence when, in the middle of the war, he continued, — against his convictions, — to officiate as a dummy Chancellor.

The first thing he did on being called to power, was to provide himself with a righthand man; for before Kiderlen-Wächter became the leader of foreign policy, Bethmann was advised by him on fundamentals, and in special instances received from him long letters of dogmatic counsel. But Kiderlen's roughness, his incapacity for honeyed phrases, made him uncongenial company for the sovereign.

The Two Epigoni

These two politicians could not make any headway against the swashbucklers on land and water, either with the Emperor or the bourgeoisie. True, Kiderlen was harder stuff than Moltke, but Bethmann was softer stuff than Tirpitz, — and if the Emperor did not love the latter, he feared him; moreover, Tirpitz had a resonant cast-iron program to set against the flabby policy of Wilhelmstrasse.

Only when the problem of England raised its head in all its kaleidoscopic immensity, did the Emperor show himself still unchanged in this more tranquil period. Throughout these years the documents are crammed with Imperial fulminations against England. To win the respect of one ever unconquerable family, — that was the goal; for when the Emperor wrote "the British", he was always thinking of his grandmother, his uncle, and later of his cousin George.

If only a half-dozen Excellencies had manfully opposed the Emperor, he would be the Emperor still.

Neither Bethmann nor Kiderlen ever dreamed of making their position dependent on the postponement of a naval estimate which they regarded as pernicious; all they did was to send Ballin to London, where he talked with Churchill and Cassel.

Haldane Fails

In February 1912 Lord Haldane, the British Minister of War, came to Berlin to make a last attempt. Haldane spoke for the Cabinet, and with his King's approval, to the Emperor and Tirpitz, — held out the prospect of an African colony, suggested elimination of one ship each, but obtained no more than postponement of the German naval estimate for one year. There followed written negotiations about crews and guns. But when Grey said to Metternich, the German Ambassador at London, that he had no fears while Bethmann was Chancellor, but would have to reckon with other persons in the future, the Emperor, mortally offended, broke off the negotiations.

Metternich fell, because "he had failed in his duty". Tirpitz stood triumphant.

The Emperor, urged by three political advisers to an understanding, was perfectly free to arrange with Haldane or through Ballin, that "naval holiday" which England was desirous. Lloyd George, Grey, Haldane, even Churchill were once more striving to get rid of the monstrous expense of naval competition. No majority in the Reichstag, no overwhelming expression of public opinion demanded an accelerated program from the Government. Nobody was putting pressure on the Emperor except a dozen naval men, supported by a few hundred thousand war-whooping civilians. Tirpitz once dismissed, the Emperor could have appointed any of his moderate men from one day to another, — and a sigh of relief would have gone up from his people, more audible far than the trumpeting of the Pan-Germans. The English would not have decided against Germany in July 1914, and the latter would have either avoided or won the war.

Love and Hate of England

But the Emperor could not do these things; his nature forced him to take the other course. Too deeply was the bitter ever-renewed jealousy felt, — the old unsilenced outcry of his wounded, sensitive spirit. Never to yield an inch to this one land, never to furl sail before England; or rather, never to haul in the cannons that bristled from out the neatly drawn-up lists, the blue and white plans of the armored turrets! His hope was that these might never go off; but that they should enforce respect from that haughty dynasty was his determination.

All his secret love of England, forever thwarted by hate and spite and jealousy was made manifest when his uncle died. But immediately afterwards, even at the funeral, all sorts of old memories were revived, — his heart was filled with reminiscences of young untroubled days; and between Court-gossip, naïve delight in the approbation of the populace, and the wearing round of politics, we find this in the lengthy descriptive telegram to the Chancellor:

"I found that my parents' old apartments in Windsor Castle, where I often played as a little boy, had been assigned to me. . . . Manifold were the memories that filled my heart."

When he thus concludes his long account of the obsequies with a smiling reminiscence, reaching back into the very mist of childhood, we cannot but be struck by

ıe extraordinary destiny of a man who as forever driven by his demon to hate hat he wanted to love.

June 28

Kiel Week was at its height. The Emeror as Admiral, under the ensign of the Hohenzollern", was conducting the egatta. The date was June 28, 1914, and was three o'clock. If he looked eastward, e could see a couple of swart ships silhoutted against the sunlit sky; these flew the Jnion Jack. Churchill had wished to be resent, but there had been difficulties bout the form of the invitation; and so his last opportunity for a quiet discussion ad been allowed to drop on the characeristic ground that the Englishman must ive official expression to his privately onveyed desire for an invitation. But riand, too, was absent, though he had een bidden by the Prince of Monaco. Vhy was that?

And now, while the Emperor is heart nd soul absorbed in the regatta, a motorboat is seen approaching. Those on board onvey their desire to lie to. The Emperor gnals "No". He will not be disturbed, ut the officer in the boat persists. He ourishes a despatch, — then puts it in his garette-case and hurls it on board, so hat the sailor standing nearest has to ick it up and present it to his sovereign. n unheard-of proceeding! Woe betide ıe man if the tidings are not worth such owder and shot as this!

Three hours before, the Emperor reads, ıe Archduke and his wife were assassiated at Serajevo. "Now I've got to begin l over again!" Those were his first words. hen flags half-masted, regatta and Kiel Veek broken off and he returns to Berı.

Bullet in His Heart

The Serbian marksman, who under the oubly symbolic name of Gabriel Prinzip t loose the world-cataclysm, shot the mperor straight through the heart. With s intense class-consciousness, the news om Serajevo could not but assail him in s dignity, his sense of vocation, and kewise in his ever-wakeful fear of a kined fate; so that his markedly pacific atıde in the recent emergencies altered the twinkling of an eye to a burning dere for atonement and intimidation.

Neither Poincaré's pretensions nor William's provocations, neither the whooping of a few thousand Lorrainers on the boulevards nor the arrogance of as many Pan-Germans, will avail, in the eyes of history, to fix the crime of this war upon the respective nations.

Three psychologists, with a sense of their responsibility upon them, at the head of the Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin Cabinets could on that First of July, 1914, — despite all the bellicose militarists of Europe, — once more have conjured away the tempest, precisely as they had thirty, and then five, years before. Witte, Tisza, and Bülow could have achieved it. But Iswolski and Berchthold criminally toyed with war, — the former to avenge himself for his failure at Buchlau, when he abandoned Bosnia to the Austrians; the latter to wipe out the Serbian check of the preceding years, which he sullenly ascribed to the Emperor William's desire for peace.

Three Emperors, avowedly opposed to war, were driven by the ambition, vengefulness, and incompetence of their Ministers into a conflict which they realized from the first would endanger their throne, and, — if only for that reason, — tried to avoid.

He Puts on the Brake

When Grey in a despatch conveyed his opinion that a European war was "staring us in the face", the Emperor's only comment was: "That's a certainty"; and when the Englishman for the fourth time suggested a conference for arbitration with a view to avoiding war: "Superfluous. . . . I will not cooperate, unless Austria explicitly asks me to do so, which is improbable. One does not confer with others over vital questions of honor."

In those days of July, 1914, the Emperor was deserted by all his good angels and left alone on the high seas of this European upheaval. After the Serbian offer of practical submission he wrote that "every pretext for war falls to the ground". All that was moderate in him was counting on peace. Too late! Pandora's box was opened.

For England alone he was as full of hate as ever; and while the other marginalia of the 28th were suddenly invested with a calm common sense style (only occasionally

enlivened by "swine" and similar zoological amenities), against England there was a hailstorm of invectives and harangues.

Then, like a thunderbolt, fell the tidings, — dreaded for years, foreboded for days. It had come true. Russia was mobilizing her army of a million along the whole length of the frontier. And now it was as though the perpetual talker stood speechless before the embodied spectre. Seconds passed away; and then with his last hope his nerves, too, went to pieces. How suddenly they seemed to darken the sun, — the awful meshes of that net invisible till now, though so long felt! He was caught in those meshes . . . and now the heaped-up waters of his rage rushed forth in torrents. The insulted, the betrayed, the blameless Prince, so keenly conscious of his good intentions, so ignorant of his errors, — and therefore feeling subjectively absolved from blame! In a genuinely impressive composition the flood-gates of his forebodings were opened at last: —

Outburst Against Edward

"My function is at an end. . . . Wantonness and weakness are to engulf the world in the most terrible of wars, the ultimate aim of which is the ruin of Germany. For now I can no longer doubt it, — England, France, and Russia have conspired . . . to fight together for our annihilation. . . . Edward dead, is stronger than I am alive! We ran our heads into the noose . . . in the pathetic hope of appeasing England! ! ! All my warnings, all my prayers, fell on deaf ears. And here are our thanks from England! . . . Our Consuls in Turkey and India, our agents, and all such, must inflame the whole Mohammedan world to frantic rebellion against this detestable, treacherous, conscienceless nation of shopkeepers; for if *we* are to bleed to death, England shall at all events lose India! W."

Never in all his millions of utterances did William the Second give forth so elemental an outcry; never in his life did he call down fire and flame upon an enemy with fervor like this. Only from a genuine passion does such blind wrath blaze forth, and only once in a lifetime.

The selection of his commanders in the field was entirely his own. It was he who then urged on the excellent Moltke the command of an army of a million, — task which demanded nerves of iron, a accorded ill with a tendency either agoraphobia or perversion, both of whi afflicted Moltke. With the appointme he took over the Emperor's own plan campaign, which had been unprotesting acquiesced in by Schlieffen. It led, as saw in Waldersee's account, to a gre diminution of the Eastern Army the Western, — thus going against Moltke's scheme. For a moment chan seemed to be going to knock everythi over. A misapprehension in Londo whereby it was believed that Fran might remain neutral under an Engli guarantee, revealed the inflexible natu of warlike organizations even to lay pe ceptions. "Then," said the Emperor Moltke on August 1, after this fallacio news had reached him, "we will simp advance in the East, with the whc Army!"

Moltke: "That is impossible, Yo Majesty. An army of a million cannot improvised. It would be nothing but rabble of undisciplined armed men, wit out a commissariat."

The Emperor (sharply): "Your unc would have given me a different answer

Moltke: "It is utterly impossible to a vance except according to plan: strong the West, weak in the East."

On this the Emperor wired to the Ki of England: "For technical reasons t mobilization on two fronts ordered by m for this afternoon, which entails the a vance already arranged for on the Easte and Western frontiers, cannot now countermanded. I hope France will not uneasy." To tone down the inevitab menacing effect of an advance on t frontier, the Emperor then, — at Bet mann's desire, and without consultir Moltke, who was present, — gave orde to his aide-de-camp: "The Sixteenth div sion at Trier will not be transferred Luxemburg."

Moltke, who describes this scene, co fesses: "I felt as if my heart would brea . . . I sat in my room, doing nothin *utterly dejected*, until at eleven o'clock night I was again summoned to H Majesty." The mistake had been cleare up, there would be war with France, t advance was to be as arranged. "I ha not been able to get over this experienc

: was as though something in me had een irretrievably shaken. My confidence id self-reliance were destroyed."

From this account of a mistake which ad no tangible results there is more to be arnt than from the report of a battle. he logic of the machine gets the better f its constructor and makes him its ave. The war with France would inexrably have broken out, even if it had een limited by England's guarantee, and espite the peaceful inclinations of both ombatants (in so far as that existed in aris), — and that because the careful echanism of the advance must not be eddled with, and a million soldiers could ot possibly confront another million on he frontier without a warlike incident of ome sort.

The Mainspring Snaps

For twenty-six years the Emperor had ccustomed his people to *regis voluntas*. Ie had meddled in all departments of the ational life, had prided himself on a peronal authority which overrode the Contitution. But at this moment, free of the etested Houses, sole arbiter in all decions of the War, invested with such power s none other in Europe possessed (for sar and Hapsburg were too weak or too ld) at this moment, when autocracy was he order of the day, — *now* the Emperor ould have none of it. When we recognize his, the last link in the chain is forged, — n the chain of circumstances which from is childhood, from his youth, to the days f November and the days of July, it has ere been the aim to link up with the inrmity which was the source of every acon of his life. In the stern hour which alled for energy, — as all his intimates ad foretold, — the mainspring of his ervous temperament snapped, and he topped dead.

Ultimately he was not the commander ut the subordinate of Hindenburg and udendorff, of whom the first hypnotized im by his national reputation, the second y his iron will.

At the Marne

He was partly responsible for the result f the Battle of the Marne. That decrease n the Eastern Army which was the Emeror's, not Schlieffen's idea, and which ad been described as perilous by Waldersee fifteen years before, was quickly repaid by the irruption of the Russians. The President of East Prussia arrived at headquarters, imploring aid. He demanded from the Emperor in person the despatch of two divisions, by which the western advance was suddenly depleted, and the fatal gap in the flank of the Second Army created. Even the second and more determining cause of that defeat, — the inadequate transmission of orders on the decisive 8th and 9th of September, — can be traced to the position of headquarters, which "by the Emperor's command" were in Luxemburg, and therefore too far behind the lines! — this entirely for the sake of personal safety from air-bombs, for resolute men there were urgently desirous of a more forward position.

Criticism of the Emperor became more rife than ever among his highest officers immediately the war began. As early as that August Moltke calls it "heart-rending to see how entirely he fails to comprehend the gravity of the situation; already there is a certain 'Hooray!' sort of mood which I hate like hell." And during the Marne days: "The Emperor must go to France and be nearer the troops; he *must* be on enemy soil like his soldiers". By March 15 it had gone so far that Tirpitz pointed out to a General in the entourage that the Emperor, for the sake of unity of command, would have to delegate his authority for some time, — say, to Hindenburg.

So, — between fear and over-confidence, passive and yet not single-minded enough to delegate his authority, afraid of responsibility, afraid of that questioning look which more searchingly than in peace-time met him now in every eye, a civilian to the marrow, yet at the head of the strongest of all armies, lacking the soldier's virtues (and for that matter most of the soldier's vices), oppressed by a tradition which had placed his fathers in the field, though not indeed as commanders, — so did he live the life of camps, unsoldierly, aloof, well-nigh inactive, and with nothing in the last resort to stay him but an almost religious conviction of martyrdom, of being misunderstood by the world.

Attila

For when presently a chorus of hundreds of millions broke forth from every

quarter of the globe, and exalted this unstable, pacifically-minded being into an Attila; when whole continents were snowed under with caricatures and lampoons, of which even in his sheltered corner he must have had some inkling; when the walls around him crackled with the flaming maledictions of the universe, — no wonder that so monstrous a misjudgment of his purpose caused him to forget the errors which had made it what it was; and that, knowing himself no Attila, he never remembered that he had once commanded his troops to emulate the Huns.

Now and not till now, confronted by the terrible results of that eternal boyishness of his, the Emperor begins to appear as a tragic figure; for what Nature had done to him in the hour of his birth, and what he was forced by the soldier-king tradition of his House to conceal throughout a lifetime under the uniform was fatality. It was not guilt.

The Sheltered War-Lord

"The Emperor traces the progress of the war upon the maps. . . . The whole company around him," writes Tirpitz in July, 1915, "gradually falls asleep." His activity lasted one hour daily. The German Army, the German nation, sixty millions, were achieving the impossible; thousands behind the front were breaking down from overwork, tens of thousands gradually collapsing from exhaustion; what was done and endured at the front it would be presumptuous to touch upon in these pages. The Emperor alone spent the morning (as all the memoirs testify) "mostly in reading reports and conversation" in the garden, — "to which he was obliged to confine his walks, by reason of the undeniable danger."

The Copper Bath

While in Brussels the German High Command was requisitioning the brass handles and the water taps and commandeering every scrap of copper; while millions of German housewives were emptying their kitchens of the glittering utensils handed down to them through generations, — the Emperor ordered from Belgian craftsmen a bath for the Royal train in pure copper, to be made in the workshops of the State Railway at Brussels. This can only have been at his own behest, considering how personal was the commo ity. Yes, — they had long gone by, t days of the iron camp-bed wherein the o Emperor had sought repose after lo hours of toil and had found his final re at last. His grandson, after thirty Imp rial maneuvers in the course of which h bath and those of all his Princes had bee "carted after" them by sappers, cou inhabit only villas and castles in time war, — that was why headquarters we always two hundred kilometres behin the lines, and battles lost in consequenc

The Fleet Remains in Harbor

His feeling about England led to d cisions of vast import. Though so might have failed to perceive it in th earlier course of his reign, there could no be no mistake, — the treatment of th Fleet by its supreme War-Lord was th outcome of that old jealous, wounde sense of repulsed affection. A burnin hatred, fomented by the idea of havin been attacked and betrayed, would no have found its satisfaction in a swift as sault; but the Emperor's jealousy flinche before the "risk", for his secret admira tion held a victory over the greatest Se Power to be impossible. From abysma depths there rose a desire for that under standing after the fight, which before it h had perpetually obstructed; and in war h never played the card for whose sake h had in peace drawn down the enmity o England. The Fleet remained in harbour

There stood Tirpitz, its creator, and ha to see the pretext he had given for it com ing true. It was not to be used for fightin but as a material guarantee for negotia tion, — the World War was to be an inter mezzo for the Fleet. This was the punish ment of Tirpitz, the Story-Teller; for tha he should now have desired to let loose a last his crews and his torpedoes, his can nons and his iron-plated vessels, and show what *his* armaments could do, — for this h could not have been blamed. There h stood, and tried to persuade the Emperor found that he could not do so; gave it u and went.

"As a result of developments . . . have for the present ordered a defensiv attitude on the part of the High Sea Fleet", — was the Emperor's command to Admiral von Pohl on the fifth day o mobilization. Pohl, Tirpitz, Ingenohl

made horrified protests against this order; but beside the Emperor as Chief of the Cabinet sat Admiral von Müller, a smooth-tongued courtier, a teetotaler and Christian Scientist, artistic, effeminate, — in that respect another Eulenburg, — talking only of prudence, even of forbearance. "As against the English, the Commanders must only show a quiet waiting attitude. No forward action until I give orders for it. W." This, on the 30th day of August, was promulgated as Emperor's orders by Pohl; and Moltke "could not believe it possible".

Naval Command

For his passivity in the command of the war on land, whose leaders, plans, and camps he came into contact with daily, he made up to himself by his determination to be Chief in the war on sea, from whose base he was far removed, whose daily fluctuating fortunes were made known to him by no reports, but only very incompletely by telegrams. Thus from his remoteness he paralysed the action at sea, while in his proximity to the action on land he was far from an inspiring influence. For both these conditions the reasons were profoundly psychological; their results were the appointed fate of Germany.

"I will have no one between me and my Navy," said the Emperor; and to Müller: "I need no Commander-in-Chief; I can do this myself." In these repeated refusals he showed by the very words he used, how he regarded the Fleet as his creation, his own special sphere. That the clique of flatterers confirmed him in this view, Tirpitz could but lament. "Of course there were plenty of people on the spot to confirm the Supreme War-Lord in the illusion that he was himself operating with the Fleet, by consulting him in the lesser actions even to the smallest details." By this insistent show of authority he soon affected vital strategical and national questions. The suggestion made by Tirpitz in November, 1914, to blockade England by U-boat warfare, was rejected by the Emperor; but possibly, after the war, he may have read the British Admiral Scott's report that at that time the blockade "would have meant an immediate collapse for England. In Scapa Flow we never knew, from one day to another, whether we should be alive the next morning."

The bad effect upon the *morale* of the Navy can be imagined when Ingenohl in December, 1914 was obliged, despite the most favorable conditions for an engagement, to turn tail before an enemy squadron and return to Wilhelmshafen! "The feeling," wrote Admiral Scheer, "of having let slip an unusually good opportunity was not to be effaced; the likelihood of another such could scarcely be hoped for." And Tirpitz said openly: "On December 16, Ingenohl had the fate of Germany in his hands".

When later, in the Skagerrack, Admiral Scheer wanted to sail on the second day of battle and everything was in his favor, the Emperor forbade a fresh advance. If the inclinations of Emperor and Admiral had been reversed, this would have meant a court-martial for the latter. And even when Falkenhayn, pressed by English artillery at Verdun about this time, asked for the U-boat warfare as a means of defense, the Emperor refused his request. It was then that Tirpitz resigned. A few months later the U-boat warfare was decided on after all; Bethmann remained in office instead of going, but Tirpitz, instead of seizing the opportunity to return, stayed out.

With this *chassé-croisé* of his advisers the Emperor's first war-phase came to an end. In the second, he completely abjured his authority.

Hindenburg

The advent of Hindenburg and Ludendorff in the middle period of the war put an end to the political control of the Empire. If the Emperor had made a constitutional arrangement coördinating the civil and military authorities, the balance of power would have been preserved; but as he, — a talker, not a doer, — failed at every point, these two departments, everywhere and always antagonistic in time of war, were perpetually at odds, and there was no single overruling will to bring them to their senses. From the throne, before which Chancellor and generals bowed as before a deity whose word was law, silence fell with discouraging persistency.

What does a Supreme War-Lord do when he sees the end approaching? Hurriedly he forsakes headquarters; goes, while by day and by night the most critical of situations arise, to Wilhelmshöhe,

— there to receive Ballin. As no one had anything helpful to suggest, they put forward the clever Jew, — perhaps *he* would tell the Emperor how to act. The Emperor had long relied on him, and in the past had appeased his own anti-Semitism by snubbing (as he himself relates) a gentleman of his court who protested "But Ballin — !" with the retort: "Ballin a Jew? No such thing! Ballin is a Christian!"

While at the front a nation was fighting its last battle with traditional devotion, its Emperor sat in the beautiful hinterland, where, according to his aide-de-camp "all concerned did their best to distract the monarch's thoughts from the pressing anxieties of the day, and to start a discussion on some interesting artistic, scientific, or technical question. When the subject attracted the Emperor, and (as not seldom happened) impelled him to bring forth something from the positively inexhaustible store of his own experience, the long hours would go by in a twinkling and were a real refreshment to him." So at the end it was the same as it had been, for thirty years, — again he held forth "under the soft light of a lamp". There, at Wilhelmshöhe, it seemed to him the fitting moment to uphold the candidature of a German Prince, his brother-in-law, for the throne of Finland. Three weeks of holiday had gone by, when the Emperor obeyed an urgent recall to headquarters.

Speech for the Workers

On the way there, on September 9th, he made a speech at Essen, where he had never before made one, — he addressed the men at Krupp's works. They stood round him in a circle, 1500 of them in the vestibule, the enemies of his long Royal career, whom he hated more fiercely than they hated him, because it was he who must fear, not they. The Emperor, in his field-grey uniform, confronted them; vulnerable, but as yet unwounded, he spoke of the German nation. The atmosphere was stifling, there was no throne, — only a tribune as for a demagogue. He spoke for half an hour. Would he, like Coriolanus, gain "their most sweet voices?"

"My dear friends of the Krupp Works!" ("Friends?" thought the men. "Since when?") "My friends, which of us has any hate in his heart? The Teuton knows not hatred. Hatred belongs to peoples wh have the sense of inferiority. He wh knows the temper of the Anglo-Saxo knows how unrelenting they can be ("Teutons? What is all this?" thoug the men). "Last year I said: 'Boys, ma no mistake, — this war is like no othe this is a long, long fight for life!'" ("'H Christmas we'll be back home', — didn he say that four years ago?" thought th men. "Now he's going to pretend he for saw all this.") "You read of the rece events in Moscow. The English Parliame tarians have tried to overthrow the ultr democratic government which the Russia people have now begun to formulate, b cause that government, watchful of th national interests, wished to obtain f the nation that peace for which it clamo But the Anglo-Saxon wants no peace yet." ("Since when did William begin be enthusiastic about Communists thought the men, grinning.)

"That is because he is out to win, a our enemies have the deepest respect f the German Army, — so they are tryi to foment disturbances in our land, th discouraging rumors may cause us to lo heart." ("Disturbance in the land growled the men. "That's a hit at us! "Everyone who listens to such rumors is traitor and worthy of the severest punis ment, whether he be a noble or a workma . . . To every single one of us his ta is given, — you with your hammer, y at your lathe, and I upon my throne ("Ho-ho!" thought the men, and smile "We are at peace to-day with Russia a Roumania; Serbia and Montenegro a disposed of; only in the West are we st fighting, and is the good God going to fo sake us at the last moment? . . . God with us; and now, farewell, good fellows

A heavy silence. The speech had last half an hour, but all it had produced w sullen criticism and furtive laughter. F once something depended on his word and that once the man missed fire. Wh Because William the Second lived alo from his people. The men divined th coldness of his heart, and he had scarce a inkling of their resentment.

Beginning to Tremble

Came September 29, 1918 at Sp Fully six weeks had gone by since the la political session in that room; and despi

ıe Emperor's acknowledgment that they ere at the end of their resources, those recious weeks had been thrown away, ıd could not now be retrieved. For four ears they had wasted time in every direc- on; now, when all was over, it had to be ıved, — every day counted, as at the eginning. For as the number and strength f the young American troops, now at- acking the battlements, increased with very day of those six weeks, the hope rew correspondingly less of deceiving the nemy with the fiction of a still unshaken erman Army; and while the onslaught athered force, the spirit behind the bat- ements sank lower and lower. The na- ion was wasted to the bone; it needed no nternal shock, — of itself it went to ieces.

Too late, as always, but with secret remors, the Emperor now read the ear- est reports, couched in courtly euphe- isms, of the unrest at the front. The things aid to each other by uselessly-sacrificed nen, out there, — said for a year now in ace of the gradually hardening resistance, — he knew nothing of. He had heard but ittle of the mutiny of January, 1918. Now ll he learnt from his generals was that ıere and there exhausted troops had met hose returning to the front with the cry: 'Strike-breakers!" But a few such reports vere enough to darken his soul with a fear vhich the world in arms against him had ıot hitherto instilled.

Thenceforth, through all the last six veeks, his gaze was exclusively fixed on ıis land and his subjects, — no longer on he front and the foe. The downfall of the Tsar had given his whole outlook, even ıis religious faith, a staggering shock vhich he could parry only by the thought f how his cousin *would* go in with that rench Republic, despite his many warn- ngs. All that kind of thing was incon- eivable in Germany! Had he not just raternized with the men at Krupp's?

And yet, far away, he did hear the hreatening mutterings. It was time to ield. The session in the forenoon of that 9th of September began with the demand f both Generals for immediate overtures o the enemy both for an armistice and eace: "Every hour of delay means dan- er." This resolve, conditioned solely by he situation at the *front*, not by Bulgaria's efection nor by unrest at home, — this blow which was to fall upon the nation to-morrow or next day, was a "complete surprise" to the Ministers, even to the Emperor, as the Crown-Prince testifies. But it did not dismay him. His eye was fixed on the interior only of his realm; and he requested the Foreign Secretary to describe the situation at home.

Hintze, who had been only two months in Germany, pointed out that the Chancellor was expected that day with his report. The Emperor insisted, for the question of revolt alone absorbed him. Then Hintze told all he knew, advised that "the threatened Revolution should be canalized", and said that the only means was a dictatorship. "Dictatorship, — nonsense!" interrupted the Emperor. Thereupon Hintze suggested the alternative, — an immediate democratization of the Government; this, in order that the blameless nation should share in the responsibility for a bad peace. "His Majesty listened to the statement with suppressed emotion, with kingly dignity, and declared himself in favor of the program suggested."

His attitude was logical. At the end of his career, the defeated sovereign demolishes his most cherished conception of his rank and influence, renounces the dictatorship at which he had forever snatched when he thought he could put it through, and admits into the ranks of Government the very men whose claims he had always despised, real, live Socialists, — and all this for fear of the masses who, as it now appeared, were really venturing to make themselves felt.

Exit

Five continents were demanding that one man should leave the stage. The most level-headed of the victors could not see any end to the war without the sacrifice of that ruler to whom it was falsely attributed; a great nation could not expect justice from the most merciful of its enemies unless it parted with the man who for thirty years had kept Europe on the rack with words. A system which he was held to have devised and ruled by, though he was no more than its inadequate inheritor, was now to be ended, — both abroad and at home the best minds were resolved on that. Representatives of peoples, allies, adversaries, joined in the chorus: "The man must go!" Even those

statesmen who knew all about the manifold causes of the war, their own share in it, and the names of those at bottom most to blame, could no more indict Iswolski before the world at large than they could indict Count Berchthold or Nicholson, — the man in the street would not anywhere have known what they were talking about. The Emperor was to be deprived of power, because it was he who had once gone sabre-rattling all over Europe.

No one wanted his head; no one even wanted his crown. No one demanded the Republic from vanquished Germany, for many Kings were averse from it. Not even Germany's own Socialists demanded it. All they wanted was that he should give the crown to another, possibly a kinsman; this was indeed the heartfelt desire of the most Royalist Germans, who were trembling for their dynasty. In the interior there was little hatred for the Emperor; walking unprotected with Ludendorff down any street in the land, he would even then have been in no more danger than his general. How should a nation which in thirty years had failed to fathom its sovereign and so had borne with him, have blamed him for a war which he did not let loose, which he had never wished for, and had several times prevented? All he had done was to make war easier for the swashbuckling leaders in every country of Europe, by the thirty years of his characteristic attitude and its effect. In the autumn of 1918, the Germans, as a nation, still had only a skin-deep knowledge of their Emperor.

Hence it was reason, not passion, which urged part of the nation to join in the cry for abdication; and moreover, the idea of a sacrifice, a martyrdom for the people, flattered the German spirit, always in love with tragic endings. Nor was it hard to obtain, — two of his friends, Ballin and Max von Baden, testify to that. At heart he would have been glad to escape responsibility for the evil days that were inevitably to come.

He was sixty now and had reigned for thirty years. After his two years completely on the shelf, it was psychologically speaking quite among the probabilities that, — despite his former autocracy, — he would be the first to abandon a forlorn cause with a flourishing royal gesture for all the world to wonder at.

With dark forebodings, Prince Max von Baden, — one of the last real knights, — suddenly drawn into the vortex, took over the terrible Chancellorship. There had been hundreds of fine phrases about sacrifice for the Fatherland, — this Prince was the first to act upon them when he, who had never talked about sacrifices, took the much-coveted Chancellorship. Immediately before the downfall of the reigning Houses of Germany he let history know that there was at least one Prince who could spring to the helm of a foundering vessel, if at worst he might steer the wreck into harbor.

The Kidnaping

It was a kind of kidnaping, the departure of the Emperor from Berlin with his Adjutants-General on October 29th. The secretly meditated step was unknown to the Chancellor until six o'clock that evening. He instantly, though ill in bed, offered to go to Potsdam at once, despatched Solf to the Home Secretary, to Prince Augustus William, to Delbrück the new Chief of the Civil Cabinet, who all three sheltered behind official and other reasons for taking no active part. On this occasion the Chancellor's ancestry was accountable for a grievous shortcoming, — now was the moment to keep the Emperor in Berlin, though it were by force.

If he was to be the prisoner of headquarters, why not the prisoner of the Government? The nation would have heard as little about the one as the other.

In truth, it was no flight, for he had lost all power of decision. It was the imprisonment of the Supreme War-Lord by his generals.

Vainly did the Chancellor, next day, implore him to return to Berlin. Then it was decided to make an official request for abdication. When a grand Duke and a Count had proclaimed themselves ready to undertake this mission and then drawn back, the civilian Home Secretary, Drews, went alone by order of the Cabinet to Spa. The Emperor received him in the garden of his villa, leaning on a crutch-stick like Frederick the Great, and interrupted him often.

"You ought to have remembered your oath and refused to undertake such a commission!"

On the evening of November 9th, Prince Max got into telephonic communication with the Emperor. Their conversation lasted twenty minutes.

A Telephone Duel

Prince Max: "The abdication has become a matter of necessity if civil war is to be averted, and the Emperor's mission of peace to reach a favorable conclusion. If that succeeds, Your Majesty's name will be revered by history. If it fails, the Reichstag's demand will be made and carried. We can no longer rely on the troops; Cologne is in the hands of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils. On Your Majesty's daughter's Castle at Braunschweig the red flag is flying. Munich is a Republic, in Schwerin a Soldiers' Council is sitting. I see two alternatives: abdication, renunciation of the throne by the Crown Prince, and a regency for your grandson; or abdication, nomination of a delegate, and a National Assembly. The Committee of the Reichstag demands the latter, and it seems to me the better of the two, because it offers any chances there still are for the Monarchy. Whatever is done must be done quickly; the effect will be lost if blood is shed. With the Socialists' help the situation might still be saved in this way, — otherwise a Republic confronts us. The sacrifice must be voluntary, — so only will Your Majesty's name live in history."

Thus, through the telephone, spoke the Spirit of History; thus were politics and pathos, regimental numbers and historical renown mingled in the dialogue of one Prince with another, in order that the hearer at the far end might be brought to renounce the authority whose representative he had chosen in the person of the speaker. The desire of sixty millions was concentrated in this one voice, which could address the Emperor as that of a kinsman. But at the far end sat the Emperor, pale, biting his lips, as Eulenburg had seen him do for lesser perturbations; and he answered: "Nonsense! The troops will stand by me. To-morrow we march on the homeland!" Even on this last of Royal evenings William the Second did the wrong thing, because he had taught those around him to palter with the truth. "If," writes Prince Max, "The Supreme Command had told the Emperor on the 8th of November the truth about the Army which they kept from him till the morning of the 9th, I do not doubt that the Emperor would have renounced the throne on the evening of the 8th."

In the course of that night four members of the Reichstag gave the Supreme Command to understand what was to be expected on the morrow. If the abdication was not known in the morning at Berlin, the leaders would not be able to keep the workers in the factories. All this was, at Spa, either not believed or looked on in a personal light. Prince Max was distrusted, as opposed to the Hohenzollerns, as heir in reversion to the throne; and his "weak-kneed Cabinet" was derided.

Soldiers and Workingmen

At that very hour Hindenburg, Gröner, and Plessen were with the Emperor, together with the hastily summoned Count Schulenburg and two officers. The topic to be discussed was: "Statement on the operations in the interior commanded by the Emperor". A garden room, a wood fire in the grate, and the Emperor "who was shivering, leaning against the chimney-piece." Uniforms sprinkled with stars, well-drilled attitudes, practical, serious faces, lists of numbers, — a session like a hundred sessions presided over by the Emperor throughout the war. Only this time the front was east, though the standing army was west. While in Berlin soldiers who were workingmen were fraternizing with workingmen who to-morrow would be soldiers; while men who for four years had been throwing hand-grenades were joining hands with the men who had fashioned them in a general impulse which had more of the heaviness than the excitement of intoxication, — each and all driven by the craving to see peace once more around them, — the great ones on whom yesterday their lives had depended were considering how best they might shoot down these rebels. Among these great ones stern composure reigned. Nobody's voice was louder than usual. Nobody spoke out for the unity of the nation which now, after all that had been, it was proposed to lacerate afresh. Not any one of them!

Was the problem solved? No bloodshed, no danger for the Empire, none for the

Emperor; but instead an entry through the Brandenburg Gate. But behold! Gröner quietly stood up, — Gröner, whom that very day the Emperor had approvingly called "Brave Suabian!" and clapped paternally on the back; and Gröner told the truth at last. "Under its leaders and generals the Army will march quietly and steadily home, but not under the command of Your Majesty. It is no longer behind you."

A terrible moment. Had the revolt reached even to the sovereign's door? He made a few steps towards General Gröner: "Your Excellency, I demand this statement in writing. I will have in black and white the announcement from all the Generals informing me that the Army is no longer behind its Supreme War-Lord. Have they not sworn the military oath?"

Gröner: "In such a situation the oath is a mere fiction."

When the truth of these words broke over him, the Emperor's world fell to pieces in his heart. For thirty years he had been intent on strengthening the iron defenses around him; and in thirty days they were shattered. There had not been a word of abdication, though this was a preliminary condition of the Armistice.

Meanwhile the session had been interrupted by the incessant wires from Berlin to the Supreme Command. The officers were consulted; from three selected Army-Corps came the anticipated negative. One of the colonels informed the Emperor. While he was speaking there came a message from the commandant of Berlin: "All troops deserted, — completely out of hand". It was eleven o'clock.

There he stood, hard pressed between the thronging wires from Berlin and the dispassionate "No" of his officers.

Bismarck's Ghost

Was Bismarck's ghost not seen to hover in that room? It had been his last warning to the Emperor, twenty years ago: "So long as you have these officers around you, there is no doubt that you may do exactly as you please. But without them it would be quite a different matter."

But Count Schulenburg now propounded the fantastic idea that the monarch should abdicate as German Emperor, but not as King of Prussia. As Hindenburg and even the Crown Prince, who now arrived upon the scene, approved the grotesque suggestion, the Emperor caught at this way of escape, — neither imperial nor royal, — like a gambler hoping with his last throw to win back all that he had lost.

"It is a Question of Minutes"

The Chancellor spoke again from Berlin. He would be obliged to resign, the monarchy was not to be saved unless the abdication came without an instant's delay. The Emperor ordered Hintze to answer by the announcement of his semi-abdication. Schulenburg again interfered, insisting on a formula for this momentous step, to be signed by the Emperor. Meanwhile the movement in Berlin was gathering force; no one in the Wilhelmstrasse could be sure that in ten minutes the mob would not be upon them with machine-guns. One more anguished appeal to Spa: "It is a question of minutes!" Schulenburg replied: "So momentous a decision cannot be made in a few minutes. His Majesty is resolved. He is at this moment formulating his resolve on paper. It will be in the hands of the Imperial Government within half an hour."

Not a word did the Count say of his own scheme for destroying all the effect by the retention of half the sovereign's authority.

The Prince's Way Out

The Chancellor was confronted with the choice of leaving the first step to the streets, or himself formulating the officially-conveyed intention to abdicate, his one aim being to save the dynasty. So he did what as Chancellor, Prince, and friend, he was bound to do. He formulated the officially declared intention of his sovereign as an unequivocal resolve, and in doing so overstepped his province only so far as, — in his dilemma, — to proclaim the Crown-Prince's renunciation of the throne also.

Prince Max could not now help the dynasty by this proclamaton; it came four weeks, four days, four hours, too late. Scheidemann had in the same hour proclaimed the Republic. To one person only did the Prince, in acting as he did, render the greatest of services, — to the Emperor. When all had forsaken him, this Chancellor alone stood by him; here at last was the scapegoat he needed for all his errors.

The Emperor had no sooner heard of the Prince's edict than he was possessed, for all his impotence, by a momentary mood of resistance. "Treason! Bare-faced, outrageous treason!" he cried out, for this was the Fifth Act. Then "the monarch in feverish haste filled one telegraph-form after another with a manifesto of protest." His telegraph-forms had not deserted him, — they were his last adherents. He proclaimed that he remained the King of Prussia. Admiral Scheer and Rear-Admiral von Levetzow depict the scene. Its irony needs no underlining.

"Before the Emperor stood the Field-Marshal, — General Gröner and General von Marschall being a little to one side. On our entrance the Emperor said: 'Field-Marshal, will you please repeat to Admiral Scheer what you have just said to me.'"

"I Remain King of Prussia"

Hindenburg: "The Army and the troops are no longer behind His Majesty. There are no loyal troops left. Would to God, Your Majesty, that it were otherwise!"

The Emperor: "If it is as the Field-Marshal informs me, I cannot well allow myself to be arrested! There is nothing for it but to abdicate as Emperor. I remain King of Prussia. But that the gentlemen may learn how I am served by my Chancellor, — Prince Max von Baden proclaimed my abdication both as Emperor and King this morning without my knowledge and without my authority. That is the way I am served by my last Chancellor!"

Scheer: "The effect on the Navy will be incalculable, if it has lost its Supreme War-Lord".

The Emperor, gloomily: "I have no Navy now!"

He went out with a shake of the hand for everyone. Not a word about leaving Spa; he had elected to stay with the troupe.

The whole confused, pathetic scene, with its theatrical climax, could only have fittingly ended with a shot "off", or else a sally to the battle-front; for between this 9th and the 11th hundreds more were slaughtered there. Delbrück came rushing over on purpose to die at his sovereign's side; the Junkers of Pomerania told the Empress, that day, of "a similar intention", and Solf had ere this felt sure that they must count on the Emperor's doing something of the kind.

Every one of his subjects was free to prefer life to an heroic death, but not he, not on that day. William the Second only was not free to choose on that Ninth of November.

A Hero's Death Declined

He stood helpless before reality. A bad exit or death, — those were the alternatives. Though Hindenburg and Hintze warned him of his danger with the Army, he persistently clung to the thought of a storm-battalion which was supposed to be still reliable, — there was talk of an officers' guard. "I will fight to the last moment", he said towards nightfall, "if even a few of my friends stick to me, — even if we're to be slaughtered, every one!" In the most primitive fashion, as he had seen done upon the stage, he ordered munitions and arms to be brought into the villa, as if he proposed to entrench himself there.

Suddenly, even as he was provisioning his little fortress, he caught sight of the Royal train standing outside, or perhaps he only remembered it. Had it not carried him through all countries, an ever-obedient steed? And there it stood, dazzling in its white and gold, spotless, well-oiled, well-coaled, on feather-springs, noiseless, ever-ready, — the Emperor's true home. He flings everything to the winds, and goes to the train to sleep. Hintze is heard to say that he will leave for Holland to-morrow. At nine o'clock he summons Hindenburg to the train, — no, he does not intend to go. The Crown Prince is to be told. He will speak to him to-morrow morning.

When Niemann, whom Plessen had summoned to the train "in case they left that evening", arrived with his baggage, — how did he find his War-Lord? "In the train I found the Emperor already at dinner with his suite. I had been afraid that the excitement of the previous hours would have made him lethargic. But not at all. He looked up at me with all his animation. His face was calm and resolute. They told me that the Emperor had quite changed his mind about going to Holland."

By this time the whole suite had known for twenty-four hours that he would take

flight; but decorum was preserved. So that when at ten o'clock Grünau, "by order of the Field-Marshal", pleaded in common with Plessen and Marschall for "Holland without delay", there was no more beating about the bush. "After brief reflection, the Emperor consented". But to show himself master just once more, to let no one be able to say that he was "afraid of his life", he found the fitting phrases: "Well, if it must be so! . . . But not before to-morrow morning!"

What else could the Field-Marshal, who loved the Emperor, have advised when all was over? After the crawling, the despicable, retreat from power there was only this back-alley left for escape. A thousand speeches in the past, — not one speech in the living present!

The Flight

But he only took a sheet of paper and wrote to his son to whom he had given his promise to stay. "Dear boy" . . . After all he had made up his mind to go, — quite simply, quite unaffectedly. But when he came to the signature it occurred to him that the scene was historic; and with ceremonial stiffness he signed the artless page: "Your stricken father." When his son came to see him next morning he was gone.

The frontier was not far away. The cars drew up. The frontier guard in his Dutch uniform refused to let German officers pass. His officer was sent for. For a moment he thought he must be dreaming. Then he knew what to do. Telephone to The Hague. For the present he conducted the gentlemen to a little iron waiting-room. But before those at The Hague, — the Ministers and the Queen, — could make up their minds, six hours went by.

The Emperor had never before had to wait six minutes. Possibly a train with a crowned guest might have been a few moments late, or a message at the maneuvers have failed to arrive on the tick of the clock. That day, he was pent in that iron box for six hours; and if he had much to atone for, in those six hours part of the pilgrim's burden of sin fell from him.

The window of the little waiting-room looked east. Directly outside, he could see the Dutch colors, the frontier-posts; four paces farther on, the Black-White-and-Red of Germany. The Emperor looked at the posts, — then looked backward at his land, at his life.

There, beyond those frontier-posts, great people is groaning. Those are the Germans, Emperor William, whom you have governed for so long. Adulators all they thronged about their sovereign's throne. Each would be first to snatch the quick-won prize, and for their folly they are called upon to pay, — for the arrogance which set all Europe against Germany.

The Groaning Land

The land is groaning now. More than a million of her sons, — the half of her youth, — lie prostrate, rotting in alien soil. Hark to the mothers' tears, the fathers' execrations. See this brave famished people cower to the victor's lash!

Are these the glorious days you vowed to bring your people? Which of your promises have you kept? Though Nature and upbringing wronged you, what have *you* done with your many gifts in that festival you made of life?

After four inactive years, — four years of sacrifice for all but you, — you have refused your people the last service which in history's eye might still have saved you; and for scurvy life are breaking now the soldier's oath you swore before your grandsire, the oath inviolate, — you dinned that in their ears a thousand times. Now, in their direst need, you wash your hands of them, — wife, children, subjects. In your craven fear you cast away the honor of your fathers. Chaos is upon your land; and while millions stare privation and slavery in the face, one man, the man who stands for all, steps into his luxurious car and rolls away to ease and comfort in a neutral country.

Fainter and Fainter

At last! The officer, saluting comes into the waiting-room. "The gentlemen may pass". With leaden heart the Emperor goes to his car. He even forgets to-day to hide his withered arm under his cape.

A soldier sits in front, escorting the distinguished prisoners. The engine throbs, — the car drives on into the alien land from which there will be no home-coming.

Fainter, ever fainter . . . Soon the Emperor can scarcely hear the groaning of his land.

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Light but Not Sweetness

That the young intellectuals of to-day are popularly described as wild-eyed and reckless is mostly because they are forced to look upon the combined truths of centuries askance and strangely. With the knowledge that each creed in the world has the same underlying similarity, whether it be the kismet of the fatalist, the forces of heredity and environment, the moulding power of evolution, the Allah of the Mohammedans, the One in All of Spinoza, the Duty of Kant, the Jehovah of Judaism, the Christ of the Gospels, they cannot give precedence to the merits of Christianity. When they wish, perhaps, to regard Christ as a man with a divine teaching, they are goaded to almost complete scepticism by the frenzied piety of the Fundamentalists. Comprehending the beauty and tenderness of the legends about the Virgin Mary and influenced by the idealizing tradition of her life, they turn with revulsion from their own crowd's ribald mockery and current scientific analysis of the story of the Immaculate Conception.

The truth of the new science of psychology has stripped the glamour from the rituals in the churches. Now the young intellectual, tingling at the majestic impassioned rhythm of the Psalms as they are intoned by a presiding minister, keenly aware of the beauty of the literature of the Bible as it is read by the congregation, surveys the worshiping people around him with probing, unillusioned eyes. He sees the listeners half-hypnotized by the solemnity of the assemblage and by the oracular chant of the reading. Heads sway unconsciously to the exultant rhythm of David's supplication to his Lord:

"Give ears to my words, O Lord, consider my meditations. Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my king and my God: for unto thee will I pray."

Shame at his carping criticism of what is only a universal desire, the instinct of religious exaltation and worship overcomes the young intellectual. He bows his head, shifting his eyes furtively to see if anyone can penetrate through his satirical guise as a devotee of Jehovah. It comes over him, proud and unhappy in his isolation from the crowd, that this scene of worship is being repeated all over the world by primitive tribes, by zealous Catholics, by orthodox, conservative, and reformed Jews, by fanatic Buddhists, by complacent Protestants. They are, in spite of the differences in the outward symbols, worshiping the same Deity, whether it be an abstract law of the universe, or an anthropomorphic conception of a God.

The very tolerance for which the young intellectual is praised prevents him from a genuine understanding of any religion. He is, — and he knows it, — too impartial. The inherent beauty of the teaching of Christ is felt to be the most genuine and practical creed of life. Yet his education and his desire for strict fairness to all sects, forbids him to play an intimate part in one religion, which, after all, is so nearly akin, both in history and thought, to other faiths. He feels the barrenness of

his own position, yet fears to tamper with the semi-mystical and artificial intimacies of professional religions. A mode of life explained in a metaphysical term does not satisfy him, any more than a code of conduct based on a ready-made religion does. The personal relation to God formed by a man in his prayers, alternately fills him with scorn for the belief that the bond is spiritual, rather than psychological, and dislike of his own lonely independence. He sees men and women burning candles before effigies in order to receive assurance for the most trivial of duties. Dislike for this primitive kind of bribery is softened by his admiration for the earnestness of Catholic worshipers.

He feels that they, believing in the efficacy of their petitions, are happier in their guileless acceptance of the existence of their Jehovah than he, who sifts matters down to the bedrock of common sense and is left unsatisfied. Neither the philosopher's stone nor the ecstasy of the true believer is given to him. He longs for the belief of his ancestors who were rich in the faithful credulity of simple worship. He rejoices that he lives in the twentieth century in which religious tolerance is practised as never before, and free thinking, — comparatively free, — is granted to all.

Surely the young intellectual may be pardoned for his confusion in regard to things of the spirit. In his calm moments when his eyes are not dazzled by his heritage of knowledge, then does he say, "Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

HOPE BARKLEY.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Hoover and the Doctors

An assault on the medical profession from one of Mr. Hoover's readers:

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is indeed gratifying to read the writings of Mr. Hoover, concerning the perfect child, along which subject I have spent the past fifteen years of study and experience. I surely slap Mr. Hoover on the back in praise when I read the following: "The very helpers to whom those who are concerned with the protection of children have turned for guidance, the medical men, have been trained in their schoo and by their experience to observe disea not health."

But Mr. Hoover goes on farther wi the question. "It seems an arraignment our civilization that with all our scienti endeavor and our beneficent intentions come to this day with no concrete stan ards to tell us what is a healthy child, wh is normality in human beings. Intere and zeal have crystalized to the poi where science will shortly have to answ the question: 'What is a normal child — and then: 'What is a perfect child?'

Mr. Editor, please tell Mr. Hoover n to ask the medical scientific professio such foolish questions especially while w are paying them to keep us in poor healt Why, medical science, above all other will refrain from doing anything to chec their daily income, and those questio as they know only too well, will chec their daily income.

If Mr. Hoover were to ask that questio of a person like me for instance, a perso whose interest is really along the lines Good Health, then he could expect a re correct answer for I pride in myself that can answer his question in the words the Lord Jesus Christ. And too, I can te him what herbs to use to put them in th perfect normal health. This is not of finan cial interest to me because I have spen hundreds of dollars in the past fiftee years to improve my own as well as th health of others, entirely without profit. I I were personally in the medical profes sion, I certainly would follow the presen medical rules of to-day, — Keep Silen when such a subject comes up.

WILLIAM F. ROACH.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Logic and Faith

Readers of THE FORUM *are naturall lovers of controversy. A Catholic takes is sue with the subscriber who in our Septem ber issue objected to the obeisance of offici Americans to the papal legate:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

One of your correspondents seems t think that it was not truly American fo civil representatives to greet the papa legate in the formal way. But it was quit logical; the culture of America is indee

otestant, but the genius of America is tholic.

The universal principles of just governnt as taught by the learned Saint homas Aquinas, the great Cardinal Belmine and the Jesuit Saurez, were itten into our Declaration of Indendence, and that is why it is the "imortal document" that it is.

So long as America remains in truth the merica of the Fathers, the right relations Church and State will be maintained. he Catholic Church asks no more. Less an that she has never ceased to ask, in ery age and land. Clearly, the Catholic hurch is either what she claims to be, the eacher sent from God, or she is the orld's most successful impostor. Logilly, there can be no intermediate position r the man who reasons scientifically, and llows his reasoning to its conclusion. eligiously, it will lead him to the Throne the Fisherman, and he will be all the etter American for it.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

Wollaston, Mass.

Senatorial Astronomy

The Senator from Utah receives an asonomical rebuke:

ditor of THE FORUM:

Senator Reed Smoot's religious belief ublished in your October number is luguriously interesting. He believes that man fashioned in the image of God, and says at the glorified planets are God's kingoms, of which this earth is only one of illions.

He appears to be unaware that in the hole universe there are only eight planets nown to man. Outside of the earth, not ne of these is thought to be habitable. he moon is a dead cinder without atosphere. Does Senator Smoot think that e great galaxy of stars which he sees at ght is made up of planets? These stars e all suns, at an enormously high temerature. Their matter is in the atomic nd electronic state, where there can be life.

Mr. Smoot regards baptism as essenal to salvation. Satan and his legions e one third of Heaven's spirit host. He inks we are saved by faith and not by e evidences of truth, and that the "everlasting Gospel" was framed before the earth was created. Finally he believes in a personal devil with all the circumstances of the ancient Hell of Puritanic times. To Dean Inge and to the evolutionists, this sounds barbarous.

JOHN C. DEAN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Contingent Theology

This letter reaches us on the stationery of the Ford Motor Company. Its theology is at least not acrimonious, for the letter-head cautions us: "All statements or agreements contained in this letter are contingent on strikes, accidents, fires, or any other causes beyond our control."

Editor of THE FORUM:

Having read Samuel McChord Crothers's reasons why he is a Unitarian in the September issue, the writer is of the opinion that the only thing this preacher cares to do is browse around and believe anything which seems to fit the processes of his own mind. At first thought it may seem to be a good thing to foster a movement which has no creed save that of brotherly love. This is not a sufficient foundation, however, for the Christian religion.

Our religion is the only thing we have about us here that concerns the infinite expanse ahead of us. Few have no faith in God and if we have faith, be it ever so weak, it follows that we have certain beliefs.

Stripped of its false guise of Christianity, the Unitarian faith might well be termed an explanation of culture. Eliminating its sterile piety, the whole purpose and thought of Unitarianism might be appropriated without change and subscribed to by a fraternal body, a boy scout organization, or a college society. Each may have as true and deep rooted a desire to uplift life.

What we need to-day is a full acceptance of Jesus Christ and more than a passive belief that he is what he claims himself to be, the only begotten Son. We may not all be fundamentalists but this first fundamental of fundamentals must be the basis upon which all other Christian doctrine is built.

H. W. S.

Dearborn, Mich.

The Stuff of Dreams

A bit of evidence supplementing Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the October FORUM, *plus a compliment to which we bow:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

For a long time I have been searching for *the* magazine, and I think I have at last found it in THE FORUM. I was particularly interested in Sir Oliver Lodge's article in the October issue on "Foretelling the Future". Some forty-five years ago I had a most extraordinary dream, and although occurring so long ago every incident connected with it is as distinctly impressed upon my mind as if it had occurred only yesterday.

I was then about eighteen years of age, and was attending a country school taught by Mr. John S. Saunders. My parents resided about a mile from the school house, and I always went home for my noonday meal. One night I dreamed that Mr. Saunders said to me as he dismissed school at noon: "Tom, I want you to hurry back from your dinner. My wife is ill, and I am going to see her. Should I fail to return in time to take up school, I wish you to call the school to order and conduct it until my return." Now I was always rather bashful and backward, and these failings were as active within me in my dreaming as in my waking hours. Instead of hurrying back, as requested, I delayed my return until after Mr. Saunders had called the school to order. Nothing had occurred to cause this dream, and I had had no intimation of Mrs. Saunders's illness.

The next day my dream literally came to pass in every particular.

T. T. PAGE.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Divorce Debate

Editor of THE FORUM:

I take issue with Miss Stevens. I do not want "to be guided by the stern and moralistic Middle West". I want freedom in divorce, all the freedom I can get, even if it is only to be found in crumbs here and there throughout the land. I do not want these precious experimental laboratories to be put out of business. I hope and think they will multiply. They could no more be forced upon the entire country at this ti than prohibition can. But they a precious symptoms nevertheless; they a worth preserving even at great cost.

DOROTHY KENYON.

New York.

Light and Progress

This reader sets us right on a min point and then, by a compliment in his l paragraph, sets us up considerably:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have a great reverence for Mr. Edis but do not let us overdo it by creditin him with more than his due. Surely he h enough laurels. If you ask any high scho child "Who invented the incandesce electric light?" in 99 per cent of cases or she will reply "Edison". But M Edison himself says otherwise, and I *kno* otherwise.

It was the invention of a Mr. Swan Bromley in Kent, England (10 miles fro London). I had my library lit with a Sw light in 1881 by means of storage batterie Mr. Edison was so interested in M Swan's work that they came together an produced the "Ediswan" lamp, which h not so long passed off the market.

Electric cars were running in sever European cities long before horse ca disappeared from New York, long befo the introduction of electric traction w even considered. In 1888 I was in Ne York and also in Switzerland. There w little if any electric lighting and no electr traction in New York, but every cotta in Switzerland had its own installation electric light.

To-day of course the U. S. A. leads t world in all these things, but it is unfair the rising generation to let them grow u in ignorance that the modern U. S. A. w inaugurated in 1896 and that nearly all i progress has taken place in the twentie century. That progress has been stupe dous, and is actually more so than it seen when we have regard to the few years in which it has been compressed. There w a U. S. A. prior to 1896, I knew it well; most agreeable place in which to dwe but it was quite different from what no exists; it differed in a degree that has n comparison in all history.

If you ever get on to railways I wa

ou to be careful if you want me to keep uiet. The first railway was laid in Engnd and the gauge was fixed by measuring coach-axle which happened to be four eet eight and a half inches. From that ccident has come the unscientific gauge hich spreads over this continent and early all Europe. Russia alone has a cientific gauge. Brunel, the English ngineer, attempted the same thing in England but not having a Czar to back im, his rails had to be taken up in 1892 I rode in nearly the last broad-gauge rain). The same fate overtook the engineers of the Southern States of this country who attempted a scientific gauge. The blight of that English coach-axle had spread too far. The first rails laid in this country, the first rolling stock, was unfortunately English. The same for France and Germany. Now the world is saddled with that absurd standard gauge of four feet eight and a half inches simply because the expense of changing was insuperable.

No one could read THE FORUM without becoming aware of the amiability of its Editorial staff, and so I have no dread of any ire. I suffer from observing the perpetual propagation of error by all sorts of people, including professors, in all realms of knowledge. The Society for the Collection and Propagation of Useless Knowledge is evidently flourishing.

R. ESTCOURT.

Oakland, Calif.

Realism

From Washington comes this plea for realism in art:

Editor of THE FORUM:

As THE FORUM invites friendly criticism, kindly permit me to indulge in comment upon certain features in the current issue.

Clare Leighton has four interesting woodcuts entitled "British Yeomanry". In one a cow is being milked *from the left side*. I have milked many a cow, and never saw a self-respecting one that would not resent in most active fashion any such approach. The bucket, and the milker as well, would assuredly be kicked were such an attempt to be made.

In "Turning the Plough" the ploughman appears to be guiding the horses with the "beam" of the implement. There is *no indication of any reins* connecting the animals with the ploughman. I have "ploughed" many a weary furrow behind many a weary team of horses or mules, but never yet performed or witnessed that operation without the use of reins for guiding the animals, — over the ploughman's right shoulder and beneath his left arm.

But perhaps farming operations are carried on in England in an opposite fashion to this country, just as one keeps to the left on an English road instead of the right, as here, an eminently sensible plan, by the way, enabling the driver to watch against wheel interference.

G. F. WEEKS.

Washington, D. C.

Workingmen and Culture

A Florida architect sends this contribution to the debate on the workingman's desire for culture:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The "argument" between Van Loon and Dean Keppel is, I am afraid, — considered as an argument, — somewhat of a "fizzle". Van Loon started out so beautifully, — and the Dean has "replied" on a different subject, speaking an altogether different language.

The trouble is, that before you started the argument, you should have held a competition to determine just what "culture" is. Van Loon, being a European and a student, knows very well what real culture is. He knows, one is sure, that all the wanting in the world will not give one iota of the subtle, ages-old thing that culture really is. Mr. Keppel, on the other hand, being a Dean, believes that "culture" is a thing that comes in packages. Some of the packages, the good Dean holds, are passed around in little theatres, in opera concerts, in summer courses in Colleges.

Education (so-called) comes in packages right enough now-a-days, but culture does not, never did, and never will. Real culture is a development of seed planted centuries ago. It requires background, — several generations of background. "Education" may be packed, wrapped, and sold

over the counter (or through the ticket-window) in a night. Van Loon, a student, knows this well enough, — the Dean, an educator, could never guess it.

My small boy has spells of wanting the moon. He will never get it, however much we try to gratify his every whim. The "workingman" (another term that wants definition) may want culture, but he will never get it, unless it be that he may lay the foundations that will give it to his descendants in the third or fourth generations.

The example of the Italian immigrant's family cited by the Dean, proves *education*, but it has little bearing on that very different thing "culture". Incidentally, an Italian immigrant may very well have a certain amount of culture in his make-up. It may be what might be called "reflected culture" if you will, but it can easily provide the necessary background for culture's development. Some years ago I had many interesting conversations with an old lady who sat under an umbrella in front of a French Cathedral, — and sold apples. She probably could not read or write, — of education she had none at all. But of culture she had much, I thought. Perhaps it was reflected from the Cathedral in whose shade she had sat for so many years. At all events she had the background upon which her descendants might paint some lovely pictures.

The culture that Van Loon knows and talks about is as different from what the good Dean believes in, as the *real American* (descendant of Washington and Jefferson) is different from the "100 per cent" thing that boosts so blatantly under the Babbitt banner from the Alleghenies westward.

HARRY F. CUNNINGHAM.

Saint Petersburg, Fla.

Church and State

The debate aroused by Mr. Pezet's "Temporal Power of Evangelism" rages merrily:

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the October FORUM Mr. Washington Pezet, in his paper, "The Temporal Power of Evangelism", in effect charges the Protestant churches with having already effected a union of church and state; for that is what the exercise of temporal powe by the churches means. But he fails t prove the charge.

The only facts cited by Mr. Pezet tha in any degree support his charge are th membership of congressmen and senator and one major general of the United State army in the Methodist Board of Temper ance, Prohibition, and Public Morals While such an alliance with our nationa legislature gives the Methodist Church a strong pull on the government in further ance of the moral purposes of the church it does not constitute a union of tha church with the State nor give it tem poral power, except, possibly, in a very slight degree.

The temporal power of government o the power of the state can be exercised only by its officials. Separation of Church and State under our constitution means that the State shall not exercise any control whatever in matters of religious faith or practice. But this does not bar any religious body from using its influence upon the government in relation to questions not religious, nor limit its activity with the electorate at the polls in respect to non-religious questions.

WILLIS L. HAND.

Corvallis, Ore.

Another view:

Editor of THE FORUM:

After reading Mr. Washington Pezet's article on "The Temporal Power of Evangelism", I find myself saying, 'If this be temporal power, make the most of it.' What Mr. Pezet describes sounds more to me like organized moral power. I gather from his article that this incensed "wet", who wildly lays about him with a club, has no objection to a passive individual goodness but that when goodness becomes aggressive and on a social scale he is terribly infuriated, — as well he may be.

I will leave to the able pen of Dr. Clarence True Wilson the not difficult task of specific refutation of the loose dialectic in Mr. Pezet's article. Allow me just this word: The object of the Methodist Board, the Anti-Saloon League, the Federal Council, and such bodies is not the bringing of the United States under the domination of any particular ecclesias-

cal organization or doctrine; it is, rather, whole-hearted effort to effectively egister the convictions of the Protestant hurch on the burning moral and social ssues. The warrant of the church for peaking its mind on these issues is in the act that these are, at base, human issues, — making for the weal or woe of human eings, — and nothing human can be lien to a church of Christ.

NORMAN W. TWIDDY.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

The "New York Times" raises its voice on he other side. Commenting on Dr. Wilson's rticle in the November FORUM *it says ditorially:*

"Dr. Wilson argues duly for the American conception of the separation of Church and State. He points out that his denomination has never sought any direct support or even favors from the Government. Why then has it set up a Methodist institution alongside the Senate Office Building at Washington, which has notoriously taken many steps to influence directly the action of Congress? The answer given by Dr. Wilson is that 'The purpose is to lift up a standard in the most influential place it can be planted which will indicate what the Methodists believe in and stand for with reference to the teaching of temperance and its necessity for the public welfare of the United States and the world, — a standard of prohibition.'

"This sounds innocent enough. To the project as thus stated there can be no serious objection per se. But no one is ignorant of the actual facts which lie behind. . . . There is an attempt to mass the millions of voters in the Methodist Church and use them directly as a dominating power in American politics.

"Such a vicious proposal needs only to be stated to be condemned by right-minded Americans. There is, fortunately, evidence that it is condemned by great numbers of Methodists themselves."

The Anti-Saloon League replies:

Editor of THE FORUM:

In reply to Mr. Pezet's unfounded charges against the Anti-Saloon League, permit me to say:

Neither the Church nor its uniquely interdenominational agency, the Anti-Saloon League, need apologize for their part in securing the Eighteenth Amendment or the laws to enforce it, nor for continuing their mobilization against the guerrilla warfare of the liquor outlaws today. This has been fundamentally a moral crusade and a legitimate part of the Church's duty. The enormous economic, social, and political advantages gained have been by-products. The impossible partnership of Christian citizens with the licensed saloon has been severed forever. Hereafter, if men are debauched it will not be with the advice and consent of the better element of the community.

The Church did not enter partisan politics when it engaged in this fight but it did inject the Christian spirit into the befouled political life dominated by the brewer and distiller. It insisted on clean, honest men, free from entangling alliances with the brothel and saloon. It made it politically safe for honorable and moral men to run for office anywhere in the land. Christianity does not disfranchise a citizen. Virtue as well as vice has a right to organize for effective action. It was such organized action that outlawed beer and its inseparable evils.

No other method could meet the defiance of the liquor traffic. Neither partisan politics, business, nor sentimental talk about temperance could succeed. Education, pledge-giving, and lectures had been tried in vain. Only one social factor, national in extent, embracing all classes, creeds, and conditions of people, was so free from all alliance with the Liquor Monster that it could act. That factor was the Church, guardian of morals and mother of ethics. The churches joined their efforts for prohibition in the Anti-Saloon League. That was sane strategy. The evil they fought was neither denominational nor parochial. It was a common foe, to be faced by common and united action.

The Church does not, in prohibition, seek to legislate morality into men. It merely insisted that the state cease legislating immorality. It demanded the removal of the licensed permission granted some men to become wealthy by making their neighbors poor and drunken. If drunkenness continued, it should not be, hereafter, with any legal camouflage of license. The prohibition activity of the

Church has not lessened but increased its other activities. It has set free for constructive work energies formerly consumed by repairing wastes caused by drink.

The methods used by the Church, through its agency, the Anti-Saloon League, have been simple and in accord with the Church's best tradition. To tell the truth about the liquor habit and the liquor traffic, to expose the men in business or politics who profited by this public shame, and to pour constant publicity on the whole issue has been its basic method. Then it urged its constituency to organize and to exercise their rights as citizens. That brought the victory and will maintain it.

Detailed reports filed with the proper officials, showing the character of the League's political activity, has not satisfied the foes of prohibition who have repeatedly investigated its methods, being constitutionally unable to believe that frankness and truth could win where they themselves had vainly relied on corruption and falseness. The record stands, however, the greatest moral achievement won in any nation, unsullied by unworthy methods, untainted by selfish ambition, a challenge and an inspiration to the world.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

Washington, D. C.

A Question of Understanding

A Bostonian inquires whether there may not be more Christians than a FORUM *contributor thinks:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I do not understand the meaning of Mr. Horner's story "A Page From the Past" in your October number. In it the old Chinese gentleman murmurs, "I don't understand why, after two thousand years, Jesus of Nazareth never had more than one disciple." I do not understand why Mr. Horner "sat facing him in silence . . . my face was burning . . . his words burned deep and left a scar—" Mr. Horner was asked to return and tell Mr. Tsen more about his Master, but he "never returned". Why?

What an opportunity lost to tell of a few of our Lord's other glorious disciples! Such as our beloved Francis of Assisi's namesakes, Francis Xavier and Francis de Sales, of his own sweet disciple St Clare of Assisi? Or such great men as Vincent de Paul, Philip Neri? Or of Benedict, Dominic, Ignatius de Loyola? Or again his disciples, the marvelous Jesuits, Isaac Jagnes, de Brebeuf, Garmei, Lalemant and others? And such men as Father Charles, Verbiest, and de Britto, whose names go down in the history of the Christian civilization of China? And Father Damien?

I simply do not understand.

LOUISE ERDNA REGGIO.

Boston, Mass.

A Slight Disagreement

When two readers object for mutually contradictory reasons, the harassed editor wonders whether he wasn't pretty nearly right after all:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I must say I was disappointed in the ten definitions of Socialism which appear in your October number. I did not expect my definition to come within 95,000,000 miles of winning, but I did expect to find among the ten definitions you saw fit to broadcast to the world at least one real definition of Socialism.

You may think you will gain popularity, and solidify yourself with the fathead business men who are running the world to-day, by making a joke of Socialism. You either share the popular ignorance of what Socialism really is, or else you have elected to fight it with cheap ridicule.

J. A. C. M.

Youngstown, O.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I would like to enter a protest against your decisions in regard to definitions of Socialism, — not, *per se*, because the definition I myself submitted did not become a winner, although far more exact and to the point than any of those published, — but because only definitions evidently written by Socialists or Socialist "sympathizers" seem to have had a chance.

C. B.

Chicago, Ill.

OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

The Great Fear

"From afar, from over the hills,— from another world it would seem,— one hears the tinkling of camel bells. Faintly one hears the sound, very faintly: a cold hesitant drip drip of music falling in the night. . . ."

We are in Jerusalem just before the dawn, and Jerusalem sleeps. But presently it is dawn. The city of many faiths awakes. In words of poignant beauty,— of infinite pity,— Lewis Browne paints an unforgettable picture of the love and hatred of that thing we call religion.

The purpose of this prologue, from which I have quoted the opening phrases, is to set the stage for his epic of man's struggle to live in spite of his fear of the unknown. Few things in this world are perfect,— Lewis Browne's prologue is perfect. In five pages of beautiful prose he puts one in just the right mood for a perusal of his remarkable book, THIS BELIEVING WORLD (Macmillan, $3.50).

The volume is dedicated to H. G. Wells. What the novelist-historian did for world history Lewis Browne has done for religion. One wonders why he did not dedicate his work to Hendrik Willem Van Loon, for his book is in the manner of Van Loon's *Story of Mankind* rather than Wells's more voluminous and less impartial *Outline of History*. Even the many maps and illustrations with which the book is adorned and made graphic are in the Van Loon manner and technique.

"In the beginning there was fear; and fear was in the heart of man; and fear controlled man. At every turn it whelmed over him, leaving him no moment of ease. . . ." And thus, according to Browne, religion was born of man's overwhelming sense of fear.

The "First Book,— How It All Began" is divided into two chapters,— "Magic" and "Religion",— in which is rapidly sketched the growth of the latter out of the former.

Won't someone please write *This Unbelieving World*, and show us as graphically and trenchantly and tolerantly how science too arose out of primitive magic,— through the travail of those who were not afraid. But the vast majority has ever been afraid and so religion has been an inescapable human necessity.

In swift sequence Browne covers his ground. The arrangement is wholly admirable. It endows the narrative with a continuity no other arrangement would have given it.

I have only one animadversion to offer. To a non-Jew it seems that Browne is a bit too partial to Judaism. In his treatment of it there creeps in a degree of enthusiasm absent in his detached discussion of other faiths. This, of course, is only natural. And I am quite willing to admit that the prejudice may be mine and not his.

Certainly, I am sure that there are not many Christian Ministers living today who could have written about Judaism as fairly, as impartially, and as poignantly as Rabbi Browne has written of Christianity.

This amazingly fine book will annoy some of our Christian brethren, especially the Fundamentalists, whose ridiculous pretensions it does more to lay bare than all the scientific proselytings of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn and his fellow liberals. Browne shows clearly and beyond cavil the true nature of the Bible, — a history of the gradual evolution of a petty tribal paganism into a world monotheism.

He shows us, too, how, through all manner of compromises with and borrowings from antecedent pagan philosophy and religion, the obscure but beautiful religion *of* Jesus became Christianity, the successful religion *about* Jesus. In this connection his discussion of Paul and his ministry is masterful.

Yes, undoubtedly, this book will enrage some of our Christian brethren. But those whose minds are not hopelessly closed will be benefited by it. It will help to restore the religion *of* Jesus. It will give those who battle for the religion *of* Jesus new and shining weapons in their age-old war against those who stubbornly entrench themselves behind the illusory ramparts of the religion *about* Jesus.

But let it not be thought that Mr. Browne is in any sense a propagandist. He is no more interested in proselyting for the religion of Jesus than he is in making converts to Buddhism or Islam. Indeed, Mohammedanism emerges triumphant from his account as a more practical and successful religion than any other, — which, of course, it is. I have always wondered what would happen the United States if a Mohammeda missionary should decide to convert o Negroes to his faith.

Mr. Browne has no axe to grind. He an artist-philosopher, and his approac to his vast canvas is that of the artist wh feels and the philosopher who yearns know. There is also enough in him of th scientist who sets down the facts as H observes them to make his book tremer dously worth while. He paints his im mensely complex picture with magnificen simplicity and a becoming modesty fo the limitations imposed by his highl condensed form.

He achieves the rare miracle of Olym pian aloofness without either superiorit or coldness. His judgments are detached but the words in which he clothes ther glow with human warmth, — with under standing and compassion. There is iron and pity in his depiction of the degrada tion of each of the great religions at th hands of the followers of Buddha, Jesus and Mohammed. There are even flashe of gay humor. There are epigrams an definitions that strike the reader with th sting of a wet breeze. There are one o two at least with a touch of genius in them

"Faith . . . that indispensable, — an therefore imperishable, — illusion in th heart of man that, though he may seem a mere worm on the earth, he nevertheles can make himself the lord of the uni verse." And "Religion . . . the special ized technique by which man seeks t realize that illusion."

It is a great book, — tolerant an civilized, — written with consummat artistry and passionate honesty, — on that the most deeply religious and th most skeptical of modern materialist can alike read with profit and enjoyment

This Believing World deserves to reac as large a public as Van Loon's *Story o Mankind* or Wells's *Outline of History*.

A. Washington Pezet.

On the Children's Shelf

Now there are many books for youn people come from the bookmakers thi time of year. It were presumptuousness likely, to count and divide and subtrac and get for a sum and conclusion tha six of these books, and no others, wer

he pick of the lot. One would better stay lear of fractions and count by tens; the esult will be in round numbers that are ear enough.

After all, there is always the matter of rapes and plums and one's own sweet references. There are a number of good, ew books for children, large and small. shall point to a half dozen.

In THE BEAUTIFUL CHILDHOOD by E. Frances Boulting (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) he beautiful fragments we have from he childhood of Jesus, from first Christ-nas to young manhood, have been gently and accurately laid upon a back-ground of Palestinian hills and woven about, woof and warp, with the daily life of the villages and the flora of the coun-tryside. We follow the ancient roads in tapestry.

The work is carefully done in all essen-tial details. At the close of each chapter an abundance of notes and Scriptural references add an observer's interesting comment and attest the pains of the author who takes no stand on contro-versial ground. She presents a simple "Childhood" without sentimentality or embellishment, — vineyards and olive groves and quiet village carpentry. It is a neat bit of book-craft, quietly and ad-mirably done, that will fill a wanting place on the children's shelf in many a Christian home, regardless of denomina-tion or creed.

For a small child's solid comfort, few things can surpass THE VELVETEEN RABBIT by Margery Williams (Doran, $1.25). It is an appealing tale of a vel-veteen personality that goes through all the vicissitudes of one toy among many. But one night he sleeps in the Boy's bed, and every night thereafter; and the Boy makes him tunnels under the bed-clothes. Only out under the raspberry canes where furry rabbits play, he feels keenly that he is made all in one piece. The toy goes the eventual way of all velveteen, — loses its pile and becomes thin at the threads; but he stays by the boy through a siege of scarlet fever. To the Boy he is *real.*

The Rabbit is to be put away in the interest of sanitation; he escapes, and, through the magic offices of a rather far-fetched fairy, he becomes completely real. His nose tickles, and he finds that he has a hind foot to scratch it with. He has become a furry rabbit, as real and living as the part he has played in the life and growth of the Boy. With a wealth of child psychology between the lines, *The Velveteen Rabbit* becomes real even to grown-ups.

Next to the Rabbit are LETTERS FROM UNCLE HENRY (Stokes, $2.00). Uncle Henry's whole name is Henry B. Mason. He is the sort of Uncle every child would like to have, a prancing Uncle with a sober eye for humor, full of stories about fairies and dogs and fish.

Uncle Henry's fairies are not the ordinary, ballet-dancing type of fairy. They are really practical ones, come to this country for one reason or another and settled mostly in Wisconsin and Illinois. They are naturalized, of course, and substantially American.

The Tame Fish in Lake Michigan is a marvel and much better sport than any motor-boat, excepting when he's visiting his grandfather at the mouth of the Nipigon river. Uncle Henry, Susan, Joe, and the bull terrier, Mike, have a row of saddles on the back of the Tame Fish. The amusing illustrations were done after Uncle Henry's by Marjorie Hartwell.

A MAGICIAN OF SCIENCE, a boys' life of Steinmetz (Century, $1.75), written by the same John Winthrop Hammond who wrote the standard grown-up biography of the remarkable electrician, is worth every boy's time. It tells simply, intelli-gently, the story of the spoiled and crippled little Carluzek who grew to be a brilliant mathematician, — Charles Pro-teus Steinmetz, who was permitted to enter America only by the quick wit of a friend, but who in a short time had become an American citizen and dis-tinguished himself in electrical affairs. His unwillingness to accept a statement, even though it appeared in a printed book, without first-hand proof of its accuracy, proved to be the great stepping-stone in his ceaseless effort to live a useful life.

Surrounded by an adopted family and many pets, the cheerful and happy dwarf-man became the great Lightning-Maker. But the wizard of electricity was always the particular friend of boys.

Only a short time before the Queen herself came to visit us, THE QUEEN OF

ROUMANIA'S FAIRY BOOK (Stokes, $3.00) came from the press. High beauty there is, and deep pathos, in this collection of tales from that eastern country and its odd charm is borne out by the illustrations. Over all there broods a haunting wistfulness that one might expect in an old land that has seen much of this and that, and not always of the best.

"Beragladin's Treasure" is a richly beautiful story of a gipsy's life-long pursuit of beauty, and "Baba Alba" is a strange tale of penance and a bronze bell. Yet the *Fairy Book*, despite its name, is not at all a fairy book; it is not suitable for younger children, — only for those in their teens and for their elders, who can better hear and understand the heart-beats of Roumania.

And, while we speak of folk-tales, we shall not forget SKAZKI, Tales and Legends of Old Russia, told by Ida Zeitlin (Doran, $5.00). The Skazki, or national wonder-tales of Russia, account for many things, not the least of which is the "mountain of earth", twenty fathoms high, that stretches from Kiev to the sea. It was Kyrilo, the tanner, who hitched a ruthless dragon to the plow and turned up the mighty furrow. But when that hard-driven dragon should also divide the sea for Kyrilo, it was too much for him; and there at the bottom of the sea he lies to this day, with the plow at his back. The peasants till the soil on either hand, but the mountain of earth holds high the fame of Kyrilo the peasant, the tanner of hides.

This big and handsome book is a credit to its makers. So beautifully is it made that neither prince nor princess, — nor dragon, for that matter, — could look upon it without remarking it. As for the pictures, in gold and in colors, by Theodore Nadejen, they must be equally pleasing to princess or prince, — and of dragons there are no more to please.

ANNE MOEN CLEELAND.

The World and Mr. Wells

Mr. Wells is very insistent that we should take THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD (Doran, $5.00, 2 vols.), as a novel, "as a whole novel, and nothing but a novel," and take it or leave it as that, — "the story of one man's adventure, body, soul, and intelligence, in life." "There is muc discussion of opinion in this book," I says. "Does that make it anything but novel? Is it not quite as much 'life' to me and deal with a new idea as to meet an deal with a new lover?" "A man, if he to be rendered completely, must beg with the creation of the world so far as specially concerns him and end with h expectations of eternity."

Well, there is really nothing startlin in this view of the novel. Surely it wa Meredith's, whose novels, as he said, wer "not meat for little people or for fools" Meredith, however, blended his philosc phy more vitally with his story, showe it inherent and active in his character But "William Clissold" (for we are warne to distinguish him from his "cousin", Mr H. G. Wells) mostly separates his philos ophy from what would usually be calle the human side of his story, and prepare us for a knowledge of himself with soli slabs of essay on the cosmic process, th evolution of life, the emergence of man his subsequent development from Neande thal to Monte Carlo, from cave man t financier, physiology, religion, sociology economics, politics, all past and presen thinking on every possible matter forma tive of the mind of a twentieth centur individual. Victor Hugo used very muc the same method when he interpolate huge dissertations on history, natura science, and Paris drains into his similarly conscientious romances, and Sterne' *Tristram Shandy*, — whose hero begins a an "homunculus" — with its endless dis sertations, may surely be regarded as on of many other pioneers of this "novel at a new angle". Flaubert and Balzac also con ceived of the novel as a "vehicle" in muc the same spirit.

In fact, *The World of William Clissold* is very much like our old acquaintance th didactic novel up-to-date. But does i really matter what we call it? It is easy t humor Mr. Wells and call it a novel, and be done with it. If sex-interest be regarded as a *sine qua non* of a novel, technically so-called, that ingredient is far from lack ing, for Mr. Wells, or I should say William Clissold, comes out as a thorough-going Freudian, with sex as the main significance of life, and the motive power beneath al his philosophic, financial, and sociologica activities. The "stories of mating" which

issold describes are no more ardent or itspoken than those recitals of his own natory episodes which for some readers ill seem like a thin stratum of jam in the ige dumpling of philosophy.

Other readers, on the contrary, may efer to skip the jam and enjoy the hon- t dough. For it is honest, as everything r. Wells writes is; and, indeed, whatever e himself may think, the real value of his ok lies there. As a continuous medita- on on the world up-to-date, from the oint of view of a very intelligent modern -looker, the book is very stimulating ading and has a sort of fascination. May- e, after all, that comes of the form, how- ver cumbrous, Mr. Wells has chosen, and ie association of the various theorisings ith that William Clissold who is no mere y figure, but a character who is genuinely alized, and for whom, as we end the ook, we are rather surprised to find our- lves feeling something of affection.

William and his brother and lifelong omrade "Dickon" are sons of a big ad- enturous financier, of the heroic flam- oyant type, whose sharp practice ends a sensational trial and suicide. This ather remains a magnetic memory to his ons, who, in their turn, become successful usiness men, "Dickon" as a magnate of dvertising, and William as partner in a rm of millionaire steel manufacturers. oth have a philosophic bent, and an itch or reconstructing the world, but with Villiam, whose early studies in modern cience recall Mr. Wells's own education, hat itch is a passion,— his dream of a oöperative world the purpose of his life.

Always a revolutionary thinker, Wil- iam Clissold, on the verge of sixty, sits own in his pleasant little hermitage near Grasse on the French Riviera to write the ilgrimage of his mind, its adventures hrough various sociological theories, from he standpoint of his riper experience. He s still a revolutionist, though the concep- ion of revolution to which he is now rrived would by some be described as eaction. He no longer believes in revolu- ion by violence. He has lost his faith in loody upheavals of an ignorant proleta- iat. The World-State of which he reams will be the gradual work of in- tructed, cultivated intelligences, men ersed in the human story, in all its ex- eriments and processes, no mere impro- visation of idealistic, inexperienced youth. Older heads are once more to be at the helm.

"I believe," he says, "that as civiliza- tion develops, this elder stratum is going to play a determining rôle in human de- velopment."

Also, this revolution is no longer to be against Capital, but, on the contrary, Capital, grown aware of its high destiny as a world-shaper, will be the master- builder of the new social order. Marxian economics Clissold dismisses as narrow, outworn theorising, already tried and found wanting. In the scientific sense, the new revolution will be aristocratic, not proletarian. It will not be "a scholar's fairyland", but the clear-sighted creation of truly "civilized" captains of industry, practical rulers accustomed to the man- agement of realities. Government will no longer be in the hands of either kings, presidents, parliaments, or peoples. A great world-committee of the "fittest", the best instructed minds, will regulate world-affairs on scientific lines. Religion, morality, and all social institutions will be made over again according to the facts of life. Much that seems wrong now will then be right, and nearly everything right now will then be wrong. Into the details of this vast reconstruction, it is, of course, im- possible to go here, but no one can give a fair hearing to William Clissold's conclu- sions and hopes, and deny them much of wisdom, much even of beauty.

The only fault to be found with them is that they are the conceptions of a man not human enough to understand human- ity. Clissold, in fact, denies any permanent elements in human nature, and indeed he puts his finger on his own defect as a con- vincing prophet when he declares himself as "outside life".

"I like and want to do things with life; but I am not of the substance of life, any more than I am of the substance of mat- ter," he says; and just that is, as it has always been, the trouble with Mr. Wells's philosophy. Certain novels of his show him possessed of abundant kindly hu- manity, but he forgets it when he takes to theorising. It is the same with love. Clis- sold's last sweetheart, his mistress-house- keeper, with whom he was on the point of taking the reactionary step of a old-fash- ioned marriage when they were both

killed in an automobile accident, was right when she told him: "You know nothing about love." None the less, for all Clissold's attempts to pose as a cold-blooded "modernist" in his love affairs, his kind heart and his idealism will not down. His actions speak louder than his theories, and his conclusion on the "sex problem" is unashamedly reactionary, not to say knightly: "A man must hold himself responsible for the women he deals with," and he is generously severe on those "advanced people" who "for nearly a couple of centuries, have been making premature attempts at an unchartered freedom of relationship, without a proper regard for the handicaps of women."

It is to be feared that for all his "modernity" William Clissold's heart is in the old-fashioned right place, and the same must be said for his "cousin" and creator who has given us a fearless book of deep spiritual and sociological import, written with great force and charm. If the man of the future is to be anything like William Clissold, the world will not go very far wrong.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

The Art of the African

In April, 1923, was held at the Brooklyn Museum an exhibition which in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or Moscow would have been hailed as epoch-making. Though its success was but modest, it was, be it confessed, a more important artistic event than the popular Russian Exhibition that immediately preceded it. Yet, curiously enough, one could not name a single artist whose work was on view, nor could one definitely assign the date of a solitary object amid the diversified ensemble.

The anonymous, enigmatic art of the African Negro, which was first revealed twenty years ago to a select coterie of Parisian connoisseurs, is one of the vital and potent factors in the evolution of contemporary taste. One by one have the *avant garde* critics come under the spell of these magically fashioned figurines from the Congo, Sudan, and the Ivory Coast. Guillaume Apollinaire, Blaise Cendra Roger Fry, Clive Bell, — their ranks a being constantly augmented by fresh cruits. The first creative talent spec cally to be stimulated by this immem rial yet essentially modernistic art fo was the painter Pablo Picasso, and in t wake of Picasso have followed numerc proselytes.

There is something more than sophis cated curiosity and craving for the nov and exotic in the present cult of Neg sculpture and kindred primitivist ma festations. We are rapidly repudiating t fallacy that art is "good" art in propo tion to its fidelity to nature and natur phenomena. The swing back to the fr creative impulse of the individual, to spontaneous subjective synthesis rath than a slavish imitation of objective rea ity, is to-day the dominant note of pr gressive artistic endeavor.

It is in this salutary, anti-academ spirit that one welcomes PRIMITIVE NEGR SCULPTURE (Harcourt, Brace, $6.00), t joint work of M. Paul Guillaume and D Thomas Munro. Though somewhat de cient in ethnic orientation, the prese volume admirably serves the purpose introducing to the popular mind bo in letterpress and illustration, a them fraught with rich, though remote appea Exclusively anthropomorphic, and virtually every instance the product of a untutored fetish-maker, these stark, cha acterful figures nevertheless realize t highest plastic ideal, — the perfect pla ing of a three-dimensional concept space.

But behind and beyond mere technic considerations looms the specific soci background of this art, the world of sini ter savagery and occult diabolism in whic it has its roots and its being. The art of t classic period achieves with serene an shining clarity its avowed aim of form perfection. Here is a different art. Here an art, hitherto despised and neglecte yet equally great, because out of its dark primitive consciousness it attains a equal, if not indeed superior, degree of e pressional significance.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

The Log of Knowledge

IT was through the Tree of Knowledge that our first parents escaped from en into the wide world of discovery, and n to-day humanity is cheered by the rry crackle of the log that science rolls unrolls as the metaphor allows. Of late smoldering fire has burned so brightly t the log is harder to keep.

t is difficult indeed for persons whose ellectual blossoming preceded or coined with the outbreak of the Great War realize that in America alone there are ne 30,000,000 souls to whom that astrophe is little more than a name. t it is equally difficult for a man with a nily of four, who was still at school en the Armistice was signed, to realize t THE FORUM is in correspondence with avant who can write: "My old friend arles Darwin once said to me. . . ."

To keep abreast of modern influences d to present a faithful record of conporary thought demands an attitude ich is traditional and at the same time eptive in a very unusual degree. The cyclopaedia *Britannica* was celebrating first centenary three years before Dar- published his *Descent of Man*, and its rteenth edition brings History, or as ne would say, Pre-history, so far up to te as to record that the Charleston was eady dying out in the year 1926. This is hieved by three supplementary volumes he Encyclopaedia Britannica, 13th lit.) covering the fifteen years since the 10 edition, — years in which the new irit in every form of life and thought has ade its presence manifest. No wonder e Britannica records that fashions are anging: "The starched collar," we read the article on Dress, "has been increasgly replaced by the soft collar."

Mr. Garvin, however, on whom fell the itorial mantle of Mr. Chisholm, has en nobly to the occasion. With admirae catholicity he has included the best of th Worlds, — thanks, no doubt to Mr. ooper's able coöperation in securing the perts of the New. Henry Ford, Andrew ellon, Elihu Root, Leonard Wood, and arry Houdini, — there they are.

In these three thousand compact pages, ages and doxies, sport and thought, ysics and politics, appear side by side th chronicles bellicose and belletristic. And here are Trotsky and Einstein, Freud and Foch, G. B. S. and C. K. O. discoursing freely on the matters nearest to their hearts. In a word, no one who has tasted the advantages of having at his elbow the life and thought of our generation can afford to be without this latest triumph of encyclopaedism.

If it were not that THE FORUM has other ideas for its space, I could grumble about various omissions, but what standard can we adopt when assessing claims to fame? Not long ago the President of the French Republic fell out of a train in his night attire. When discovered by the police and asked who he was, he stated his name and rank quite clearly. But he was laughed to scorn, and only after quite a while was his statement verified. Now who in all the Americas would be least likely to pass unrecognized under similar circumstances? Some months ago this question was raised in a gathering of contemporary historians, and the answer was: Babe Ruth. But in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* his name is not to be found; and much instruction can be got by the location of similar lacunae.

Now that Crosswords are on the shelf, persons of vivacious intellect with a five day week and no penchant for the movies are once more asking themselves how best to spend the other two. The *Saturday Review* recently suggested a solution which is worthy of the attention of FORUM readers. The new volumes of the Britannica claim to be a record of all that is significant in the history of the last fifteen years. Any celebrated name that you know but cannot find in the index is therefore a feather in your cap, — or your nest, if you play for sufficiently high stakes. The game consists of arming yourself with the Britannica and firing off from memory all the famous names that end with some syllabic note which you particularly fancy.

Theosophists for example will choose "Th" and score with Babe Ruth, as noted above. Churchmen may prefer "Ch" and catch Mr. G. P. Gooch, Iwan and Ernest Bloch, and the Editor of THE FORUM. For each name accepted by your competitors as a serious omission (here you get a chance to exhibit your powers of argument) you score one point. You are allowed up to four words by way of description,

and on one method of scoring a neat description gains an extra half point. Personally I have been most successful with the Offs and the Ons. Here is my list: Zaharoff (Sir Basil), Sacharoff (Terpsichore in pants), Madame Sacharoff (Clotilde von Derp), Rachmaninoff (Prelude, please), Novikoff (Olga), Sarnoff (Radio King), Sudhoff (Prince of Medical Historians), Orloff (Tabloid Princess); total, waiving the musical claims of Sapellnikoff, six points.

Proceeding to the Ons, I bring my grand total up to 20 by starting with Miss Jane Harrison, Valloton, and G. G. Coulton, and continuing: Jack Johnson (Doughboy's argot), two points, clearly, because though not in the index, he should be, viz. II–419, 420, 421; Camille Flammarion (Never say Dead); Capt. the Hon. F. S. Jackson (Flanneled Idol), Sir Basil Thomson (Knight of the Park), Sir Chartres Biron (Sir! said Dr. Johnson), Charles Roden Buxton (Balkan fan), Henri Piéron (Mind your body), James Gleason (Zat is so), Paul Robeson (Water Boy), Carrie Nation (What a Girl), — and the hatchet falls on Mr. Garvin, for no editor should allow omissions on this scale.

However, he quickly recovers from the blow by pointing to admirable articles on Birth Control and Overpopulation; so perhaps by the time the next edition of the Britannica appears, the queue of notabilities will have been rationally curtailed.

On matters of general policy, opinions will always differ. It has, with some justice, been objected that the new volumes are unduly preoccupied with military interests. But again, what is bias? Diderot, the master of all Encyclopaedia-makers, had a very definite view of history. He regarded it as his mission to dissipate false enthusiasms: "Men will never be free till the last king is strangled with the entrails of the last priest." The Britannica wisely declines to take sides in such questions and has selected its contributors with commendable impartiality. But so absolute is the divergence of opinion amongst those who deal with ultimate questions in its pages that the advantages of the FORUM method of debate are often obvious.

Any criticism of detail, however, pales beside the wealth of knowledge here made accessible, and the opportunities provided of increasing one's vocabulary. Read, for instance, about Constantinesco's torque converter, which, by the way, still nee an effective friction ratchet (III–92 And on the next page do not overlook t "floating ring" which gives "indefin life", with "a characteristic deformatio hum". But you get the same results fr the equivalent of a crank with "a co pound eccentric consisting of two parts equal eccentricity", — a case, surely, Professor Morton Prince's new Harva Clinic.

Consider, too, the unexpected quer which can now be settled. For example flagellate stage of the protozoal paras having been demonstrated in cultures, c we justifiably incriminate Phlebotom argentipes in sporadic forms of virul epidemic kala-azar, and substitute travenous injections of tartar emetic fo diagnosis of malarial cachexia? In a fl you discover the answer (II–629), — parently we can.

Again: you may well hesitate if asked decide whether, after the abandonment Homs (Khoms), and the reappearance Suleiman el Baruni with a firman, subsequent settlement with a section the Senussi was of more significance Cyrenaica than Tripolitania. A peep III–826 supplies the solution.

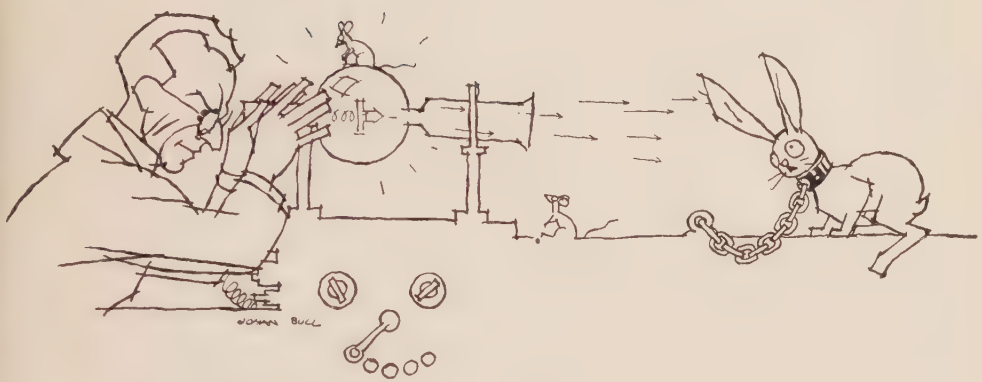
Hardly less fascinating is the statisti information which can be gleaned fr these new volumes. Thus it is not gen ally known that if only one in three of occupants of the Woolworth build wished to park a car it would be necess to provide for that purpose exclusively carriageway sixty feet wide and over t miles long.

One of the contributors, though work is as yet unpublished, has compu that America can boast eleven thousa millionaires, two billionaires, and carillionaire. The Britannica explains in article on the United States that "it is the ambition of any typical American retire from business as soon as he accumulated a competency". The pres writer knows an English business man w was so fascinated by the eleventh edit that he retired in order to familiarize h self with the progress of the ship of kno edge. Perhaps the thirteenth may br even Wall Street of its habits, and sugg a new ambition to the tireless energ of retiring America, — the study of C tain Garvin's Log.

C. K. OGDEN

Science Notes

C. K. Ogden



Dr. Coolidge's cathode ray will change the color of a rabbit's hair

NOWHERE is the progress of applied science more convincingly demonstrated than at the annual Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering. Four of these great demonstrations, the supreme achievement of the New World, have already been held, and the fifth opens early this month in New York City. Hitherto the advances of mechanical science have too often brought in their train evils which for many people more than counterbalanced the advantages derived by others. But at last a new era has dawned in which the Machine-made Freedom prophesied by Edison may be realized. With Henry Ford as dictator it might even now be within our grasp, and the five-day week is perhaps a first instalment.

Peace and Goodwill

But what is the use of leisure to chat to your friends if you cannot hear their voices with the windows open? There is no more terrible accompaniment of the triumphs of modern engineering than the riveting hammer, which for years has rendered every great city in America almost uninhabitable for sensitive persons. Pure science, Mr. Hoover laments, is almost dead on this side of the Atlantic. Artists and writers have followed the example of Henry James and Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot and Isadora Duncan, Max Eastman and Edith Wharton, and fled in droves to risk starvation in Europe, either permanently or for the greater part of the year.

The Klaxon is driving out the Saxon, and even the colored population is forced to take refuge behind the saxophone. Business men who cannot afford carillons have attempted to drown the uproar by ceaseless dictation, a practice which in turn has filled the mails and the press with the present alarming output of verbosity. This again has necessitated the invention both of new and more elaborate filing appliances to keep formal track of its excrescences, and of a special American psychology, Behaviorism, to prove that thinking, the product of stillness and reflection, is actually an illusion. The next great discovery of medicine will be that the unconscious tension resulting from urban hubbub is the chief cause both of sudden nervous breakdown and of sterility.

But now comes the news that, after all, riveting is unnecessary. The whole thing can be done more efficiently by noiseless welding, — a highly scientific method of gluing the steel framework together, the heat required to produce the fusion being supplied by an electric arc. Rows of Sharon

girders are rising at this moment, — without a sound and with a fifteen per cent saving of steel. At the Exposition itself everyone will be able to see with his own eyes the improved apparatus which science has devised as an antidote to its own most devastating processes. Can the builders be persuaded to modernize their methods in the interests of humanity, or have they too developed a devilish delight in din? Peace may yet return to our cities, with a little goodwill, — or publicity?

Acquired Characters

Suppose, however, that the riveting continues and the hubbub of American life eventually leaves a selected population able only to behave in the behaviorist sense, — to travel, interview, manufacture, orate, sell, file, and generally apply with ant-like efficiency the results of other people's reflection. Would the next generation inherit the nervous constitution thus induced? Or would the gradual adaptation and acquiescence of the nation be due to the process of Natural Selection, the gradual elimination of the fit, — the sensitive, the artistic, and the philosophic?

That was the subject discussed by Professor H. S. Jennings in his important article in the last issue of The Forum. Common sense has been very unwilling to deny the Inheritance of Acquired Characters. Parents, educationists, and reformers in general would prefer to believe in progress through the slow accumulation of slight modifications due to an improved environment. Whenever therefore, of recent years, a researcher has done something startling with rats, the terriers of journalism have been hot upon his trail. But in spite of the attractions of ratting, the ranks of scientists, in America at any rate, have stood firm. As Professor Jennings remarks: "Its opponents look upon advocacy, by a man of science, of the inheritance of acquired characters as a symptom of mental degeneration; as presaging the end of a reputation and a career." He also referred to the work of Kammerer as being the chief present experimental support of the doctrine of the inheritance of acquired characters, and added: "The issue is thus brought squarely to that of the reliability and credibility of the investigator."

Since the article in question was written, it has become known that one of Kammerer's crucial experiments had been falsified, and following close on the letters which made this public (published in *Nature* by Dr. Noble and Dr. Przibram on August 7) came the news (September 25) that Kammerer himself had committed suicide in Vienna.

Very different is the other disputed evidence which turns on the interpretation of the experiments of such scientists as Dr. Heslop Harrison. Here the second generation of moths stained a certain color (in this case black, whence the term "melanism"), by treatment with the salts of heavy metals in their food, inherited the new coloration. How are we to interpret this?

In Kammerer's experiment, with the nuptial pad of toads, the coloration was found by Dr. Noble to be due to Indian ink! But the melanism produced by Harrison and Garrett in their moths before this year's meeting of the British Association cannot be so explained. Technically there is a possible source of error. The experimental conditions yielded only one or two modified individuals out of a considerable number (1 in 27; 2 in 31; 3 in 17, etc.), and the assumption is that this proves they cannot have been the result of the appearance of "recessive" or latent characters.

But cases are known in which the appearance of recessives depends on the simultaneous presence of "two homozygous pairs of recessive genes", to use the language of Mendelism. The experiments with moths included a careful control series, however, and it may well be that the work will stand. With rats even greater caution is necessary. Pavlov has withdrawn his interpretation of the bell-ringing experiments conducted in his laboratory, but Professor McDougall now claims positive evidence of a similar nature at Harvard; and some extraordinary results are also rumored where several generations have been bred on a revolving surface. "Rodents revel in rotation" may be the reporter's verdict on infants of the third and fourth generation, where the grandmother rat balked continuously at her strange sensations.

As in the extraction of gold from sea-water, where the late Sir William Ramsay was victimized, the essential for the cau-

tious scientist is that the experimenter shall be able to give directions by which his work may be independently repeated. The acquired habits must not show themselves only when the moths, rats, cats, and hives are operated by himself. Meanwhile events have shown the justice and wisdom of Professor Jennings's summary of the evidence, and his insistence that the subject is by no means out of court. It may yet be agreed, however, that there is a verbal confusion involved and that the term acquired "character" is after all unfortunate.

The Velocity of Light

Another European discovery on which American criticism has thrown doubt is the more debated theory of Relativity. Until Professor Miller's ether-drift experiments are repeated, the very foundations of Einstein's work, as Mr. Bertrand Russell has recently admitted, are threatened. But it is less generally known that many students of linguistic psychology have their equally fundamental doubts about the way in which the theory is formulated, — for quite other reasons.

The latest interpretations of relativity point, we are told, to an equivalence between matter and energy. According to Professor Jeans the primary source of cosmical energy is a veritable annihilation of matter, "resulting in the appearance of energy equal to that possessed by twice the mass annihilated moving with the speed of light." In this way, it is supposed by Professor Soddy, the primary source of cosmical energy may have been accounted for!

Just what is all this about? As regards the velocity of light itself, the psychologist wants to know the meaning of the word "velocity" as used in Einstein's *special* theory of relativity. Has it been used in a sense that implies the truth of the problem he sets out to prove, and moreover, to prove by means of the postulate that there is somewhere something called light with a constant velocity (for the purposes of the special theory) which was measured some time ago when it meant something else. This difficulty the relativist evades by constructing a four dimensional world, in his *general* theory, in which the velocity of light is not absolute, but somehow relative. As soon as something is found faster than light is now said to be, a five dimensional world will be necessary, and later on, yet another. Physicists usually evade the points by refusing to say anything about the velocity of light except that it is an experimental fact. But even thirty years ago many psychologists thought that the experimental fact had less to do with the world of physics than with the world of physiology, — with transmission from the retina to the cortex, necessary intervals between stimuli, etc. Einstein, they now suggest, has constructed a new "viewing screen", rendered necessary by the new things to be examined, now revealed by instrumental methods; but as regards Time and Space he has done no more than show how we really must admit our *measures* to be relative (in the Special theory) and has invented an encapsuling universe (in the General theory). He will be forced to continue to enclose the universe in successive pill-boxes, just as a bank clerk, having fudged his cash account evades detection by going on constructing new fictitious ac/s to which he transfers the false entry. The experimental "verification" of Newton's world led first to Uranus, then to Vulcan. But, where is Vulcan now? May not the spectrum shift prove to be Einstein's Vulcan?

The Human Dynamo

One of the most extraordinary developments of Einstein's theory is the news that everything which we now perceive is haunted by the ghosts of events of very long ago. De Sitter has recently evolved a cosmology, which Professor Weyl accepts, in which the electromagnetic field vanishes and "the universe appears as a hyperboloid of one sheet". Yet not so very long ago electrical phenomena were regarded as supernatural forces, and the chief evidence for the existence of divine power was the thunderbolt of Jove. Today Mr. Sinclair Lewis can stand right up and invite Jove to strike him dead if he really deserved the Pulitzer prize; and now we are invited by Dr. George W. Crile to regard Mr. Lewis, or, in Dr. Crile's language, man himself, as an electrical phenomenon. In his bipolar theory of living processes the brain represents the positive and the liver the negative pole of a major electric circuit.

Dr. Crile is a very daring speculator, but physiologists are by no means inclined to dismiss such theories. In the July issue of THE FORUM I discussed the work of Dr. Adrian which bears on the vibrations of our muscles and nerves Now comes the famous surgeon Dr. Wilfred Trotter, of University College, London, who compares the nervous system to the electric wiring of a house. Just as a fire is started when insulation breaks down, so when a nerve is cut and its fibres are in contact with other tissues, we are aware of the nervous conflagration in the form of agony which even the most powerful psychiatric hose cannot allay. Dr. Trotter, by the way, is chiefly known to neurologists for his unsympathetic diagnosis of the pain which Dr. Henry Head described when he severed one of his own nerves in the interests of the protopathic theory; he is also the author of that entertaining work *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War.*

A somewhat cruder example of the efforts of scientists to deal with human activity in terms of energy has just been recorded. Under the direction of Prof. A. Loewy, of Davos, and H. von Schroetter, of Vienna, air-tight masks and rubber hoods were applied to the heads of members of the Davos orchestra and to a number of singers, both men and women. The amount of energy expended in singing and in playing various instruments was then measured by means of gas meters. The results show that the expenditure of energy in whistling, speaking and singing, and even in the playing of brass instruments is comparatively slight. Pianists and players of stringed instruments scored much more highly. The amount of energy expended by the director of the orchestra was exceedingly slight. Everyone has his off days, but if this supine wielder of the Davos baton could take lessons from some of the thunder and lightning conductors on this side of the water, his score might register a crescendo!

THE BLACK WIDOW

There are two kinds of unimaginative people who generally resent experiments such as these. The first would like to see hoods put over the heads of all singers and kept there; the second insist that music is only there to be listened to. Both might with profit consider the parallel case of spiders. If you destroy all their first-born or drive them away, you will regret it, like Pharaoh; you and your neighbor's wife, and your ox and your ass will be devoured by flies. If you just sit still and let them do their worst, you may contract arachnidism.

The symptoms are quite as unpleasant as the word, and for the benefit of those who live in the South, or even as far afield as New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, where the spider *Latrodectus mactans* has also been found, I would record that scientists have recently been changing their opinion about its venefic prowess. Arachnidism, or spider poisoning, has been shown by Dr. Emil Bogen, of Los Angeles, to be a very real and distressing affliction. *Latrodectus mactans* is probably the only poisonous spider in the United States. She (for only the female bites) is popularly known as the "black widow", from the custom of eating her spouse. She builds her coarse and irregular web in dimly lighted places. Her bite is at first invisible, but within a quarter of an hour you will be aware of pain which may be described as severe, intense, aching, agonizing, excruciating, or paroxysmal. In the last hundred years one hundred and fifty cases of arachnidism have been reported by thirty-three physicians, and in the last ten years fifteen cases have been studied at Los Angeles. Science has as yet only discovered a "convalescent" serum; but even so, the black widow is a warning against despising little things and forces us to acknowledge the claims of the arachnologist.

HAIR-RAISING!

We do not yet know what Dr. Coolidge's cathode ray can do with spiders, but it can pulverize a louse. Moreover, it can either remove the hair from rabbits or cause it to reappear in another hue. This, coupled with the interest aroused by my September note on the reasons why hair grows gray, suggests that further news of the preoccupation of scientists with our inherited hair-suit may not be amiss. All modern theories of the origin of man involve acceptance of the view that his ancestors were fully clothed with hair. How they lost their shaggy defense I propose to discuss next month.

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DONALD REA HANSON
Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript

Railroad Prosperity

IN the year now drawing to a close the railroads of this country have moved a larger volume of freight than in any other year in their history. They have accomplished this feat without the congestion of traffic which used to accompany periods of industrial and commercial activity and without the car shortages that in other days frequently stifled business and retarded its normal expansion. The carriers have handled the nation's business with promptness and despatch and to them must be given a large measure of credit for the stability of the past two years.

In this respect the business situation in 1926 contrasts strikingly with that which existed in the last previous period of general prosperity. Complete statistics of industrial production and other measures of commercial activity in 1926 will, of course, not be available for several months to come; but there is every indication that in all respects the records established this year will eclipse those of 1925, the latest period for which comparisons can be made.

Not until specific comparisons are made of the measures of industrial activity in 1925 with those of a few years ago can it be appreciated how great the task was that the railroads faced this year. Seven years ago the country passed through what was then regarded as one of the greatest periods of booming business in history. The country was just emerging from the World War. Now if the war brought prosperity to some lines of business such as those engaged in the production of ships, munitions, and the matériel of war, it is just as true that it checked the progress in other industries. Building was deferred in order to concentrate industrial machinery and labor on work primarily for war purposes. The automobile industry voluntarily curtailed production in order that "essential" industries might have the right of way.

At the same time the railroads were taken over by the Government, and while there was no industry more essential to the successful prosecution of war work than transportation, the unfortunate thing is that the physical equipment of the carriers, — road-bed and rolling stock in particular, — was allowed to deteriorate under Government control; and finally the carriers were handed back to their owners in what is described by competent railroad authorities as a quite dilapidated condition. Accordingly, with the termination of the war, there was a great deal of deferred business that had to be made up and the result was a remarkable boom in 1919.

Present Situation

Bearing in mind that 1926 will go down as a more active year than 1925 let us see how the business situation of the present day compares with that seven years ago. In 1925 the country produced 6 per cent more agricultural products than in 1919; steel production was 24 per cent larger; 38 per cent more stone and clay products were turned out; 50 per cent more lumber

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of all kinds was produced; and miscellaneous commodities were manufactured to the tune of about 33 per cent more than in 1919.

Yet in 1919 the transportation system collapsed, even though a much smaller volume of freight had to be moved. Cars were out of repair and had become widely scattered all over the country under the Government's tenure. Wages had been advanced in sympathy with the general advance in the cost of living; but freight rates were not advanced in proportion. A distinct decline in the efficiency of labor developed under Government control. Train crews and office staffs were overmanned. When the business men of the country needed a transportation system in good working order it fell down badly.

Future Expansion

In the past two years the situation has been precisely the reverse of that seven years ago. With the carriers functioning smoothly, manufacturers have not been obliged to anticipate requirements of raw material by ordering far ahead and merchants have been able to purchase goods for stock as needed, instead of laying in large stocks about the ultimate disposal of which there might be question. Accordingly, while business had the appearance of great activity in 1919, — with all this anticipation of future requirements, — the situation was not sound. Buying ahead involved a huge expansion in bank credit and with the first signs of unsettlement a crisis developed. The present boom in business has not involved any of these unsound characteristics and at the root of it all is the fact that the carriers are operating smoothly and efficiently.

Since 1919 a great deal of constructive work has been accomplished by the railroads. With their return to private ownership and operation large sums were spent in putting the lines into good shape. The passage of the Transportation Act by Congress in 1920 cleared the atmosphere materially. It required the Interstate Commerce Commission to establish rates which would enable the carriers to earn a fair return on the capital invested in them, under economical and efficient operation. Rates were advanced. In 1923 a meeting of railroad executives was held in New York and, visualizing a revival of prosperity, they pledged themselves to spend $1,100,000,000 that year in improvements on their properties. In 1924 another $700,000,000 was expended for the same purpose and about the same amount in 1925. The result was the splendid transportation facilities which were offered during the industrial activity of the past two years.

Now, from the standpoint of the investor, the important question is that of the future. In the opinion of some of the best posted railroad authorities in the country, railroad managers must anticipate a continued expansion in the transportation requirements of the nation. With the population increasing at the rate of about two million annually and with rising standards of living, people are looking for an expansion in traffic in the immediate future, at a rate about equivalent to that established between 1919 and 1925. Enormous outlays must be made for new tracks, for new and larger terminal facilities, for the elimination of grade crossings. So vast are the expenditures contemplated that it is not unlikely that in the next twenty years or so some $20,000,000,000 may have to be invested in railroad properties. This is a sum equivalent to about what the Interstate Commerce Commission is willing to admit is the total value of the entire railroad system of the country at the present time. It is the problem of financing these huge expenditures that is of chief interest to the investor at this time.

Refunding Problems

One often hears at present that the railroads must in the future finance their capital requirements through the sale of stock rather than bonds. Most of those discussing the question of new stock issues assume that the major proportion of the railroad financing of the future will be for the purpose of refunding outstanding bond issues and substituting new owners for old creditors. As a matter of fact the maturing indebtedness of the carriers in years to come should not present any problem of particular difficulty, unless, indeed, their credit position is to become materially lowered from its present footing.

Not long ago the Bureau of Railway Economics made an analysis of the funded

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Does the underwriter fully guarantee both principal and interest?	4 Yes—in writing on the face of the bond.	4 .....
Does the underwriter regularly publish a financial statement?	5 Yes.	5 .....
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debt of carriers covering about 85 per cent of the debt of all steam roads of the country. It found that the total indebtedness at the end of 1925 aggregated $10,513,465,929, of which $166,875,739 comprised debt maturing in 1926. Probably the most striking fact developed by this analysis was, however, that over $5,068,000,000 of the outstanding debt of the carriers does not mature until 1950 or later. In other words about half the outstanding indebtedness of the carriers does not mature for twenty-four years; in fact about 20 per cent of the total does not mature until after 1990. For the most part, therefore, the problem of refunding outstanding obligations is not a particularly heavy one. Only one-sixth of the total outstanding debt matures in the next six years and there is little doubt that from capital requirements already in sight for the purpose of financing extensions and improvements referred to above, this sum will prove small in proportion to the total financing that will be necessary in the next six years.

Top-Heavy with Debt

It is obviously desirable that the railroads finance as large a proportion of their needs as possible through the sale of stock. During the past dozen years or so railroad credit, broadly considered, has not been strong. Over 90 per cent of the financing undertaken in that period was represented by the sale of bonds or short term notes. The result is that close to 60 per cent of the total outstanding securities of the railroads represents indebtedness,— a much larger proportion than existed prior to the war. In many individual cases railroads are top-heavy with indebtedness. It is not at all unusual for important carriers to show a ratio of 75 per cent or more of debt to the total securities outstanding. Now in individual instances such a situation is not desirable. New financing is usually more costly to a road with an unwieldy debt already outstanding. Maturing obligations, coming at times when business is slack, lay the carrier open to danger of a receivership; and in receivership the public shares the burden with the creditors and stockholders in the form of inadequate service.

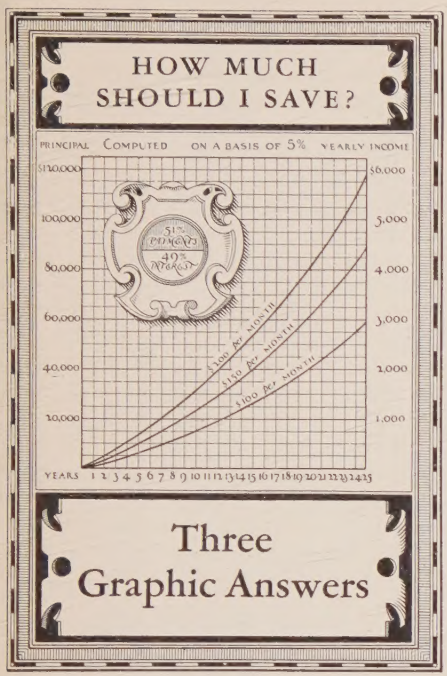
This, then, is the background of the picture in which railroad financing with sales of stock in the future seems likely t be presented. Under the law, railroa stock cannot be issued by the individua company for less than par and unless th company is making a reasonable profit an paying dividends its stock is not likely t command par in the open market.

During the two years since the presen administration was elected, railroa stocks have advanced steadily,— man of them either to the highest prices o record or to prices that existed in th periods of comparative pre-war prosper ity. Investors are now scanning the rai road stock list carefully for the securitie of those companies which are reflectin the return of prosperity most. A grea deal of speculative attractiveness hinge about these prospects. When a carrie whose stock is selling at $125 or $150 share offers to its stockholders the priv ilege of subscribing to new stock at $10 a share, that privilege becomes an ex ceedingly valuable one.

Even in the event that the investor doe not desire to subscribe to the stock, th sale of the right to subscribe is tanta mount to a substantial extra dividend Furthermore the necessity for futur financing by sale of stock has proved a incentive for increased dividends in man instances. Such was plainly the motiv actuating the increase in the New Yor Central dividend from a 5 to 7 per cen basis a few years ago. It is doubtless on of the motives back of the increase in th Baltimore & Ohio dividend from 5 to per cent this Fall. And in Wall Street th feeling is that a number of other carriers — notably the Pennsylvania and event ually, perhaps, the Northern Pacific an Great Northern,— may sooner or late revise their dividend rates, earnings per mitting, in order to prepare the groun for financing with new stock.

Price Advances

As is usually the case in an extensiv bull movement in Wall Street, howeve prices of railroad stocks have advanced t levels which have not rendered them a tractive to investors. Many of the stocks o stronger companies have advanced t levels where the present dividend rat will not yield much more than could b obtained from investments in the unde lying bonds of companies of secondar



How to Read the Chart

FIRST, determine the yearly income you must have when you retire. Assume that you need $3,000 annually. Next determine the principal amount which will produce the income required. In our example the amount is $60,000. Then determine how many productive years lie ahead of you. For example, assume that there are 25. Referring to the chart, you will see that you must save $100 per month for 25 years in order to accumulate the principal of $60,000. Over this 25-year period, 51% of the principal accumulated represents your payments. The remaining 49% is accumulated interest.

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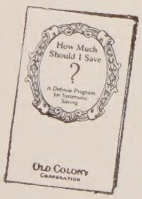

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strength. Investment in such stocks at these levels presupposes a great deal of confidence in the probability of an increase in the regular dividend rates; and where careful analysis of the situation pro and con does not heighten this confidence it might be well for investors to consider the advisability of exchanging stocks for bonds on this basis. To a certain extent the earnings of the companies and the prices that have been quoted for railroad stocks this year are distinctly on a prosperity basis. Other stocks have been lifted to high levels on the prospect of favorable terms to be secured, possibly in connection with the railroad consolidation movement. The boom in Florida last winter and the exceptionally favorable crops in the southwest accounted for extraordinarily large earnings of some carriers in these districts, and it would be a mistake to confuse abnormal or temporary prosperity with a general uplift in earning power.

Future Stock Issues

To the investor in bonds, however, the prospect of extensive financing with stock issues in the future is a decidedly constructive prospect. In so doing the carriers add to the equity back of his bond, if not in enhancing the specific lien, at least in strengthening the credit standing of the company issuing the bond.

Taking the situation as a whole, the prospect of increased dividends on many stocks, in order to enable financing with the sale of stock, is one that has been liberally discounted in the case of most of the stronger roads, but not so generally discounted in non-dividend-paying issues or the stocks of companies emerging from receivership during the war period. It can be fairly assumed that good railroad stocks will sell on a higher price basis, — or lower income return basis, — in the next decade than they have in the last, but when the time is reached where yields from good investment railroad stocks are as low as they are at this writing, the investor would do well to do two things: Make a careful analysis, — or secure one from his banker, — of the prospect of an increased dividend rate's being declared on his stock. Then, if the prospects are remote, exchanges from stocks into bonds, — preferably short term issues, — might well be considered.